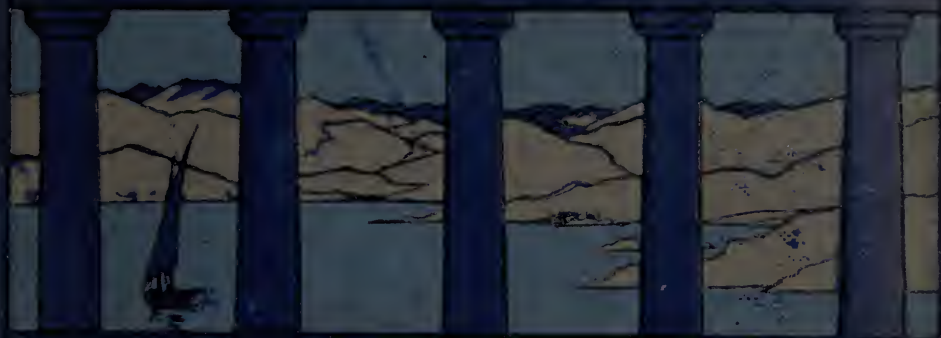


# THROUGH GREECE AND DALMATIA



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THE WEST DOORWAY OF THE CATHEDRAL AT TRAÜ.

775563

# THROUGH GREECE AND DALMATIA

A DIARY OF IMPRESSIONS  
RECORDED BY PEN & PICTURE

BY

MRS. RUSSELL BARRINGTON

" Voir c'est avoir "

ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK  
SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1912

" Ah ! too true—Time's current strong  
Leaves us true to nothing long.  
Yet, if little stays with man,  
Ah ! retain we all we can !  
If the clear impression dies,  
Ah ! the dim remembrance prize !  
Ere the parting kiss be dry,  
Quick, thy tablets, memory !"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF  
HER EXCELLENCY  
BARONIN VON SCHMIDT-ZABIERO  
(IDA VON MOHL)

A TRIBUTE

WHEN ending my journeyings in Greece and Dalmatia by a visit to this lifelong friend—the Ida von Mohl of early days—in her beautiful villa at Volosca, she urged me to publish the notes in pen and picture I had jotted down every day for my amusement as my companions and I travelled along. Beyond the personal interest she took in anything which concerned her friends, Baronin von Schmidt-Zabiero had a great desire that the exceptional beauty of the country and architecture of Dalmatia should be widely known in England, so that this curiously interesting country—poor sometimes to starvation-point—should have money imported into it by richer folk. Famines in Dalmatia and Istria are not very rare calamities. The narrow strips of level land which border the coast, and on which the towns are built, disappear altogether along the greater part of it, and the rocky sides of the spine of mountains which divide the sea from Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, strike straight down to the edge of the Adriatic. The small patches of earth which are deposited in the hollows of the rocks are the only spots of land available for cultivation by the peasants. When there is a drought—a not uncommon occurrence—the crops planted in these, so to say, lakelets of earth, fail, and starvation stares them in the face. Austria is not a rich country, and money is required to revive and develop many of the industries in the towns of Dalmatia which prospered



## Through Greece and Dalmatia

well during the republics of old, and which would, were they now revived, enrich the country. The Baronin von Schmidt-Zabiero took the warmest interest in questions relating to the condition of all classes. She married a distinguished Austrian official, Baron von Schmidt-Zabiero, for whom the Emperor Joseph felt a personal regard, and who for many years was Landes President of Carinthia. As his wife, she had full scope for exercising her philanthropic tendencies. At Klagenfurt she worked strenuously for a higher standard of education for women—to secure for them the same intellectual privileges and power of artistic development which are accorded to women in England and Paris. The hospitals she took also under her special care. Her only sister, Anna, a lady of brilliant parts, had married the famous Von Helmholtz, and assisted the Empress Frederick, our Princess Royal, in carrying out various good works for women in Germany. The two sisters—one in Berlin, the other at Klagenfurt, were both engaged in important public work; but, however onerous her public and social duties might be, the dear Ida of early days ever retained the same vital interest and loving sympathy in all that concerned her friends, in their family concerns no less than in their intellectual and artistic occupations.

There are certain people whose lives are never written. However important their social and official lives, however good and beneficent their work may be, they escape the biographer. The strength of their natures seem to lie in a power of sympathy rather than in a power of self-revealing, or in an expression through any form which the public may claim as its own. They become a part of the intimate lives of their friends; they enter into the inner sanctuaries with which the public has nothing to do. When they pass beyond the veil, the void in the lives of those friends left by their passing on is felt in that inner personal life, and defeats very explicit description. Such a one was Ida von Mohl. The keynote of her nature was to be found in her affections. In 1889, in a letter she wrote to me when she was suffering a terrible grief through the loss of one of her sons, she quoted Browning's line, "Love is all, Death is nought."

## A Tribute

Though memory has to travel back across a whole lifetime before reaching the days when my friendship with Ida von Mohl began, how vividly pictures of those days start out of that far-away past ! It was in Paris, in the well-known apartment, 120, Rue du Bac, Quartier St. Germain, that I first knew her ; on that third story where the notable and last gatherings of their kind were held in the salon of the brilliant Madame Mohl and her erudite husband, M. Jules Mohl, a naturalized Frenchman, and a Membre de l'Institut. My parents and elder sisters formed a lasting friendship with the host and hostess of this salon and their niece, Ida von Mohl, in the winter of 1855-56, which they passed in Paris. As a legacy of their friendship, I, when not yet grown up, had later the good luck of being asked to stay in this notable apartment. Much my senior, Ida von Mohl took me under her wing, opening to me mines of treasures in the Louvre, and showing me Paris from the artist's point of view. By nature both she and her aunt were artists. The ranks are quickly thinning of those who visited that then world-known salon in the Rue du Bac. Though Ida von Mohl's place in this *milieu* was not exactly in the foreground, yet assuredly it was not in the background. She stood in a middle distance not very obvious, but very necessary. Madame Mohl reigned as the Queen well in the foreground, by reason of her delicious personality. She was sparkingly alive with intellectual and artistic vitality grounded in the kindest and soundest of hearts. A little queer—very amusing, brilliantly versatile—wise, witty, and good, was this "great little Madame Mohl." The fashion in which she had made her first entrance on to the stage of notables was somewhat quaint. Her genius for conversing in a manner which always held her audience first told when, living with her mother in an apartment in the Abbaye Aux Bois, Quartier St. Germain, for the purpose of studying painting, she became acquainted with the famous beauty of the Empire, Madame Récamier, and the famous beauty's *dévote*e Châteaubriant, who paid his respects to his goddess every day in the apartment below the one occupied by Mrs. Clarke and her daughter. By that time,

## Through Greece and Dalmatia

however, the excitement of fervent friendship between these celebrities had somewhat subsided. It had sobered down to a routine process of giving and receiving respectful evidences of adoration—a process which had become apparently a little monotonous—not to say dull ! So it came to pass that the Scots young lady of good family, endowed with artistic gifts and brilliant vitality, was encouraged to descend from her upper perch to reanimate the stately intercourse of these distinguished personages, and make tea for them. Apparently they become somewhat dependent on these descents for saving the theoretic enjoyment of each other's company from the ignominy of falling into a state of mental yawning. Stimulated by the fame of her companions, Mary Clarke's genius for conversation thus became fledged. She acquired in the appreciative company of these celebrities the assurance a young girl requires before she can assert to be herself, and impress that self on others. The secret of the lodestone which drew the wide assortment of celebrities to Madame Mohl's salon in later years was first acquired in this apartment in the Abbaye Aux Bois, where she learnt to disclose her salient personality in talk. In later days she returned to that time, when she wrote the life of Madame Récamier. Her learned husband was equally appreciated by the celebrities when once drawn there by his brilliant wife. No humour was ever more grave or more effective than that of Monsieur Mohl. Emerging out of mines of solemn wisdom and knowledge, this unexpected sense of humour had a special raciness. Walter Bagehot, for one, was greatly captivated by it.

Those were good days spent in that apartment in the Rue du Bac. From the windows of the salon we looked down on the gardens of the College for Missionaries, and would watch the seminaries with their attendant priests pacing up and down in long black cassocks, the Dôme of the Invalides rising up in the sky behind its walls. On Friday evenings Madame received ; a few distinguished men might be asked to dine, and before the crowd arrived they and M. Mohl would stand in the centre of the red furnished salon, thrashing out some matter of interest, Madame Mohl sitting on one corner otto-

## A Tribute

man, Ida von Mohl and I on another, listening and imbibing. What wonderful talk it was!—truly an art in conversing, finely pointed, æsthetically perfect; no monologuing, no anxiety in any one or the other to have more than his due in the argument—a deliberate giving and taking, without hesitation, strain, or impatience. Always on tall lines, it was nevertheless typically gracious, suave, and distinguished—most pleasant to listen to. One wondered how they could do it like that without making it up beforehand. Into this delightful *milieu* Ida von Mohl had come, as a young girl, lent by her father, Robert von Mohl, the great Jurist, and the delegate for Wurtemberg at the Frankfort Parliament, to her childless uncle and aunt, to whom she became as a child of their own. How much of the success and charm of that *milieu* depended on this unselfish, unobtrusive, ever-helpful niece, probably few at the time realized; but, looking back to those days, one feels that that salon could hardly have existed in the form it did without her. Between those early memories of the now historic salon and my visit to the beautiful white marble villa on the Gulf of Fiume, when I last saw my friend, and where she incited me to publish this little diary, several visits to England were paid by her and her aunt, several visits to Paris by our family. Even after Ida von Mohl had married, she faithfully took charge of her aunt, who had reached the great age of eighty-eight, when they came to pay us a last visit of three weeks in Melbury Road. The sparkle of that extraordinary personality still flickered, but only at times, and chiefly before noon. After twelve in the morning memory would become uncertain, and strange situations would at times occur, but Ida would always come to the rescue. When Leighton, who, as a youth, had been an *habitué* of the salon in the Rue du Bac, and was then President of the Royal Academy and king of the English art world, realized this, he opened his studio to her in the early sacred hours of work. As we took her into the sanctum, he came forward to the little lady, almost a nonogenarian, and, falling on one knee, kissed her hand. “Ah! toujours le même! Ce joli petit Leighton de la Rue Blanche!” she exclaimed, the wrinkles of great age



## Through Greece and Dalmatia

almost disappearing under radiant beams of approval. For the moment she felt herself again a Queen !

After that visit and the last paid on the Gulf of Fiume, intercourse with my friend was carried on through letters alone. She became a widow. My sisters were with her when her husband died. On this great sorrow followed another immediately. Her sister, who had travelled from Berlin to be with her during the first days of grief, died a few days after her arrival at Volosca. Sorrow, however, never had the power to quench Ida's delight in all that was beautiful and good. She told me how much the loveliness of the views from her home in the forest of bay-trees, looking over the sea to the beautiful mountains that enclose the gulf, had comforted her in her grief, and she continued her attempts at painting it in her sketches to the end of her life.

Her letters were uncommonly delightful. The remarkable gifts of character and mind ; the clear, sound understanding ; the wit—quaint and racy—but ever stingless ; the keen sense of beauty, and the intellectual aspiration which ever lifted her interests above those of the commonplace ; a judgment, dispassionate and shrewdly critical ; affections faithful, warm, and very real ; excessive modesty and unassertiveness—all these choice possessions were reflected in her letters, and made them exceptionally nourishing reading. Her domestic, no less than her public, life was ever tuned to the high key,

“ In Ganzen Guten, Schönen  
Resolut zu leben.”

Her life in this lovely home was cheered by the presence of her son, his wife, and their children, who lived with her. Baron Arthur was enabled, through his official position in Istria, to make the beautiful wooded surroundings of Abbazia available to the public, by cutting pathways on the hillsides in many directions, from which the views over the Gulf are obtained.

After the visit to Volosca hardly a letter came without some impatient inquiry as to when the Diary would “ come out.” Final arrangements for its publication were made in May, 1911. A long last letter arrived—begun April 30, finished

## A Tribute

MAY 11, 1911 : " I am ill, and have been ill for more than two months. Next year the Universal Association of Women in Berlin is to organize there a *universal exhibition of women's work all over the world*, comprising every branch of human (female) activity—arts, literature, commerce, education, etc." Ever interested in women's work, she continued at some length describing what was going on with reference to this exhibition of it, and asking me to contribute to it, but ending by : " Excuse my writing so badly and stupidly ; I am really too ill to find proper expressions." The last loving words of this letter were pathetic, and foreshadowed what was approaching. My answer to it ended the intercourse between us in this world. The ominous black-edged *faire-part* came but a few weeks later. On June 22 she had left us. She wished this Diary to appear, and I inscribe it to her treasured memory—to my lifelong friend Ida.





## PREFACE

To anyone who has six weeks to play with from September 1st to the middle of October, and who wishes that the days of those six weeks should be full of interest and nourishment; and who craves, moreover, for the sunshine of the South to warm him through before the damp fog and cold of an English winter begins, no better recipe could be given, I believe, than that of the journey noted in this diary.

This journey was suggested to my friend K. B. by reading the very first-rate work, written and illustrated by T. G. Jackson, R.A., entitled "Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria, with Cettigne in Montenegro and the Island of Grado"—a book which, besides being the classic on its subject, possesses a singular power of making the reader participate vividly in the artist's own appreciation of all that is beautiful and sincere in the architecture and countries he describes. The reader cannot help catching some of his enthusiasm, his joy. So it was that, when studying it, the desire was inspired in K. B. to visit that notable strip of land facing the long boot of Italy, running from north to south between high mountains and the sea, and throwing off from its coasts a chain of islands into the Adriatic—coasts and islands alike

## Preface

decorated by rich treasures of early Venetian architecture, and echoing still earlier Roman memories of Diocletian and the inhabitants of Solona.

In studying maps for our travels, my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bourne, and I awoke to the fact that Cattaro, the most southern town in Dalmatia, was but a day's journey by boat from Corfu—Corfu but another from Patras—Patras but eight hours' by train from Athens! Therefore a visit to Athens must be paid. K. B.'s genius for planning a campaign settled it on the spot. We were to do a great deal in a very short time—in the inside of six weeks. Nevertheless, looking back on those six weeks, few minutes, if any, can be remembered when a sense of hurry, fatigue, or weariness marred our enjoyment. Owing to the consummate manner in which K. B. organized our journey, there were no failures—no hitches from beginning to end.

The jotting down each day in pen and picture impressions inspired by the scenes we saw, have kept vividly in mind every detail of one of the most delightful six weeks of my life. I can only hope that, by publishing the diary I kept of these travels, others may be induced to go and do likewise.

E. I. B.

4, MELBURY ROAD,  
KENSINGTON.

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## NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

WHEN travelling fast there is always a difficulty in securing faithful picture records of the impressions which scenes and places make. Photographs are not satisfactory ; a hasty sketch is even less so, especially if the places visited are notable for beautiful architecture. A photograph doubtless can give the detail in architecture very minutely, but it also gives you equally conspicuously the detail of cast-iron railings, telegraph posts and wires, or any other modern innovations which jar against the atmosphere of the precious old-world look. Still, a photograph goes a long way towards giving the skeleton of a scene correctly. Realizing this, I bought a kodak (Eastman No. 1), and though I had no experience whatever in the use of it, the sun in the south enabled me to obtain records which were useful and suggestive. Had I known more of the art of photography, I should doubtless have secured results more useful for my purpose. As it was, I had at times to use two or three snapshots in order to get one picture. When I had the photographs enlarged, I found the difficulties were only increased. What was out of drawing or indistinct on a small scale became considerably more so on a larger, so that I found I had in most cases to reconstruct and recompose many of the photo-pictures. Nevertheless, I am grateful to the kodak for giving me much that I could not have recalled, and which, though I was fully equipped with sketching materials, I had no time to draw adequately. My object, naturally, was in no wise to make pictures of my own ; but, when I decided on publishing this Diary, to record in a form that could be easily reproduced, the scenes which had created vivid impressions, and which had stamped themselves on my memory. In all cases where colour and atmosphere produced the impression I have not attempted to make any picture record. Oil and tempera are the mediums I have used, occasionally adding pen-and-ink lines to accentuate an outline.

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# THROUGH GREECE AND DALMATIA

## I

### THE OUTWARD JOURNEY

#### BOLOGNA—BARI—PATRAS

*September 1st.*—The fates kind—first real summer day this year. Smooth crossing to Boulogne; but as our boat pushes quickly through the water, its screw turns over waves full of clean colour, agate-green; the foam spreads, floating away under the surface, and dispersing in marble-like veins of mottled white. Even a mail steamer's machinery attacking one of Nature's elements evokes something worth watching!

The much-abused route from Boulogne to Paris, is it not belied? A rainy summer is becoming to France. Much water is lying about; toned echoes of the sky lie in rippling spaces among the trees. We recall Corot, the fitful sheen, the reserve of his gleaming, quivering lights and waving foliage in "L'Etang" and others. The streams run briskly; foliage, grass, and reeds are juicy and fresh, as they wave and glisten, caught but for a moment as our rushing train passes quickly by. The stacks of corn burn a deep gold in the afternoon sunlight;

## The Outward Journey

old châteaux are more embedded in trees, and villages more cosily shadowed by foliage, than one remembers them of yore. We are apt to forget how much the outline, and even the character, of scenery changes gradually in time, from the way in which trees expand with compound interest every year, each branch spreading out half a dozen new branches spring after spring. We do realize, however, as we pass along this route from Boulogne to Paris, that since the days of our childhood, when this line acquired its reputation for being uninteresting, copses have become forests, and bare, arid spaces are studded over with copses. We catch sight of the monstrosity we remember first seeing in 1900 as we passed *en route* for Sicily: that sacrilege perpetrated on the smooth slope of downland—"Chocolat Menier" in large glaring white letters cut out of the turf. From old Saxon days white horses appear on the sides of our chalk hills in Wiltshire and Berkshire, cut out in commemoration of a battle; "Chocolat Menier" commemorates the making of a food! Neither heaven's skies nor earth's hill-sides are safe nowadays from the advertiser!

Then comes Paris and its clatter—the same as ever, vitality rampant! Men, women, and children out in the streets after a hot day. The tram-cars have grown enormous, like great lumps of houses moving about. How any horse can keep its footing on those paved streets, crossed over everywhere with a network of slippery tram-lines, the horse alone knows. Jarring noises, cracking of whips, expostulating yells from drivers—the confusion and racket of it all! Paris as it is, ever was, and ever will be!

## Through France to Basle

*September 2nd.*—A long and pleasant journey to Basle. Light air, pure sunshine, clean distinct colour—welcome are these after our grey beclouded England. Notwithstanding that for many hours the country we pass through is very flat, and its aspect, perhaps, monotonous, the journey is exhilarating. We are no longer shrouded under the British veil of damp. The good cooking in the luncheon-car is French and intelligent. We are galloping away in this smooth express for a six weeks' holiday from work, responsibilities—from all the things, in fact, which, like the English climate, lie as dampers, keeping the spirits from rising to unreasonable heights. Most of us are the better for going into retreat once a year at least. To some a convent seems the best retreat ; to some the profound quiet of a rural spot, where monotony and solitude revive overwrought brain and nerves ; others—I among the number—find their best retreat in being taken out of themselves, out of their anxieties, their work—right away from contact with others who are working at society or at better things—by travel, by seeing new scenes, fresh effects of Nature, of climate, of human ways and doings ; in finding food—in fact, by looking out instead of looking in—by imbibing impressions created from places, things, and people unconnected with our own lives and work ; and by living for a time irresponsibly with other aspects of life, in no wise linked with that which brings with it any sense of duty or fatigue. Finding brain and nerves stimulated and inspired, without any effort of our own, is, to many temperaments, real rest—real refreshment.

After hours of running through flat cornfields and

## The Outward Journey

pastures, we look out on more eventful facts in the scenery. The blown tangle of silver willow-branches against water shining blue-green—a drake's neck blue-green—and throwing up waving reeds and stiff bulrushes; and farther on, glistening against fresh meadow grass, pale amethyst colchicums sprouting up between the green blades. Towns, villages, cathedrals, we pass them all with only a glance in our hurrying express down to Basle.

At last we see mountains—the Vosges—the first glimpse of mountains after many miles of these plains. Such a glimpse adjusts one's standard of beauty in landscape. Mountains are a noble element in scenery, and we are fast running down into them. We get to Basle an hour earlier than our watches say we ought to get there! That is reaping the reward of travelling due east. After all, however enjoyable a journey may be, there is a further enjoyment in reaching the end of it; that end to-day lands us in dear old, rich, clean, Protestant Basle. We are landed at the gateway opening to the wild Alps, the eternal snow, Italy, Greece, sunshine and light! Basle, the great gateway to the Southern world; The Three Kings, the rushing weight of water under the old bridge—are these not all associated with the fascination of a book read in early youth, when things catch hold with a vivid tenacity, and of the pleasant memories of the author himself? Books and associations with books make for many of us pictures in the mind, and our eyes view places chiefly as the scenery to their dramas.

The balcony at The Three Kings, the swirling waters



## The Rhine at Basle

of the Rhine flowing below it, will always be to me the setting to Anthony Trollope's "Can You Forgive Her?" There they were, many years ago, Alice and her lovers, and to-day her ghost still haunts the balcony overhanging the Rhine—the first time with the unworthy cousin, George Vavasor, the second time with the worthy man, John Grey, seated on that balcony. And the naughty Lady Glencora, on her journey of penitence, with Plantagenet Palliser, her forgiving husband. Yes, they all looked down on the river, and seem now as much really part of the scene as the water itself. That rushing Rhine, how eternally it seems to rush! What tons of melting snow are for ever pouring down to swell its stream! At Basle, on the highroad of Europe, we pay our call, sometimes at long intervals, sometimes year after year. Be that as it may, the great onward-tearing stream is always hurrying by. It occurs to me, as I lean over the side of the bridge—And so are those red omnibuses and the momentous, smelling, noisy motor-buses, toiling from Hammersmith to Liverpool Street, and back again from Liverpool Street to Hammersmith, along our High Street, Kensington, whether we can see them or not. Refreshing thought it is that we are not going to see them again for six weeks—that straining of dear horses under human loads, those ungainly, smelling lumps of machinery-impelled vehicles, that teasing, clicking bell! Six weeks of the South, of Greece and Dalmatia, between us and the red omni- and motor-buses! How much is going on always, all over the world, and what a little bit of it do any of us see!

Associated with Basle in early days, as well as with

## The Outward Journey

Anthony Trollope's "Can You Forgive Her?" are the old Dulwich days with Ruskin, when he, with glee and admiration, showed me the reproductions of Holbein's drawings in pen and wash of sepia, imported for the first time to England by Dowdeswell. Has ever the story of the Passion been shown us with more power of expression and tragic intensity? In later years I saw the originals in the Museum at Basle; but to-day it is late: the Museum is closed. We cannot revisit these masterpieces; we can only look down on the Rhine, and recall all that Basle recalls, watching the water tearing along from under the bridge, away to the cold Northern seas, where it is nice to feel that we are *not* going with it. Poor Rhine! it is always hurrying in this breathless rush to cheerless mists, whereas we are going to the beaming South—the sun, the heat, the real holiday from British grey skies, clouds, and rain.

*September 3rd.*—Fresh, dewy morning air, as early our train mounts against the collar from Basle to Lucerne—the well-known route, but ever new and inspiring as the exhilaration of mountain air brings a sense as of youth with each breath. At Lucerne, alas! the station has gone on enlarging itself till it now blocks out everything but itself. There are tunnels, and the train shunts backwards and forwards, till eventually you find yourself on the wrong side of the carriage—the side you "cannot go." When a "general post" has taken place in the carriage, and the train moves on, and you think you are really off, for some unknown, but beneficent, reason, it stops beyond the station. Looking back, we catch a view which is verily a scene of beauty. At our feet,



## Matthew Arnold's "Oberland"

just beyond the juicy green of meadow grass, besprinkled with bright field flowers and orchards laden with ripe fruit, lies the lake—a large jewel, with shimmering surface of full liquid colour, swaying gently as the morning breezes pass over it. The self-contained, peaked Pilatus and the more dispersed form of the Rigi rise in shadow beyond the lake as a middle distance. Above it all, shimmering with the white sheen of angels' wings, among the sunlit glowing clouds of sculptured mist, lie the eternal snows of the Oberland, "as the wings of a dove that is covered with silver wings,"

" The vast range of snow  
Through the loose clouds lifts dimly  
Its white peak in air."

Anthony Trollope, the kind and genial host and friend, the pet novel-writer of our youth, usurped the memory at Basle ; now, when the breath of the real Alps fans our imagination, another personality appears : Matthew Arnold comes in and takes possession—Matthew Arnold, the passionate, the moral, the humorous, the fastidious, the *very* human, though the very cultivated ; ever moving, ever striving to be constant ; Christian, perhaps more because of his artistic than because of his moral virtues—Christian though the arch-enemy of the Protestant Dissenter. Though cynic and satirist, who had ever had a more profound, earnest desire to be true to the inner light ?

" We school our manners, act our parts,  
But He, who sees us through and through,  
Knows that the bent of both our hearts  
Was to be gentle, tranquil, true."

## The Outward Journey

To the generation of poetry-lovers now being left behind—as the old order changeth to the new, the order of Matthew Arnold to the order of Rudyard Kipling, etc.—must Switzerland and the Alps ever recall those pictures of Marguerite :

“ The sweet blue eyes, the soft, ash-colour'd hair,  
The cheeks that still their gentle paleness wear,  
The lovely lips, with their arch smile, that tells  
The unconquer'd joy in which her spirit dwells.

“ On the stairs what voice is this I hear,  
Buoyant as morning, and as morning clear ?  
Say, has some wet, bird-haunted English lawn  
Lent it the music of its trees at dawn ?”

And then the passionate, ever restless poet-lover, and the grand, awful scenes of Nature which stirred the further depths of his soul :

“ Hark ! fast by the window  
The rushing winds go  
To the ice-cumber'd gorges,  
The vast seas of snow ;  
There the torrents drive upward  
Their rock-strangled hum ;  
There the avalanche thunders  
The hoarse torrent dumb :  
I come, O ye mountains !  
Ye torrents, I come !

“ Blow, ye winds, lift me with you !  
I come to the wild.  
Fold closely, O Nature !  
Thine arms round thy child.

“ On the high mountain-platforms,  
Where morn first appears ;  
Where the white mists, for ever,  
Are spread and unfurl'd ;  
In the stir of the forces  
Whence issued the world.”





THE PIAZZA AND THE CHURCH OF ST. DOMENICO, BOLOGNA (*see p. 14*).

Where Guido Reni and Elisabetta Sirani are buried, and on which stands the monument erected in 1207 in honour of Rolandino Passaggeri.

## Matthew Arnold's "Oberland"



THE MYTHENSTÖCKE FROM THE TRAIN.

Those who have ever cared for Matthew Arnold, for the poet and for the man, these agitated splendours of the Alps must ever necessarily be associated with him—with his thrilling utterances, vitalized by a living religious and moral sense :

“ Who order'd, that their longings' fire  
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?  
Who renders vain their deep desire ?  
A God. A God their severance ruled,  
And bade betwixt their shores to be  
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.”

That last wonderful line, it recalls, too, one of Matthew Arnold's most worthy admirers, Richard Hutton, and the short fine grass of a Somerset hillside, looking down on Sedgemoor, away to the sunlit sky over Devonshire, where he quoted it.

## The Outward Journey

And so, as we are moving on, upwards into the heart of the Alps, past châteaux, and past villages, all so small under the mighty heights of the Mythenstöcke, surmounted by the morning dew escaped from its summits in great white clouds bounding up into the blue vault of heaven, the thought of the dead is as inspiring as the sight of the present scenes. The churches, with their pointed campaniles, aspire upwards to the mountain peaks, shooting up from among low, flat-roofed human dwellings. Up higher and higher we go—up into the tragic solitude of that lonely, lifted world of heights, among towering peaks, velvety gloom of fir-forests, leaping cascades, till, with a screeching whistle, we hide ourselves in the darkness of the tunnel under the St. Gothard Pass. The twenty minutes over, we emerge into light, and down we hasten to the vines and the sunshine of Italy, in company with the rushing waters of the Ticino. Soon we see the most beautiful decoration of the Italian slopes—the noble, dark trunks, and grand, sweeping branches and foliage heavily weighted with fruit, of the Spanish chestnut-trees. We look down from above on meadows where the second or, rather, third crop of hay is being carted and stacked by peasants in nice coloured clothes, orange and red handkerchiefs, and shawls on the heads of the women, their skirts, and the men's linen blouses, of that particular blue which is so right against the meadow green. Through corkscrew tunnels, triumphs of engineering and rather fearful, down—down with the watery tumult of the Ticino beside us, down into Italy!

At last we escape from the gorges of the mountains, and slip from between the high walls of the Alps into the



## Alps Viewed from the Plain

spreading plain. The sun has dipped behind the fir-covered hills, and all quiets down into even tones of twilight ; till, as a presence which steals upon you unawares, but is all-pervading, held under the breath of nature with the awe as of a message from another world, comes the afterglow, holding air and all things in a golden haze of fiery light.

Our fellow-traveller, till now a stranger—though turning out to be a family connection—calls us into the corridor. Looking back towards the mountain-pass we have scaled, a strange, far-away vision is revealed. It would seem as if a door into the very skies themselves were thrown open, and things veiled from us in the light of day were uncovered. Rising into the crimson gold of the sky, the whole range of mighty ones is there. Monte Rosa, with serrated summits lifted so high, and the rest of her companion heights to the east and to the west, the whole range making a crescent of clear, distinct outlines, sweeping curves, aspiring peaks. Far to the east—very far, a great heap, a monster among monsters, blots the fiery gold with faint grey—mysteriously faint—but *there*—Mont Blanc ! A vision in the skies, truly, unearthly in its strange far-offness. An even tone of soft ashen blue, effacing all facts of Nature, lies below the distant range and divides these wonders up in the sky from our shadowed foreground. The afterglow light gently fades. Still we rattle on in our dusty train, our friend, the Ticino, with the clearest of water bubbling, leaping, sweeping along under the soft light foliage of acacia, loosely floating in company with the silvery willow waving on her banks. Flowers and plants spring up in the

## The Outward Journey

tangled over-abundance of late summer. Down we rattle past it all, to Como, then to Lugano, then, at last, Milan—dinner—bed.

*September 4th.*—Milan. “La Donna e Mobile,” sung by a very high soprano girl’s voice, which could only be Italian, is the first sound that comes through the sunshine with wakening. No time to go into the town. We know it well, and also the price that has now to be paid for seeing the Cathedral, St. Ambrogio, the Brera—and it is heavy! Incessant tramways, incessant clicking of those musicless, startling bells, as if snapshotting on a large scale was going on without a moment’s intermission all over the town—that is what the streets of Milan mean now. Our first exit is to the train. The sun is very hot, and the people say they have had no rain for four months. That things could be more equally divided! Some of this sun in England, some of England’s rain this year to lay the dust in Milan.

Once out of Milan, there is no sign of drought. Past Piacenza, Borgo, St. Domenico, Parma, Reggio (Ariosto’s birthplace), Modena, to Bologna. Tasteful arrangements are made for the growth of vines in the country we pass between the towns. Their culture in Italy is strikingly different from that of a Swiss vineyard. The natural grace in the growth of the vine is shown to the full, as the clusters of serrated leaves, starting tendrils, and hanging bunches of purple fruit swing from tree to tree, or from poles arranged tent-wise, one in the centre and others placed in a circle round it, the vines being trained between. Here and there an orange or a scarlet leaf, together with the bloomed purple of the grapes, show

## From Milan to Bologna

autumn has begun. These vines, mulberry trees, fields of Indian corn—a frank, deep golden-ochre colour—tall flax, with feathery plumes waving from pale yellow stalks—miles and miles of fruitful crops spreading over a fertile land—that is Northern Italy of the plains. But beyond them, on the horizon, are the Apennines, faint in morning light, and very far away, but yet with a fine, distinct outline against the sky, and sculptured modelling of forms such as only the pencil of a Leighton has given, or could give, on paper.

A short journey, and we are at Bologna. We drive to the Italian Hotel Peligrini. From out the midday glare it is refreshing to get into the dark, cool passage leading from the street entrance to the inner recesses of the old house. A curious conglomeration of staircases, passages, and courtyards is this Hotel Peligrini. As quiet is the chief object in view, after considerable rambling up and down staircases and along and around passages, we settle in curious, quaint-shaped rooms, in the very interior of the mass of buildings, looking on to a silent courtyard, which is evidently a part of the very old Bologna. A clean, native hotel, to which a good restaurant is attached, is the best species for those who, like ourselves, do not wish to find repeated in every place they travel to the monotonous cosmopolitan hotel managed by a syndicate, the triumph of which is the Schweizerhof at Lucerne. In the restaurant of the Peligrini we get a quickly-served, good luncheon, and then start on a ramble in this delightful Bologna. Through the Mercato di Mezzo we pass by the Leaning Towers, and wander on through shaded arcades, a light, exhilarating air, hardly amounting to a

## The Outward Journey

breeze, fanning our faces, and making the mere walking a delight. We encounter many of Bologna's one hundred and thirty churches and numerous palaces, before reaching the Piazza and Church of St. Domenico, where we pause. It is here that Guido Reni is buried, also the interesting, talented young lady painter, Elisabetta Sirani, who met a tragic end in 1665, when, at the age of twenty-six, she was poisoned on account of the jealousy which her gifts excited. Specimens of her art are among the small pictures that frame in the altar of the Church of St. Domenico. Consequent probably on the high intellectual enlightenment developed in her old University, the most ancient in Italy, women in Bologna seem to have risen to fame in many lines. Propertius Rossi, the sculptress, born in 1490, was a native of Bologna. Earlier yet, in the fourteenth century, Novella d' Andrea, renowned also for her personal charm, was a professor in the University. This lovely lady gave her lectures behind a curtain, in order that her pupils might not be distracted from their studies by her beauty. At a later date, a certain Laura Bassi was professor of mathematics and physical science, Signora Manzolini of anatomy, and more recently, Clotilda Iambroni, born in 1794, was professor of Greek. The development of learning in Bologna led to the training of wise women as well as of wise men. In 1262 the University was visited by 10,000 students; alas! now they number only 400. But learning has left its stamp on the city. It still breathes forth a sense of dignity and refinement.

Two well-known monuments of the thirteenth century stand on the Piazza of St. Domenico, and two fourteenth-

## St. Domenico, Bologna

century columns, surmounted the one by a statue of the Virgin, the other of a saint, outside the church where the poisoned Elisabetta Sirani is buried. The larger of these monuments was erected in 1207, in honour of Rolandino Passaggieri, who distinguished himself in the wars between the town of Bologna and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. We pass on, gaining a little scattered information from connecting what we see with what our Baedeker tells us is there to be seen, but a great deal of satisfaction in finding the flavour of the old city still so individual and unspoilt, her massive buildings and arcades solid and dignified, and her fine masonry glowing under the broad, flattering light of the afternoon sunshine. The effect of the buildings in Bologna is of too large and serious a character to be materially interfered with by the electric trams and other modern disfigurements. It is mostly the picturesque effects in old towns, not the intrinsic value of the architecture, which suffers most fatally from these new elements in life.

At last we find ourselves where we most desire to be, on the Piazza di S. Stefano, and in view of two of the seven churches which are fitted closely one into the other, standing on the site of an ancient temple of Isis, and subsequently of a church founded in the fifth century. The present pile, called the Church of St. Stefano, contains buildings erected from the ninth to the seventeenth centuries. Sunk below the level of the piazza is a plateau of green grass, from which rise the façades of two of the seven churches. A door in a wall at right angles with these façades opens on a street level with the piazza. The buildings are irregular, exciting curiosity and



## The Outward Journey

interest. Happily there is no trace as yet of the bald ironing out and tidying up of eighteenth or nineteenth century restoration.

But it is now evening ; the church doors are closed. S. Stefano deserves close inspection, and our powers of appreciation at their best—not after they have been exhausted by a long day of taking in, from early morning, when we started from Milan, to this evening hour in Bologna.

We return to the Peligrini, via the end of the Strada di S. Stefano, to the Mercato di Mezzo, again passing those twelfth-century singularities, the Leaning Towers, to our good restaurant in the hotel.

*September 5th.*—St. Stefano will ever remain to me the particular spot in Bologna of deepest interest. Her palaces, arcades, and courtyards, those of her one hundred and thirty churches and two hundred and ten monasteries, of which we saw the outside as we wandered over the old city, so grandly and solidly built, her “Academia delle Belle Arti,” and her great University, not only so ancient, but truly her greatest event, endowing her with a lasting distinction among other Italian cities, left but a very vague impression in my mind from a previous visit to Bologna many years ago. (We somehow then missed seeing S. Stefano.) Now, from henceforth, all these momentous establishments will picture themselves but as the environments, the framing of this precious, small, and very old bunch of seven churches. All travellers must naturally have their own innate preference before they start sight-seeing, and it is the sights that appeal most strongly to those prefer-





FAÇADES OF TWO OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ST. STEFANO, BOLOGNA.  
(See p. 17.)



INTERIOR OF S. SEPOLCRO, S. STEFANO, BOLOGNA (*see p. 19*).

Originally a baptistery, but transformed into a church before the year 1000. The ambo, decorated with fine bas-reliefs, is ninth-century work.

## St. Stefano, Bologna

ences, and not the most momentous buildings, that we retain with the greatest vividness. It is Murray and Baedeker who tell us all we must, in duty bound, see in a place ; but it is for each of us, and each of us alone, to enjoy the things which inspire sincerely our keenest personal admiration.

We have but two half-days in Bologna. Probably many other delightful emotions would be aroused had we longer to remain here. As it is, the general effect and character of the town do not inspire in me the intimate interest which St. Stefano creates. It is so small ; the architecture of yore, in which exists perfect workmanship and inspired invention, carried out on a small scale, possesses for me a very great charm. There is a special fascination in those creations in architecture which are pleasantly measured in accordance with our own size ; and there is something pathetic in small things. Walter Pater describes that something as “ caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woeful heart of things.” The imagination may be excited by great size—the sense of the sublime is aroused by great spaciousness in churches, as by widespread landscape ; by skies full of masses of rolling clouds, and ranges of mountains towering to the sky—and the architecture which echoes such impressions may have an uplifting effect. Still, in many of us the most tender love remains for those places that surround us with an intimate nearness. The buildings which can be taken in easily as a whole, from one spot, are the arrangements of line and space best fitted to our own size and immediate fields of action. Clothes must be in proportion to the

## The Outward Journey

figures who wear them. Our environments beyond our clothes appear to me to feel most comfortably our own when they are proportioned to our human size, and not when, Crystal Palace-like, they reduce our human figures to the proportion of insects.

Each of the seven compartments of St. Stefano has the charm of Pater's "caressing littleness." St. Sepolcro, little ornamented on the exterior, is the most interesting of the cluster. Formerly a baptistery surrounded by an ambulatory, it was transformed into a church before the year 1000. In the twelfth century the tomb was erected. The construction of this was copied from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The ambo, however, decorated with finely-carved symbols of the Apostles in bas-relief, is of ninth-century work. The twelfth-century columns of different coloured marbles and beautifully carved capitals form a balustrade which mounts with the steps to the top of the altar. This is placed in the centre of the octagonal walls, and rises high into the light, which comes entirely from the dome above it. Round the central altar, at a certain distance, are placed columns supporting the walls, which carry the dome. These columns stand in couples, one of marble, the other of brickwork, these latter having been added in the twelfth century to give strength to the more ancient building. The chapel is dark below; the two candles, lighted on either side of the Crucifix placed on the altar, shine but as glowing specks of light in the gloom. The very precious quality of the work and of the materials, the softened gleams of light on the marble spaces of wall and on the shafts of the pillars, and on the edges of the

## St. Stefano, Bologna

rich and delicate sculptures, all seem rendered more choice by being shadowed. Unlike any other place I have seen, endearingly small, of material and workmanship rich and rare, this Church of St. Sepolcro has become my most intimate friend among the sights of Bologna.

Next in interest is the inner courtyard of St. Stefano, surrounded by cloisters and tiers of small columns. The sculpture of the capitals of these is very lovely, contrasting not unpleasantly with the picturesque, rough tiling of the roofing, which overhangs the arcades and shades with a wide protecting eave the arches between the pillars and these finely sculptured capitals. Nothing is yet spoilt in St. Sepolcro, nor in the two courtyards which intervene between the six other small churches. We have only time just to glance at these. That quality, now so rare—*atmosphere*—still hovers in every corner of these precious precincts. May the ruthless destroyers of atmosphere, the tidiers and the restorers, leave them in peace for many a year to come !

*September 6th.*—Two awakening bird-notes from a hedge close to our train as it slackens near a station—clear, clean, piping sounds—I hailed as the earliest signs that morning was near, and the discomforts of a night-journey from Bologna to Bari, in an overcrowded train, coming to an end.

During the darkness we had seen Ancona jutting out into the sea with prominent impressiveness, her lights reflected in the harbour, exciting strong regrets that we could not stop and become intimate with her.



## The Outward Journey

During the night it was interesting to watch a trio of young Italian people, a brother and two sisters, travelling in the same carriage as ourselves, also going to Bari. The sisters, backed by decisive peremptoriness from our trio, refused to allow the brother to smoke. He tried to circumvent us during the whole journey, but failed ; an English boy would have done it, or left it alone, I think. Graceful little creatures were the sisters. As they caught intermittent slumbers, their figures got folded up in extraordinarily graceful, lithesome little heaps. They seemed to have no bones under their fresh little muslin dresses. The limp lassitude of their attitudes, very kittenlike, was Southern and attractive.

That pipe of the half-awakened bird is the signal for warm tints to spread up into the sky from the East, and as we run along the coast past Termoli, the light of the sunrise appears over the sea and behind Monte Gargano, which lies on the promontory in front of us. We turn inland, past the Lake of Lisina, and find we are now truly in the real South, a little north of Naples, with the breadth of Italy between. Buildings, vegetation, colouring in sky and land, it is all really Southern—blessed South—with a sun the heat and brightness of which there is no mistaking ! But there is also air in these early morning hours, reviving after dust and the general horrors of a night-journey. After reaching Foggia, we turn due East, and at Barletta find ourselves again close to the coast. Lips of white foam break on a level beach ; beyond, the blue Adriatic sparkles with diamonds as the sun flashes light on her waters. We are now in the Province of Bari, and after running along by the sea for



## The Modern Town of Bari

forty-one miles, are nearing its capital, the town of Bari, the See of an Archbishop, and the most important town in this part of Italy, where we are to break our journey to Brindisi.

Our fellow-travellers, the Italian trio, now bestir themselves ; the little maidens look still fresh and clean in pretty muslin frocks. Out of a hand-bag white kid gloves and extra lace collars are produced, and the brother of the determined proclivities for smoking has a clean collar and a smart pin added to his costume by his elder sister. That such a night in the train should be undertaken as a pleasure-trip, indeed, seems strange to us, who viewed the journey as a hardship to be got through with our best fortitude, and only as a necessity, in order to catch our boat for Greece.

Immersed in dust and grit, the only means of recovering self-respect—that self-respect which a night journey so invariably robs one of—is to go at once to the Albergo Risorgimento in the new town, and seek hot water. On our road there we notice a long row of men, women, and children, standing in the Corso, along the kerbstone of the pavement. By the side of each stands an ancient-shaped pitcher. One by one they cross the pavement, pitcher in hand, to buy water from a man who is vigorously working a pump. Water has money value here. Its scarcity is again made evident to us when we reach the Albergo Risorgimento, a rather important-looking, grandly furnished hotel, where we chose rooms we are to call our own for the hours we remain at Bari. But no hot water does this grand hotel afford. It has to be fetched from the Restaurant Risorgimento, three streets

## The Outward Journey

off ! Our self-respect having been restored by ablutions, we go to this restaurant for lunch. Murray tells us that Bari has been celebrated for its fish since the old Roman town Barium existed, and it fully maintains its reputation to-day. We have a *frittura* of baby octopi and various other infantine fishes, which is a triumph ; ditto is the macaroni dressed with tomatoes ; but the climax of good things is reached by the iced figs and grapes. A night in the train leads to a flattering view of the subsequent meal.

Clean, fortified, and refreshed, we go out to less material enjoyments in the old town of Bari. Fortunately the new town, large, white, and as uninteresting, from an architectural point of view, as are most other modern Italian cities, has not encroached on the medieval town. It has been built by its side, and the old Bari remains, as a whole, in its ancient form. Its narrow, shadowed streets (shade by this time of the day is valued) are full of interest. Dark archways in the high walls, flights of steps carried up outside the buildings, break the light and shade and produce picturesque effects. We are anxious to find our way at once to the most notable building of Bari, the ancient priory of St. Nicholas, founded on the Palace of the Catapan in 1087 to receive the remains of the famous St. Nicholas : the Santa Claus of the stocking hung up for the babies at Christmas ; the St. Nicholas of the expensive Raphael picture, bought from the Blenheim collection for our National Gallery ; the St. Nicholas who figures more than almost any other saint in the very old Italian pictures. His remains were brought to Bari by ancient mariners from Myra in

## The Old Town of Bari

Lycia, and are contained in the interesting vast pile of building which we reach after walking through various narrow streets. By the side of the high façade of the west end is the Campanile, which is tunnelled by a fine archway, and under which the road leads to a second large piazza. In the long high wall of the Priory is a singularly striking Byzantine doorway, led up to by a flight of steps. The sculptured moulding round this doorway is remarkably beautiful and well preserved ; this moulding is supported by fine shining marble columns, resting on crouching lions. On reaching the Cathedral we find the blemish on the old city's monuments dealt by the restorer's hand—a triumph in the power of defacement. A fine rose window has been cut into mercilessly, and the whole façade altered to a debased style of Renaissance, and inferior marble portrait-busts placed in a line outside, opposite the western door.

We quickly turn away into the unspoilt picturesqueness of the streets, and out to the sea, round by the fine massive, ancient Roman fort, returning to our rooms, congratulating ourselves on the brilliant idea, which had, of course, emanated from K.B., who has such a genius for organizing travels, of breaking the journey to see this old town of Bari, instead of spending the whole day at the comparatively uninteresting Brindisi. We start by the four o'clock train from Bari, and speed away through groves of very fine old olive-trees, laden with fruit—their gnarled, fantastic limbs draped with a sea of waving, silvery green, the strong blue of the Adriatic Sea appearing like solid enamel inlaid in the gaps between the quivering foliage. Eastern-looking villages, white,

## The Outward Journey

and flat-roofed, mostly with a dome rising above their houses, lie on the sides of the low hills. Cypressess point, with dark decision, upwards out of the scattered, floating olive-branches. We are indeed in the South. Nearing Brindisi the groves cease, and the frank blue of the sea cuts crudely in against a hard, stony shore; a bare and arid land on either side, save for tufts of dry grasses, and for the low, dusty shrubs of *Lentiscus*, used by the inhabitants for fuel, and out of the berries of which, our Murray says, they make a soup. But all glows with warm colour from under the side glances of the sun, now sinking low, and burning light and colour save the situation.

There are interesting things to be seen in Brindisi, but there is no time or light. Our boat, the *Scylla*, awaits us to take us to Greece. The moon has risen, the sun has set. We are moored close to a house, the walls of which go down into the water of the harbour. On the deck, awaiting our departure, we find ourselves on a level with a terrace, opening from the window of the first floor. A family group is sitting, resting, Southern fashion, in the cool evening air. There are old pictures of Italian and Spanish art, in which glows a strong sense of colour, though not one distinct colour is perceivable. So it is in this living picture which we see on the terrace of the old house on the harbour. The light held in the air by the after glow spreads a warm, mellow hue over the black, white, brown, and grey, which are the local colours of the scene. A small palette, indeed, does Nature want for her under-paintings, when she has the resource of even only a Southern after-glow from the great fire of





NORTHERN FAÇADE OF THE PRIORY OF S. NICHOLAS, BARI.



A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN OF BARI.

(See p. 22.)



1. ANCIENT ROMAN FORTRESS FRONTING THE SEA, BARI.

2. WESTERN FAÇADE OF THE PRIORY OF S. NICHOLAS, BARI.

(See p. 23.)



## The Harbour at Brindisi

heaven to glaze with ! A girl's figure, which is the prominent feature in the group, has the grace and repose found often in every class in the South. In England that particular power of stillness is associated with one class, the aristocratic ; but in the South the peasant, even more than the duchess, seems to possess it. It recalls, perhaps, a little, the dignified serenity of certain animals. Cats will sit in magnificent attitudes, with an air of supreme indifference as to any effect they may be producing. What a contrast is the calm, unmindful gaze of the large, dark eyes of this maiden of Brindisi, to the nervous, uneasy, self-conscious look of the up-to-date inhabitant of London or Paris ! So near us, on a level with our deck, this scene is one of intimate, silent domesticity. We, hasty travellers, feel almost indiscreet in finding ourselves intruding so close upon it ; but, being people of the South, this family seem completely to ignore such as we are, interested though we may be in watching them. Rushing, flitting creatures, in no wise in touch with their own fashion of life, too far away from it in all essentials for our presence to discompose them, we feel we can indulge our interest and curiosity.

A harbour has truly a poetry of its own ; the sea is caught in and, *nolens volens*, he has to be quiet and allow reflections of his prison environments to be recorded on his breathing surface in the warmth of the afterglow light. Bars of green gold, caught from the full moon, just risen above the blackness of the walls, add incident to the deep shadows of coming night ; the harbour, even at Brindisi — the much belittled Brindisi — treated by

## The Outward Journey

most travellers merely as the first stepping-stone from Europe to the East—can be a thing of impressive, almost tragic beauty. As we leave it, our imagination is haunted by the picture on the terrace, so beautiful in an unexpected way. In its more human, realistic side, it recalls the serious, impressive surprises and familiarity of a Velasquez ; in the solemn dignity and inner strength of its colour and tone, the glory of a Giorgione. Nature is full of the great masters, if we only have eyes to recognize them. “Be thankful that, after all, the entire world is one huge gallery hung round with pictures by the Master Painter.”\* Watts was constantly seeing a picture by Titian in Nature. I remember as he was gazing at a few trees in Melbury Road, when golden threads of evening light were woven through their branches, he exclaimed : “Is that not Titian !” With the Velasquez and Giorgione combination stamped on our memory we leave Italy, to wake in Greece.

*September 7th.*—A night on the *Scylla*, speeding through a calm sea, is rest, and we wake to the sight of islands—“The Isles of Greece !” May many travellers have as favourable a first introduction to their beauty ! The Rubbatoio line of steamers is good. The *Scylla* is as comfortable as a steamer can be. Breakfast is served under an awning on deck, the stewards wear white gloves ; no refinement or comfort is omitted, and we miss none of the lovely outlines of the coast as we near Corfu. We anchor in the harbour, and we realize the special beauty of the South in Greece ; not the same beauty as

\* Herbert W. Tomkins, F.R.Hist.S.

## The Isles of Greece

that of Italy. "The Isles of Greece" are like themselves—like nothing else.\*

The *Anima Attiva* (otherwise K.B.) and C.B. land. I remain with the sketch-book and water-colours on board. Pink and violet are the Albanian mountains, azure shadows lying like veils of blue gauze in their folds. The amount of drawing there is in their sculptured forms is despairing—at once so subtle and grand, so finished and so broad, and all bathed in a sunlit atmosphere, the atmosphere of Greece. No words can convey its charm, and only one brush has ever, to my thinking, recorded it. A fine white line divides the coast from the water. Near the land the sea is of a cobalt blue, shadowed with ultramarine, and nearer our foreground with small, dark touches of indigo. Close to our ship the water is cerulean blue and emerald green, not so much darker than the distance, as stronger and more frank. But where is colour to record such effects, and where, in a paint-box, is there the something to give the light which is on it and over it all?

At four o'clock p.m. we weigh anchor, and begin our onward journey to Patras, steaming between the southern end of the Island of Corfu and the mountainous coast of Albania, the channel narrowing as we pass Ayouisi and

\* Lord Beaconsfield writes to his father a letter, dated Corfu, October 10th, 1830 (from the town of Corfu; this has entirely changed since that date). "This," he writes, "though a poor village, is a most lovely island, offering all that you can expect from Grecian scenery—gleaming waters, woody isles, cypress, olive, vine, a clear sky, a warm sun. Zante is, I believe, even more beautiful, with the remnants of a decent Venetian town. Cephalonia not so fine. Santa Maura, the ancient Leucodia of Sappho, I hope to see, and the barren Ithaca must not be forgotten."

## The Outward Journey

the Cape Saruna in Albania and Point Legkino in Corfu. Again in this civilized little ship, *Scylla*, our meal is served on deck, and we lose no sight of beauty on either side of our course, neither of the Albanian mountains, nor of the southern points of Corfu, nor of the amethyst islands lying in golden and crimson fields of sea and sky, below which the sun has lately sunk ; nor of the slow, stately rising of the full moon from behind Albanian peaks, soon showering her streams of pale, chaste gold on the surface of the sea in a great road of light.

Before dinner is ended, our deck is lit up by electric lamps—marsala is passed round, reserve is melted, and the company begins general conversation. An English engineer, of wide proportions, in the employ of a French firm, demolishes religion in a wholesale manner. A serious, refined-looking Italian takes the engineer's atheism seriously, *qui ne valait pas la peine !* It is a holiday, evidently, to the hard-working, responsible engineer, who has to be infinitely exact in his own work, to talk tall on subjects he has not mastered, and which he considers not important enough to try to master !

We linger on deck ; but, alas ! if we want a night's sleep at all we must take it while the *Scylla* speeds past " The Isles of Greece," Leucadia, Meganisi, Kelamo—and we miss them all.

*September 8th.*—After five o'clock a.m. it is impossible to remain below. We are passing Ulysses and Penelope's Ithaca. The island has for me also more personal associations. The father of one of my aunts by marriage being the English Governor of Ithaca early in the nineteenth century, she was born on this Homeric spot.

## Nearing Greece

Byron played with her as a baby when staying with her father, and in the ten days' visit captivated one and all of the family—in fact by some, she told me, it was thought better he should pass on, his fascinations being almost too great ! But, as we leave it behind in the early dawn, Ithaca does not look as if any such modern life could have been enacted there less than a hundred years ago. We leave it behind in the distance—a flat, grey-violet space—an island as in a dream, faint and remote, quite sufficiently Homeric, and its atmosphere incompatible with the conception of a modern Government House, entertainments, *aide-de-camps*, visitors !

A strange effect of light appears. The sun has not yet risen, but the western sky is rose-colour. Soon a warmth creeps into the whole atmosphere. The full moon, pale primrose in the midst of this pink dawn, is descending in the east towards the sea horizon, and, as if throwing signals to us before sinking below our world, she casts ribbons of verdant light—*pure emerald green*—on the crests of the waves left behind the ship as we plough through Ionian seas. It is so strange an effect that the whole scene feels dreamlike and unreal, a *lever de rideau* appropriate, indeed, to the momentous event, longed for so long—the sight of Athens ! As paler and paler the primrose orb becomes in the yet stronger and stronger pink of the sunrise, we turn our eyes towards Patras for a moment to see if the sun is visible (which he is not) and then, looking again eastward, she is gone ! Bright sparkles of light begin to dance over the sea. The mountains, rising far and near in front of us, are no longer dim, flat spaces, outlined faintly against the sky ; they are



## The Outward Journey

carved, solid ranges, sculptured elaborately by the forces of Nature and by time. Towns and villages are discernible lying on the lower slopes at their feet, glistening out of the mist lying along the shore. To our left rises the pointed height above Missolonghi. Basle — Anthony Trollope ; the Alps—Matthew Arnold ; Greece—Byron. Who can enter Greece by Patras, facing Missolonghi, without the thought of Byron, his life and death there ? Nor without a feeling of gratitude to him, who, more than any other, rescued Greece from the Turks, and made her a Greek Greece instead of a Turkish Greece ?

Byron's letters show us the best Byron as a man. "Greece has ever been for me," he writes to his friend Londo, "as it must be to all men of any feeling or education, the promised land of valour, of the Arts, and of Liberty. To see myself serving, by your side and under your eyes, in the Cause of Greece, will be to me one of the happiest events of my life." Again : "I hope that things here will go on well some time or other. I will stick to the Cause as long as a Cause exists, first or second." To his doctor, who urged him to leave Missolonghi on account of his health and the unwholesomeness of the place, he writes : "I am not unaware of the precarious state of my health, nor am, nor have been deceived on that subject. But it is proper that I should remain in Greece ; and it were better to die doing something than nothing."

Years ago were Byron's letters delightful lively companions ; but the Greece from which many were written remained a vague quantity, very unlike its real self—a mixture of schoolroom geography, British Museum and



## Byron the Hero

Louvre sculptures, and water-colour sketches composed into pictures of a *soi-disant* classical character. Then the real revelation came with the sight of Leighton's records of her real seas, her shores, her islands, and by living surrounded by casts from the Parthenon Frieze, and a great longing was born to see her actual self. And now, here is Patras in front of us, and over there, beyond the blue sea, quivering in morning light, is the scene of strife and misery ; but also the scene of Byron's heroic, noble end, and of his unassailably noble whole-heartedness in the cause of Liberty and Justice, a justice which showed itself to the enemy as to the friend. On February 23rd, 1824, he writes to his sister Augusta : " I have been obtaining the release of about nine-and-twenty Turkish prisoners, men, women, and children, and have sent them, at my own expense, home to their friends ; but one pretty little girl of nine years of age, named Hato or Hatagee, has expressed a strong wish to remain with me or under my care, and I have nearly determined to adopt her, if I thought Lady B—— would let her come to England as a companion to Ada (they are about the same age), and we could easily provide for her ; if not, I can send her to Italy for education. She is very lively and quick, and with great, black, Oriental eyes and Asiatic features. *All* her brothers were killed in the Revolution. The mother wishes to return to her husband at Prevesa, but says she would rather entrust the child to me, in the present state of the country. Her extreme youth and sex have hitherto saved her life, but there is no saying what might happen in the course of the war (and such a war !). I shall probably commit her to the care of some

## The Outward Journey

English lady in the Islands for the present." Whatever Byron was elsewhere, the Byron of that Missolonghi I am gazing at across the sea was noble-hearted and tender-hearted.\*

We are slackening pace, and steaming slowly into the harbour between ships and fishing-boats. Rising behind and around Patras, near and far away, are mountain heights ; Mount Boida looks very high in the south-east distance. Close behind the important commercial modern town rises Mount Panachaicon, on the sides of which stood the ancient town founded by the Ionians, and subsequently the medieval city. That bright, sunny hillside above the busy Patras of to-day, alongside whose quay our *Scylla* is mooring, is linked by tradition with our Scotch St. Andrews, on the bracing east coast of Fife-shire, the St. Andrews of famous golf-links, of ancient University and Cathedral, of grey mists and melancholy dunes. Tradition says St. Andrew was crucified at

\* The servant in whose arms Byron died was by name one Giovanni Battista Falcieri, better known as Tito, who travelled with Lord Beaconsfield when servant to Mr. Clay. He afterwards became valet to Lord Beaconsfield's father, and Lord Broughton, Byron's friend, appointed him a messenger at the India Office. Rogers mentions him in his " Picturesque Tour of Italy ":

" Not last, nor least, Battista,  
    . . . who without stain  
Had worn so long that honourable badge,  
The Gondoler's, in a patrician house,  
Arguing unlimited trust."

Lord Beaconsfield writes from Malta a letter to his brother in 1830 : " Clay is immensely improved, and a very agreeable companion indeed, with such a valet, Giovanni by name. Byron died in his arms, and his mustachios touch the earth. Withal mild as a lamb, though he has two daggers always about his person."



VIEW ACROSS THE HARBOUR OF PATRAS TO THE HEIGHTS ABOVE MISSOLONGHI,  
WHERE BYRON DIED (*see p. 30*).



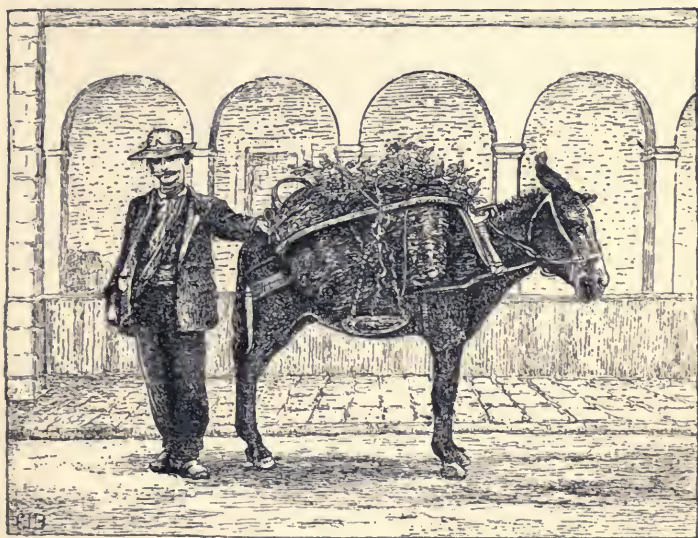
STREET SCENE IN ATHENS (*see p. 77*).

Boy loading donkey with jars.



## Landing in Greece

Patras. A Greek monk in the fourth century was warned in a vision of some coming destruction to the town, and forthwith escaped with the relics of St. Andrew to Muircross in Fifeshire. There he erected a modest shrine, wherein his precious freight could rest. On the site of this shrine the beautiful Cathedral was built, the



DONKEY LADEN WITH GRAPES, PATRAS.

name of St. Andrew was substituted for Muircross, and St. Andrew became the patron saint of Scotland.

We leave our nice ship, the *Scylla*, but have no time to visit anything in Patras except the custom-house, for our train awaits us, and is starting in a few minutes. The carriages in this train are clean and comfortable. Once settled, we enjoy the outlook over the harbour on one side, and the doings of the first Greek population we have

## The Outward Journey

seen on the other. The most attractive sight on shore is that of a man selling grapes from two long baskets, slung, pannier-wise, on each side of a donkey. For sixpence we buy three bunches, exceeding in size any bunches of grapes I have ever seen ; as big as those represented in a picture of the Spies in an old illustrated Bible we had as children ; and their quality more than equals their size and quantity. Never were there such delicious white muscatels—each grape nearly two inches long !



## II

### IN GREECE

ATHENS—VAL DAPHNI—SUNIUM—OLYMPIA—CORFU

*September 8th.*—We start at eight o'clock a.m., and are due at Athens at four p.m. The journey from Patras to Corinth is wonderfully beautiful. We begin by passing through currant plantations to Rhion. Hot sunshine already pours down on the open fields; the curious little erections, in Spain called *Ajupa* (we never mastered their Greek name), are studded about as shelters from the heat—untidy, boxlike sheds, made of reeds, the stalks of maize and matting, mounted on four poles, about nine feet from the ground. No one seems near them at this hour, but on the ground, within the four posts, are bundles and garments, left by the peasants, who have doubtless already begun their day's work. Here and there a dog lies guarding these deposits. Grapes everywhere! Grapes that are to be turned into currants and shipped from Patras to (among others) our London grocers. Commerce connects, indeed, worlds of strangely different associations! With all grocers and their consignments of currants will, from henceforth, be associated this joy-giving country near Patras. The homely penny bun, even, with its little indigestible black spots, will be

## In Greece

linked, by them, with these wonders of land and and sea beauty !

At Rhion we pass two Venetian forts, Castro Nureas, on our side of the Gulf of Corinth, the Peloponnesus, and Castro Antirrhion, across the sea, in Greece proper. How bright and blue the sea looks, running between ! At the points where these forts are placed, Attica and the Peloponnesus are nearer each other than at any other till we reach the Isthmus of Corinth. Our train now turns due east ; we cross over a torrent at Hagios Vasilios, the railway bridge supported by interesting old columns, the remnant of some ancient building. Looking across the sea is the town, still beautiful, they say, of Naupactus, the place of shipbuilding in ancient Hellenic times, the Lepanto of the Italians ; but the gulf has widened, and details on the shore are but dimly seen. Not so the mountains, rising close behind the shore. Though bathed in dreamy morning sunlight, the elaborate modelling, which enriches each height, is traceable, sculptured with Nature's finest chisel, piled up so far into the sky, rising over this bluest of seas. As at Corfu, there is much pink in the colouring, but here the pink is shaded with a faint violet-grey instead of the azure veils which lay in the folds of the Albanian hills. The sea, bright cerulean, crisply turned over here and there with a ripple of white froth, looks solid against the vaporous atmosphere of sky and far-off mountains. Our foreground, as we run along the coast, is rich in various lovely shades of foliage and fruit. There are pomegranates, peaches, oranges, and lemons, rising with heavily-laden branches above festoons of the vine, which,

## From Patras to Corinth

in this September month, are tossed about in wildly graceful luxuriance. They are indeed having their full fling before subsiding for the winter into dry, black sticks. The decorative pomegranates, stained with deep red and orange, hang very solidly amidst delicately pointed leaves. A flower quite new to me is growing on shrubs close to the line—a beautiful blue spike, azure blue, with grey-green, finely-serrated leaves. How to find out its name! The ever most attractive oleander blossoms, pink and red, are in full bloom, throwing up gay coloured tufts of lovely blossoms against the sea, and soft, pale cornelian mountains beyond. Growing over the hills on our right, and spreading down close to the seashore in wilder spots, are woods of thickly-massed foliage, chiefly arbutus and fir—not the dark, black fir of Switzerland and the North, but a brilliant, mossy green, velvety-textured fir, strong in tone against the quivering surface of the water. The coast-line is a series of indentations ; sometimes there is a hillside covered with these trees between us and the sea ; at others, we are hanging over it, and looking down through the water to its very floor. How often, on the terrace of the Castel-a-Mare at Taormina, have I looked down the 423 feet on to the bays of Sicily's coast, and seen exactly the same effect which we catch as our train runs above these shores of the Gulf of Corinth !—the same moving of brilliant, transparent colour ; the same liquid amber edge of sand, dark stones and brown seaweed, caressed by the glittering, jewel-coloured waves, dancing round in hues of turquoise, emerald, sapphire, and amethyst, touched here and there with bubbling froth, creamy white. Before it is broken

## In Greece

up and dispersed by the barrier of the shore, the surface of the sea is hard cerulean blue, spreading behind into a broad surface of ultramarine in full splendour of colour, miles away to the feet of those mountains, quite indescribable in their aerial loveliness. Yes, we can attempt to put these things into words, and stammer out some of our ecstasy, excited by the sight of wonders in Nature's repertoire of effects ; but when all the stammering is exhausted, the beauty remains untold. It transports us into another atmosphere—an atmosphere of the skies. We want other words to describe adequately its beauty. Like Kit Marlowe's poets' best possession, it has

“ . . . One grace, one wonder at the least,  
Which into words no virtue can digest ”—

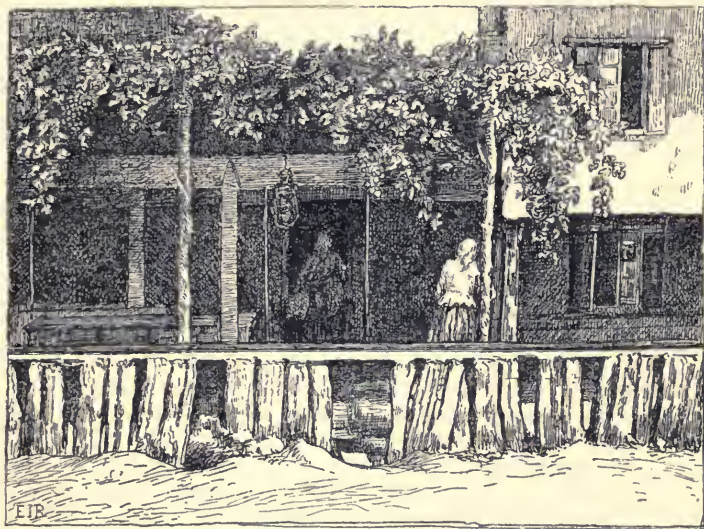
only, “ *Voir, c'est avoir !* ” In more common parlance, it is what all travellers, who have eyes to see, recognize in Greece as her “ wonderful atmosphere.” John Addington Symonds has described her as a land “ wherein colour is subordinate to light, and light was toned to softness.”

After Lampiri the train runs inland. We are among vines, olives, and shaded groves. We pass a rural station, worthy of attention as a contrast to those in more “ up-to-date ” localities. At Kamaræ we cross the wide river-bed of the Erineos, running down from its beautiful valley above. If only we had more time—more trains ! Such a longing seizes one to get out and wander in these places. Before reaching Ægion we come out again to the sea. The larger town of Ægion, the Homeric Ægion, celebrated for its springs of pure water, is on the hillside, 100 feet above the railway-line.



## From Patras to Corinth

Looking up towards it, we have also in view the sacred grove, close to the town, for long the spot where the Achæans met periodically, in like manner as the Amphictyons met at Thermopylæ and Delphi. The course of human ways and customs, human rites and religions, that have been here played out on the spots of the world, which in themselves inspire the profoundest wonder at



A RAILWAY-STATION BETWEEN PATRAS AND CORINTH.

the superhuman artist's creations, come and go, influenced or not—who can tell?—by the obvious religion which the beauty of Nature is always preaching. Along this Gulf of Corinth the churches of this religion are as yet undesecrated by the blighting blasts of modern commercial excitement, though the sacred groves are unused, and the rites therein enacted in the far-away past are but faint traditions in the memory of to-day.



## In Greece

It is from the town of Ægion, on the shore where our train is stopping, that sailing-boats cross the gulf to Itea, to Delphi, and to Parnassus. Longings, indeed, arise here to pause and sail across. We see, rising over the Bay of Itea, but some way inland, the faint toned, huge pile of Parnassus, and imagine the spot below its heights where the sacred groves of Delphi lie. But we must move on, and again at Akrata be tantalized by knowing, through our Murray, that more sailing-boats cross thence to Itea. Arriving at Perigiati, we catch a glimpse of old Corinth, adorned still by remnants of her temple columns—the Corinth where St. Paul lived for eighteen months :

“ After these things Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth ;

“ And found a certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla ; (because that Claudius had commanded all Jews to depart from Rome :) and came unto them.

“ And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought : for by their occupation they were tentmakers.

“ And he reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.

“ And when Silas and Timotheus were come from Macedonia, Paul was pressed in the spirit, and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ.

“ And when they opposed themselves, and blasphemed, he shook his raiment, and said unto them, Your blood be upon your own heads ; I am clean : from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles.”

And there, on that hillside we see from the train, was it that St. Paul dwelt for eighteen months, tent-making and preaching.

What a different kind of place from that formed by our imaginations when we were children ! To all children, I suppose, who are taught the Christian religion, the whole





THE ARCH OF HADRIAN, ATHENS (*see p. 49*).

A triumphal archway dividing, as stated by inscriptions on either side, the city of Theseus from the city of Hadrian.

## A Glimpse of Ancient Corinth

Bible, commencing with the creation of the world and running on into the New Testament, means the beginning of all things, the one absorbing, prominent history of all early times, and nothing else is definite to their minds in the way of ancient history. Moreover, our imaginations of places and people mentioned in the Bible are fed from our babyhood by pictures, Anglicized-classic in style, which distort our impressions by fundamentally unreal records, such as reproductions of Raphael's cartoons, or of far less worthy models. St. Paul, draped in a Roman toga, in a stately and stagey attitude, preaching to the men of Athens, is the St. Paul of our childhood. How different from the idea of him that comes as we look up to the hillside where we see the remnants of old Corinth ! St. Paul ceases to be a figure in a picture treated in a generalized classic fashion. We picture him now as a real living craftsman working under a blazing southern sun. It is real impressions that suggest the most interesting thoughts. How strikingly strange it appears that what happened under such ordinary conditions—the fact that a tent-maker, abiding eighteen months in that small town (so very small compared to our modern towns) in a small country—should have become part of that Bible, the great lever of all truly great civilizations, translated into every known tongue, and read by millions and millions of people all over the world ! Was there ever a miracle recorded that can compare in strange power with that wrought by those who have infused and kneaded the Christian spirit into the life of the world ?

We lose sight of the spot associated with St. Paul as we turn under the hill into the station of Corinth. Here,

## In Greece

for the first time, we alight from the train, having twenty minutes to wait—alas, only twenty minutes ! To climb to the Acropolis and to visit old Corinth takes five hours, so, again full of regrets, we lunch and start afresh. After running two miles along the Isthmus of Corinth, our train crosses the canal, 200 feet above the water. The canal is the most important engineering feat achieved by the modern Greeks, and cost £2,800,000. It makes the only ugly feature of the journey from Patras to Athens. What would the ancients have made of such a work ! Surely something more sightly and entertaining than this costly dull construction ! The idea of cutting a canal across the Isthmus was thought of before the time of Nero. Nero went so far as to commence the work with a golden spade at a grand function. But inconvenient insurrections broke out in Gaul, and the work had to be dropped ; but Murray tells us that traces may be seen of this abortive attempt on the west shore of the Isthmus near Diolkos. We run along the farther side of the Isthmus, which is of limestone rock, ten miles in length, and varying from four to eight miles in width. It is not beautiful—all is stony, sun-struck glare—so we fall back on our Murray for facts.

When we reach Kalamaki we find the sea again, but now on our right hand.

The beauty of this Gulf of Ægina is quite different from that of the Gulf of Corinth. Away in the distance faint purple, lying on a pearl-grey sheen of sea, rise the Islands of Ægina and Salamis ; nearer, the high ranges running south above the eastern shores of the Peloponnesus. Here we see to perfection the distinguishing feature of



## From Corinth to Athens

Greek landscape—serrated shores, mountains rising high, both on the mainland and on the many islands. It is difficult to make out which is the mainland and which are islands. As in the Western Highlands, gleams of light on water shine out unexpectedly between mountain heights, and tongues of land run out into and round the sea. No view is without both land and water—a lovely dreamland, haunted with legends. Here, where our modern railway-train is passing, Theseus slew the wild sow ; farther along, looking down from the narrow pass of Kaki Scala, is the pathway into which the giant Scoron inveigled solitary travellers, whom he caught and threw over as food for his pet turtle ; but Scoron in his turn, be it noted, was kicked over the rock by the hero Theseus.

After running down a steep incline we reach Megara, opposite the Island of Salamis—Salamis, of schoolroom record, known since the earliest days. As we travel along in our train on this 8th day of September, in the twentieth century A.D., we are only twelve days from the anniversary of the great battle fought on September 20th, 480 B.C., when the 3,000 Persian ships were cut in pieces by the Greeks, who had but 300, the disaster being watched by Xerxes from a rock jutting out into the Gulf of Salamis, which we are passing. There, on the spot below us, Æschylus fought with the rest for the freedom of his Greece, describing the great scene afterwards in his tragedy of " The Persians ":

" One cry arose : Ho ! sons of Hellenes, up !  
Now free your fatherland, now free your sons,  
Your wives, the fanes of your ancestral gods.  
Your fathers' tombs ! Now fight you for your all.  
Yea, and from our side brake an answering hum

## In Greece

Of Persian voices. Then, no more delay,  
Ship upon ship her beak of biting brass  
Struck stoutly. 'Twas a bark, I ween, of Hellas  
First charged, dashing from a Tyrrhenian galleon  
Her prow-gear ; then ran hull on hull pell-mell.  
At first the torrent of the Persian navy  
Bore up : but when the multitude of ships  
Were straitly jammed, and none could help another,  
Huddling with brazen-mouthed beaks they clashed  
And brake their serried banks of oars together ;  
Nor were the Hellenes slow or slack to muster  
And poured them in a circle. Then ships' hulks  
Floated keel upwards, and the sea was covered  
With shipwreck multitudinous and with slaughter.  
The shores and jutting reefs were full of corpses.  
In indiscriminate rout, with straining oar,  
The whole barbarian navy turned and fled.  
Our foes, like men 'mid tunnies, draughts of fishes,  
With splintered oars and spokes of shattered spars  
Kept striking, grinding, smashing us : shrill shrieks  
With groanings mingled held the hollow deep,  
Till night's dark eye set limit to the slaughter.  
But for our mass of miseries, could I speak  
Straight on for ten days, I could never sum it ;  
For know this well, never in one day died  
Of men so many multitudes before."

The gently swaying sea and the calm mountain heights on Salamis, bathed in the warm genial light of the afternoon sun, viewed by us on this September afternoon—how innocent they appear to be of all suggestion of those thrilling, tragic scenes of September 20th, 2,000 years ago ! If it were not for the poets, what meagre messages from the past even the most suggestive landscape scenes would give us !

This great Greece, how strikingly small she is ! And how very small are now the populated parts, compared to her solitary mountain ranges and uninhabited plains ! Will the archæologists ever get money enough to excavate

## Æschylus and Theognis

all her ancient sites, and smother the surface of modern Greece with tangible records of her ancient history? May we be allowed to hope they will not! Æschylus and the mighty crew of poets have forwarded on to us better records of what the Greeks had in their heads and hearts when the great things were done, than the stones, even in their original completeness, could carry. They are but records of events, scanty compared with thoughts and feelings, and now, poor things! they are but very mutilated records. Is it not more decent to leave them covered, and more merciful to leave the beauty of the landscape of modern Greece unspoilt—that beauty of Greek landscape which inspired Pheidias, Æschylus, and their fellow-artists and poets?

We are stopping at the station of Megara, a very insignificant-looking place now, but once a rival to Athens, desiring to be possessed of Salamis, and only losing it through a stratagem played by Solon in 598 B.C. But what is really exciting about these scattered houses called Megara is that they mark the site of the town where the delightful poet, the poor, aristocratic Theognis, was born. He lived some time between Homer and Æschylus, but modern of the moderns is this delightful person's invective and satire against the millionaires of his now almost legendary times. "Wealth is omnipotent. O Wealth! of gods the fairest and most full of charm! Everyone honours a rich man, and slights a poor man: the whole world agrees upon this point. Most men have but one virtue, and that is wealth. You must fix your minds on wealth—wealth alone. Wealth is almighty!" Is not this what may be heard any day at a London dinner-

## In Greece

party in the houses of the old, refined, rather left-behind aristocracy, over whom the larky mushroom millionaires scamper somewhat rough-shod? And this delightful Theognis was born here, at this very unimposing-looking Megara!

The train moves on, and we get a nearer view of Salamis. Easy is it now to understand how the unwieldy 3,000 ships of the Persians could get jammed together in this very narrow strait, and destroyed by those vivid Greeks, fighting for their country's existence, and knowing every point of the shore, every current of the sea.

A straggling village comes into view on a flat ground which juts out into the sea in a triangular promontory. The straggling village is Eleusis, the scene of the yearly functions of the Mysteries, and the birthplace of Æschylus. Crowded, indeed, do the associations with the greatest become as we rush on to the exciting climax of our eight hours' journey to Athens. Only seventeen miles remain of the 139 from Patras before we reach our great goal. We pass on from the traces of the great Eleusinian Mysteries with but little regret, so anxious are we to catch the first view of "the Crown of Greece." Leaving the coast, and turning north-east round the foot of Mount Sacharitzza, having avoided her heights, we turn due south. Straight in front of our route, rising in the distance—there it is, dim in the distance, but unmistakable!

From whatever point it is seen, the Acropolis of Athens is unmistakable. It is as if Nature and Art had together insisted on its dominating everything else. We hasten

## Arrival at Athens

towards it, but that first sight of the greatest of the world's entities in places is lost.

As we run into the station nothing but the veriest arid and untidy surroundings greet us. Going round from Addison Road Station, Kensington, to Willesden Junction you pass a place called Wormwood Scrubs. Hitherto that place has appeared to me as the most bare, squalid, dusty repository of odds and ends, and of general untidiness, that exists on the face of the earth. I think, however, the surroundings of the station at Athens would take first prize on those same lines. True, it is autumn, and summer heat has parched the ground and dried up any vegetation there might be in the spring. But how can one believe that any germ of vegetation could exist in a foot-deep of dust that is always being disturbed and made to fly about? The bareness, the untidiness! It is *very* ugly! A railway-station generally manages to give the worst possible impression of a town. Waiting for luggage and getting started away amidst tiresome porters clamouring for tips are conditions that do not conduce to happiness.

We reach the Hotel Minerva—chosen because we were told a view of the Acropolis could be seen from the windows. We wrote for rooms having this view, but from those reserved for us so small a part is visible, and that small part only seen through a clink in high walls, that we sacrifice it for better and more airy rooms. Straight in front of my window is Mount Lycabettus, rising above the modern town—the noisy modern Athens. If dust is the torment of Athens, noise is the *torture*! “*Il faut payer pour tout.*” Evidently Athens must be



## In Greece

taken another way from that which we enjoyed the feast of beautiful sights on the journey to reach her.

During the journey, though the sensuous delight in the beauty of the sights we saw may have been backed and made serious and adhesive by legendary and historical, associations, actually beautiful visions led the way : here, in Athens, associations are the prominent interest, not always clothed in obvious beauty. In justice to Athens, it must be said, those associations very soon override the physical irritations. Though the street is so needlessly noisy below, and the horses on the cab-stand just under my window are incessantly striking their iron shoes on the pavement to startle away the flies ; though the modern houses are so unnecessarily modern ; still, as the sweet air comes through the open window, as the sun disappears, and one by one the lights on the summit and slopes of Lycabettus gleam out through the twilight, and the full moon (we have had, to all appearance, three evenings of full moon) rises behind its shadowed peak, I feel pacified somewhat. The ugly elements in modern Athens cease to be ostentatiously obtrusive. A night's rest will probably put them out of court altogether when compared with all that Athens contains of intense interest for the imagination. After a long and exciting journey, a night's rest is of necessity, before further pulls are made on the powers of enjoyment.

*September 9th.*—An eventful day in life.

At ten o'clock we drive from the Hotel Minerva, through Constitution Square and the street beyond, to the wide kind of boulevard which encircles Athens on this side. Turning round to the right, we pass on our

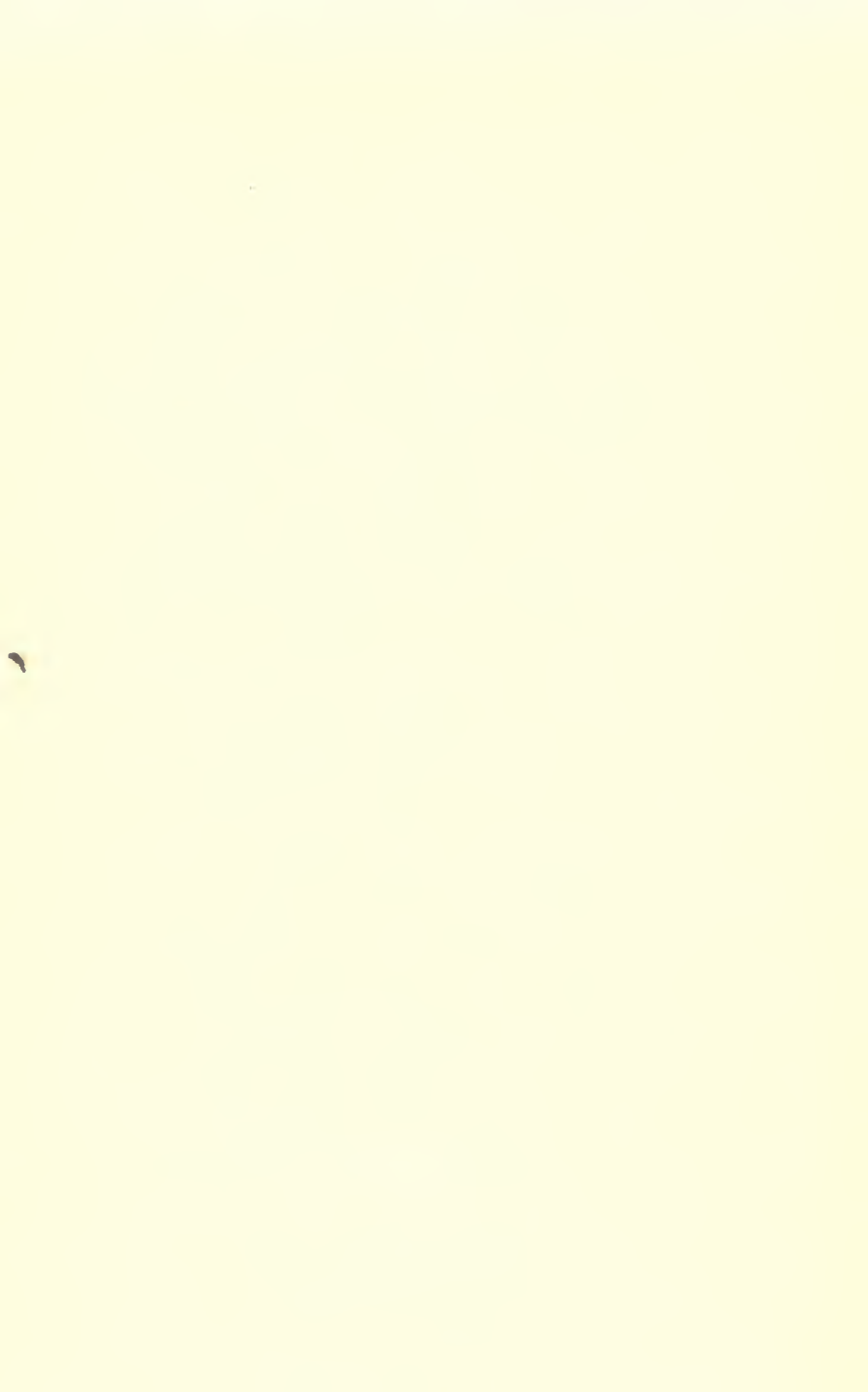


1. ATHENS AND HER MOUNTAINS SEEN THROUGH THE COLUMNS OF  
THE ERECHTHEION, ACROPOLIS

Built between 415 and 400 B.C.

2. THE PARTHENON, ATHENS.

(See p. 54.)



## On the Road to the Acropolis

left ancient monuments, rising on bare spaces of ground, spreading from this road away to the slopes of Hymettus—Hymettus of the honey. First the Arch of Hadrian, the curious two-storied erection, standing separate and isolated from other buildings, and further towards the mountains the remnants of the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, with its beautiful cluster of erect columns, golden in the sunshine against violet Hymettus ; and, nearer us, the splendid fragments of sculptured capitals of columns that have been hurled to the ground, and left as they fell for many hundred years.

The strangeness of being actually here ! To be really at last in Athens almost stuns the capacity for taking in her sights.

“ Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence.”\*

A place that was till now put so far off in the imagination !

We drive to the foot of the Acropolis, where, partly to save our little horses the climb, partly to loiter—to go or stay as the spirit moves us—we get out of the carriage and walk. In trying to describe remnants of momentous places in words, we should remember that, to most minds, the words suggest far bigger sights than the eye sees when on the spot. Stones, small and unnoticeable to the uninitiated, may be unutterably interesting to the archæologist, and when described and connected with the history of famous events, they seize the imagination as places

\* Milton, “ Paradise Regained.”

## In Greece

which in themselves have importance. We, however, are mainly concerned with actual impressions seized by the eye on the spot. The first thrillingly notable remnant we pass is the Theatre of Dionysos, lying against the side of the castle-like rock of the Acropolis. But it is not the perceptible theatre we see from the road which is the one which first existed, but an unnoticeable arrangement of stones behind the visible amphitheatre, where the tragedies of Æschylus are said to have been performed during his lifetime. However, the thought that his tragedy, "The Persians," was given within sight of the spot where we stand, eight years after the Battle of Salamis, where he fought on that Gulf we passed yesterday, is profoundly interesting, though the remains of the theatre are entirely insignificant. The later theatre, constructed about 330 B.C., is in tolerable repair, and in the centre of the sixty-seven thrones of Pentelic marble, constituting the places of honour for the Magnates of the State, is the Throne of the Priest of Dionysos Eleuthereus. This is singularly beautiful; the carving and design of the figures are very lovely. This theatre was buried till the year 1862, when the Germans unearthed it.

As we move on, we pass the sanctuary of Æschylus, wherein is a sacred spring—the stoa and temple of Asclepios; the stoa of King Eumenes; the Adeion of Herodes. But all these, are they not described in detail, as every other spot of interest, in that triumph of handbooks—Murray's "Greece"? We pause respectfully opposite the sites of these ruins, but cannot stay our impatience to reach the summit above, so far as to leave the road. We walk on to where all monuments



## First View of the Parthenon

and walls cease, and, passing through a hedge of agaves, by a steep pathway we ascend the hillside to Beulé's Gate. The Frenchman, Beulé, only discovered this ancient gateway in 1853 ; now it serves as the entrance to the Acropolis, and it is locked at sunset and opened again in the early morning. Though we have climbed a stiff little hill, we are by no means yet on the summit of this wonderful Acropolis, very much removed from the ordinary level of life in every sense—far above—in an atmosphere of its own. We pass through the Beulé Gate, and mount the rest of our way up the rock by steep steps, broadening out on to the pavement of the Propylæa. On the marble steps on which we stand, the feet of Pericles, Socrates, Pheidias, have trodden, and the spell of the place begins to work on our imaginations. We have entered the sacred precincts, and when we have mounted the whole flight, we meet, in full view, the most glorious jewel in the crown of Athens—the Parthenon—in the dazzling fair light of the morning sun—"the finest edifice on the finest site in the world, hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart."\*

\* " Unlike Rome, Athens leaves upon the memory one simple and ineffaceable impression. There is here no conflict between Paganism and Christianity, no statues of Hellas baptized by Popes into the company of saints, no blending of the classical and medieval and Renaissance influences in a bewilderment of vast antiquity. Rome, true to her historical vocation, embraces in her ruins all ages, all creeds, all nations. Her life has never stood still, but has submitted to many transformations, of which the traces are still visible. Athens, like the Greeks of history, is isolated in a sort of self-completion : she is a thing of the past, which still exists, because the spirit never dies, because beauty is a joy for ever. What is truly remarkable about the city is

## In Greece

A feeling of shame creeps over one with the thought that in the dingy, foggy precincts of Bloomsbury, the gloomy prison of the British Museum, the English have incarcerated so many of its glories. Ah! that those matchless sculptures had been left blooming in their beauty under these cloudless skies, warmed, as if to life, under the rays of this sunshine—the smile, it would seem, of their own especial gods. We are told we should console ourselves with the thought that the actual work by Pheidias and his pupils is better preserved in our Bloomsbury dungeon than had it been left in its birth-place. I, personally, ought not to grumble, as I have lived in walls lined with casts of the frieze, and thereby have learnt Pheidias by heart in England—all gratitude

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just this—that while the modern town is an insignificant mushroom of the present century, the monuments of Greek Art are in the best period—the masterpieces of Ictinus and Mnasicles, and the theatre on which the plays of the tragedians were produced—survive in comparative perfection, and are so far unencumbered with subsequent edifices that the actual Athens of Pericles absorbs our attention. There is nothing of any consequence intermediate between us and the fourth century B.C. Seen from a distance, the Acropolis presents nearly the same appearance as it offered to Spartan guardsmen when they paced the ramparts of Decelea. Nature around is all unaltered. Except that more villages, enclosed with olive-groves and vineyards, were sprinkled over those bare hills in classic days, no essential change in the landscape has taken place—no transformation, for example, of equal magnitude with that which converted the Campagna of Rome from a plain of cities to a poisonous solitude. All through the centuries which divide us from the age of Hadrian—centuries unfilled, as far as Athens is concerned, with memorable deeds of national activity—the Acropolis has stood uncovered to the sun. The tones of the marble of Pentelicus have daily grown more golden; decay has here and there invaded frieze and capital; war, too, has done its work, shattering the Parthenon in 1687 by the explosion of a powder magazine, and the Propylæa in 1656 by a

## The Parthenon

to Brucciani who made the casts from the British Museum. Still, standing here, face to face with the wreck of their original dwelling-place, and thinking of the dark, depressing, foggy atmosphere of their present habitation, we feel as we do when a lark is encaged, and, protesting, we are told it would probably have been killed by a hawk, or ensnared for the poulterer, if it had been left its liberty.

That Lord Elgin did well to seize them, and preserve them from utter destruction, no one can doubt ; but now that their right preservation would be as much secured on the Parthenon as in England, surely England should rise to a generous magnanimity, and return the originals to their right home, and substitute casts for them in our Museum.

But the Parthenon, wreck though she be, is still

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similar accident, and seaming the colonnades that still remain with cannon-balls in 1827. Yet, in spite of time and violence, the Acropolis survives, a miracle of beauty : like an everlasting flower, through all that lapse of years it has spread its coronal of marbles to the air, unheeded. And now, more than ever, its temples seem to be incorporate with the rock they crown. The slabs of column and basement have grown together by long pressure or molecular adhesion into a coherent whole. Nor have the weeds or creeping ivy invaded the glittering fragments that strew the sacred hill. The sun's kiss alone has caused a change from white to amber-hued or russet. Meanwhile, the exquisite adaptation of Greek building to Greek landscape has been enhanced rather than impaired by that 'unimaginable touch of time,' which has broken the regularity of outline, softened the chisel-work of the sculptor, and confounded the painter's fret-work in one tint of glowing gold. The Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Propylæa have become one with the hill on which they cluster, as needful to the scenery around them as the everlasting mountains, as sympathetic as the rest of Nature to the successions of morning and evening, which waken them to passionate life by the magic touch of colour."—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

## In Greece

beautiful, still grandly dominating—though how pathetic ! The two figures, the only two left in the western pediment, which our Theseus and Ilissos (as they were originally named) and all the other great sculptures, filled of yore—how intensely pathetic ! Still, though pathetic, though in rags, the Parthenon is still a queen, stately and dominant, rising out from the chaotic mass of stones, blocks of marble, fallen columns, all huddled together and lying anyhow, mighty remnants of the most perfect building human beings have ever created. Strange it is that even so much remains. The destroyer has assailed the Acropolis in every sort of way. Inimical attacks have been hurled from Nature and by man in nearly every destructive form, and yet it is still there—still the most momentous spot in the whole world, as being the shrine for our most vivid associations with legend, history, and art in the far-away of the most momentous past. The light is everywhere ; here again we feel, as J. A. Symonds says, “ colour is subordinate to light, and the light is toned to softness.” There is a bloom of light on the old marble, broadening the forms, and making the whole aglow in sunshine, except where the scaffolding, with which, at this moment, large portions of the Erechtheum is covered, causes a jar in the tone. This scaffolding also destroys the beauty of line from many points of view, and, together with the utter confusion and ruin on the ground, spoils much of the foreground from a pictorial point of view.

True, it is a mass of ruins ; yet, how strangely the impressiveness of those ruins steals over you ! How dominant and intrinsic must be their beauty to retain



## The Genius of Greek Art

such a power to conquer but in a few minutes the first general impression of chaos! It sets one speculating as to wherein lies the power of this great Greek Art—its sublime serenity, calm force, supreme inevitableness. In this art—once the theme given—conception and execution work under the peremptory, unquestioning dictation of intuitive impulse. The actual touch of the chisel shows a large, loose handling, unfidgeted because spontaneous; no detail is focalized specially with any desire for display; all the touches emanate from a sense within, working outwards—as everything in the world that is worth while is worked from within outwards—the feeling of the whole conception vibrating through every detail and guiding the chisel from the first touch to the last. In the outset were not these conceptions of the Greeks inspired by intimacy with their gods, to whom they erected these temples as votive offerings? The artists and poets of Greece entwined the spirit and action of their gods into the expression of their own genius. All that makes Greece so beautiful—her lovely skies, land and sea, shaded groves, rivers and sculptured mountains—were so many gracious influences revered with an awe which was inspired by religion. Was it a feeling of nearness to those they worshipped that made these giants in art rise to such perfection in the work of their own hands? In short, was not this perfection the result of the unquestioned reality of the spiritual life within them?

Standing here on the Acropolis we see the spot, below us, the Hill of Mars, where St. Paul stood when he addressed the Athenians.



## In Greece

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

"For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To The Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.

"God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands ;

"Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things ;

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation ;

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us :

"For in Him we live, and move, and have our being ; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring.

"Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

"And the times of this ignorance God winked at ; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

St. Paul was speaking 500 years after the Parthenon was built, when the decline of Greece had been accelerating downwards for four centuries. We cannot feel that the thoughts and feelings of those who lived during the ninety years of her prime, when every human power seemed to culminate in a crisis of perfection in Greece, were turned to the worship of gold and silver, but rather to the spirit of wisdom and truth—"For we are also His offspring, *as certain of your own poets have said.*" In this Greek art, even in its ruin, there was no materializing element in its aims ; there is undoubtedly the appeal from spirit to spirit. Were the times when these





CHURCH OF THE VAL DAPHNI (*see p. 63*).

A Byzantine building modified by the French in the thirteenth century.

## The Caryatides

things were made those which "God winked at"? one asks.

We have turned from gazing on the Parthenon, and are facing the Erechtheion and the six Caryatides—calm, dignified, and carrying with power the weight they bear. During the disasters that have befallen the poor Acropolis since these grand women were given their part to play in sustaining the temple, three of the six were cast down and laid low among the ruins. One of these was caught by the English, and now lives far away from her sisters in the British Museum. She was replaced in the Erechtheion by a copy in terra-cotta, when the other two fallen figures were raised to their original position in 1845. Facing the Erechtheion, this copy stands as the second from the western end, and is distinguished by its darker reddish colour. All the figures are worn and maimed—still, however, actually beautiful, serene, and dominating. The work of Leighton and Watts comes to mind. Truly and instinctively have our two great English artists echoed the intrinsic value of *style* in this Greek work. The beauty in the landscape, the far-off, finely-chiselled mountains, pale cornelian pink, across the Gulf of Corinth, and the sea of so solid a blue, recalled yesterday those landscape sketches by Leighton, unrivalled records of the beauty of Greece—her very self, as we see her. Of her greatest art, and the principles which intrinsically guide it, we find echoes both in Watts' and Leighton's work. Thoughts fly back to the studios in Kensington, where these earnest workmen of the nineteenth century created their art, both aiming, with the same instinct for noble style, at achieving that beauty in it which

## In Greece

elevates and ennobles, as does great poetry and great music.

A vision of a certain morning, many, many years ago, comes to mind, as we stand before those Caryatides—a morning when I was called in to hear the discovery of a principle of form. Before Watts' statue of Hugh Lupus, now at Eaton Hall, was begun, and before the design was even in embryo of "Physical Energy," which has travelled to a spot near the grave of Cecil Rhodes, on a summit of the Matoppo Hills, Watts had made a wooden section of a horse and covered it with brown paper. On this paper he drew in charcoal the lines of the structure of the horse in the movement he wanted. During this process, he discovered a definite principle which embodied his instinctive admiration for the suggestion of size in form. Great was his glee when he had evolved this instinct into a principle. Watts explained the principle in the following manner. A curved line which is part of a small circle will suggest a small form to the eye; whereas the straighter a curved line is made, the larger in character will be the form suggested, the reason being that the eye completes for itself the circle of which the curved line is a portion. With the Caryatides in view, it is easy to realize that, consciously or unconsciously, this principle was followed by the Greeks of the Pheidian school. Each limit to the sculptured planes is a series of almost straight lines. The same principle obviously applies to the various masses in each form as to the limit line at any given point. One is the natural result of the other. Each silhouette is outlined by the limit of projecting and receding planes, seen from whichever point a form in the



## Essence of Beauty Undefinable

round is viewed. No muscle in any human figure or in any animal, no fold of drapery or accessory is expressed in Pheidian sculpture, by sections of circles, which, if carried on, would be found complete within the design ; they are, on the contrary, rendered in the marble by a series of slightly and variously curved planes, subtle and almost imperceptibly jointed together. Every curve, if continued into the circle of which it is a section, would reach far beyond the design.

Interesting as such a principle may be in order to explain what is understood by *style* in form ; yet, neither this nor any other principle worked out by the human mind can, I suppose, fully explain the cause of the impressive beauty, stately dignity, and repose of the best Greek sculpture. No technical law, nor teachable discovery, could alone account for the impression of dignity and beauty in the form, and in the breadth and freedom in the workmanship. As easy would it be to unravel the process which produces the charm in a living flower : for instance, how to explain in definite thought, much less in words, the splendour of a great magnolia bloom, like a beautiful white ivory goblet springing with such grand freedom, yet subtlety of line, from a layer of green enamelled leaves ; nor the exquisite spiral curve of the arum lily, as she unfolds and throws back her one creamy white petal to the light ? And in the greatest art there is that same quality as there is in Nature—a quality which beats all human reasoning to explain. Agencies are at work which have been taught their lessons on lines no human reasoning can fathom. We accept the results—call it

## In Greece

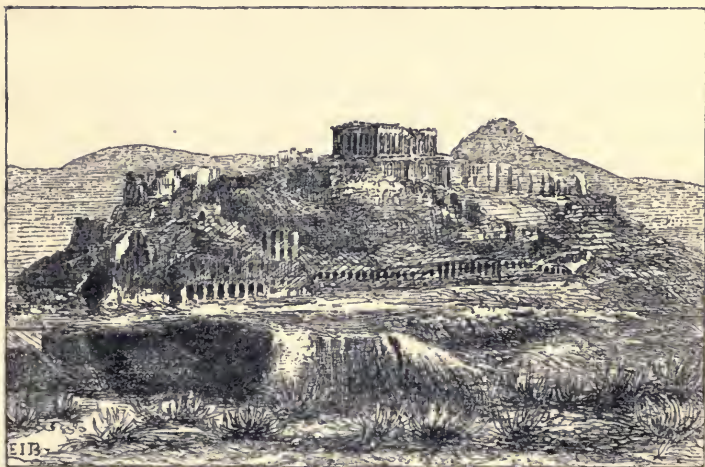
genius—and are thankful for the art of the greatest workmen, be they modern or ancient craftsmen, as we are for the “lilies of the field,” which surpass in beauty Solomon and all his glory.

Through the ruined heaps of marble we wander away to the Museum, take a cursory view of its treasures, then again out into the dazzling sunshine, round the southern side of the Parthenon, to the Temple of Athena Nike, or Nike Apteros, standing just above the steps we had mounted to reach the summit of the Acropolis, with her graceful Ionic columns, smaller in character than those of the Eretheion, though in beauty of proportion and delicate workmanship unrivalled by any other. The temple shows no signs of having been entirely removed by the Turks in the seventeenth century, and entirely reconstructed and replaced in the nineteenth century, yet so it was.

The sun is very hot, and we have had for the moment our fill of impressions ; so, passing out through the Beulé Gate, we walk down the scorched pathway to the hedge of agaves. Since we climbed up that pathway two hours ago, and in through that Beulé Gate, one of the great events of life has occurred. We have stood on the Acropolis of Athens ! We have gazed on the long longed-for sight—the Parthenon ! Was it a disappointment ? No ; it was different, as all real places always are from those we picture in our imagination. We may see any number of pictures and photographs of a place ; after we have seen the original these may help faithfully to recall it, but before, somehow, they cannot reveal it. The real Acropolis, the real Parthenon, were revealed to us this

## Drive out of Athens

morning under that light of Greece, the light compared to which all colour, however bright, is shadow. Through all the ruined untidiness the grand beauty of the place has asserted itself, and left us satisfied.



THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

Luncheon at the Minerva over, we start again, this time for a drive out of Athens in search of the old Byzantine church of the Val Daphni. If the carriage were a little more comfortable, the roads a little better made, the seven miles would have been a rest after the excitement of the morning. Even as it is, to get into the country is very pleasant. Leaving Athens, we drive westwards between pleasantly planted gardens, fields, and avenues of trees, until we cross the bridge over the River Kephisos, where but a scanty trickle of water runs in its narrow course. Our road passes near the remains of the Sacred Way, but we have not time to trace the stones which mark it. The Sacred Way led to Eleusis,

## In Greece

where, in the old days, the " Greater Mysteries " partly took place in this very month of September. These " Mysteries " lasted nine days. On the evening of the fifth day a torchlight procession bearing a statue of Iakchos (Dionysos) left Athens, and passed along this Sacred Way, through the wooded groves to this River Kephisos—this trickle of water embedded in a ditch which we have just crossed ; then mounting the slopes of Mount Ægaleos, open to the sky, wound through the Val Daphni, shadowed in woods, and, passing the Temple of Aphrodite, the long train of torch-lit devotees reached the sea, and continued their way along the coast, rounding the Bay of Salamis to Eleusis, where the *Mystæ*, or " Initiated," underwent a series of final purifications. That one could have witnessed such a function ! What it must have been, in the beauty of an early autumn southern night, to watch that stream of moving lights and groups of figures, voices chanting hymns in chorus, torches burning—their flickering flames now tangled in the leafage and shadow of the olive-groves, now flaring brightly up into the soft mystic grey of the moonlit sky ! To the fishermen lying in their boats, swayed by gentle tides off the shores of Salamis, how strangely beautiful must have been the sight as the procession glides out from the shadowed Val Daphni and moves onward towards the coast, reflections from the torches like ribbons of light strewn on the crests of the waves, the chanting of the voices floating to them over the water ! One can fancy it all ! There were giants in those days in the art of creating beautiful and poetic situations !

But to return to where we are—and that is driving up



## Val Daphni

a steep slope of Mount Ægaleos in afternoon sunshine, through rows of agaves, throwing up stiff flower-stems made after the fashion of wrought-iron work. Reaching a higher level, we enter the pass of the Val Daphni. Here the hillsides are covered with fir-trees and olives, and all traces of the distressing bareness, which strikes one so uncomfortably in the immediate surroundings of Athens, has vanished. We have not driven far through the valley before the carriage stops by a wall under the shadow of a large ash-tree. In this thick ancient wall in front of us are blocked-up arches, ending in a castellated tower, suggesting fortifications. We pass through an opening in the wall, and find ourselves in presence of the beautiful old Byzantine church we have driven seven miles to see. The central door is raised by steps from the courtyard where we stand, and is included in a very high recess, which mounts almost to the flattened dome of the roof. The recess is arched at the top, and above the door are two tiers of triple round-headed lancet windows. General proportion, detail, light and shade, broken colour—all is delightful. Nothing is in ruin, nothing obviously restored. Two stately cypresses guard the portal, and much of the attractiveness of the whole scene is owing to these and to the other trees that fill the courtyard. On the branches of one is slung a large ancient bell. A Benedictine monastery adjoining the church was built by the French. It has long been suppressed. The bell has often been rung to call the monks to their services in the church, but one wonders who now worships there,—so alone, solitary is this beautiful building. We enter the church, and find a very rare specimen of worthy pre-



## In Greece

servation. Originally lined entirely with mosaics, it now has many bare spaces of wall. Of course, most restorers would have given a job to a modern worker in mosaics, and filled in the gaps with Renaissance or modern discordances. But the skill of the exceptionally reverent preserver who has been at work here has refrained from confusing and destroying the effect of those left by adding any new mosaic work. He has prevented further destruction without encroaching on the atmosphere of the place. A strangely impressive picture of our Lord is perfectly preserved in the centre of the dome. The countenance is stern, powerful, full of meaning. Beyond the gold background of this central design are many small pictures of saints and prophets. Four spandrils are filled with figures of angels, and remnants of other designs exist still on the walls. There is but little bright colour in the mosaics; the whole effect is singularly harmonious in grey, golden, and brown tints, and is that of a truly ancient, unspoilt, but well-preserved interior—a thing most rarely to be found in any country now.

Returning to the courtyard, on the opposite side to that of the archway by which we entered there are remains of a very ancient cloister. Evidently the materials, at least, belong to an older period than the church. The enclosing walls, Murray says, are built of stones taken from a temple of Apollo. The original Byzantine church was modified in the thirteenth century by the French, who also built the now deserted monastery. Passing out of the courtyard, we mount a little way up the tree-covered hillside to look back on the whole block of buildings, of which the church is the



IONIC COLUMNS OF THE ERECHTHEION.

(See p. 68.)



THE ACROPOLIS SEEN THROUGH THE DORIC  
COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS



## Val Daphni

centre, and the opposite hill the background. What could be more different than the effect which the Acropolis had on us this morning, and the impressions created by this Christian Byzantine church and its surroundings ! This is a picture—a deeply interesting picture. The building is very aged, beautiful in its structure, in light, and shade, and in broken colour, and having, besides its perfection of architecture, proportions, and symmetry, surroundings of trees and wooded hillside, all conducing to pictorial charm. Whereas, on the Acropolis, ruin, and not only ruin, but molested ruin meets the eye—the untidy and unsightly state of ruin not brought about by natural decay or by Nature's forces only, but by military onslaughts, excavations of archæologists, scaffoldings of the restorer. It is in that transition state (necessary, of course, but hideous) between the complete and comely ruin which has clothed itself decorously with time-beautifying tones and harmonies, and with the dignity of acquiescence, "where we fall, let us lie"—between this state and complete restoration, which is disconcerting, by reviving the original aspect.

How much of our vivid impressions, while on the Acropolis for the first time, was due to the interest of association who can say ? These things are part of the subconscious machinery of that cerebellum which works without our will, as it does in our dreams. Certain it is there are elements which arouse a deeper æsthetic emotion than that of the simply pictorially charming. Most enjoyable is this hillside, the shading branches of trees, the long streaks of warm afternoon sunlight striking along brown earth between their shadows. Goats come troop-



## In Greece

ing down the hill, and leap about in the small trees growing against the strong wall encircling the precincts of the



CHURCH OF THE VAL DAPHNI AS SEEN FROM THE OPPOSITE HILLSIDE.

church. They are fascinating to watch—everything is charming in the Val Daphni—but, unlike the untidy,



## Temple of Theseus

chaotic Acropolis, the deeper recesses of consciousness are not reached by it. This scene will ever remain one of the prettiest pictures we saw in Greece—but that is all!

Driving down the slope of Mount Areopagus, between the avenue of the wrought-iron agaves, we get a view across the plain of Athens of the spreading city encircling her crown. Reaching the town, we stop at the entrance of the Street of Tombs, the ancient Cemetery of Ceramicos. There is great beauty in some of the sculpture in these tombs, but everything that can be covered with wire netting is covered, and the effect of the monuments is thereby cheapened. Who can enjoy the sight even of the best sculpture, when seen through the teasing network of wire?

We walk on, past the Theseion Station, along a planted space, up a steep road to the Temple of Theseus, the most perfect of the architecture of the ancients left. It is evening, but the kodak must do its best. Unfortunately, my first snapshot was taken on the top of the Mount Areopagus view, so both are lost. The solemn weight of Doric columns massed together, as we approach them from below, is impressive, rising dark against the evening sky. On the right, four gaps between the pillars let in the light, and through one gap the view of the Acropolis crowned by the Parthenon. Of the sculptures of the Theseion in this evening light we see little. Earthquakes have shaken many of the drums of the columns more or less out of line, but none have ever fallen. There, as the Greeks in 400 and more B.C. raised them, do they now stand. As we mount the steps of the temple plat-

## In Greece

form, and walk among the great Doric pillars, it feels like entering a dark wood of huge forest-trees, the outline of each trunk cut into by the sunset sky beyond. Standing within the outer row, on one spot, two of these marble trunks just frame in the fine view of the Parthenon; turning eastwards, through others we get a view of the quarries on Pentelicus, which gave forth the marble of which all these great things were built. One of the distinct charms in these views of the monuments of Athens lies in the very becoming backgrounds against which they are seen—the ancient deeply toned, weighty marble against the violet slopes of Hymettus and Pentelicus, and, nearer, against the steep pinnacle of Lycabettus—softly tinted, vaporous spaces of lovely colour.

Returning to the Hotel Minerva in the twilight, we see modern Athens beginning its evening life. Already strollers are walking up and down Constitution Square. An hour or so later, after we have dined, we cross it again, on our way to the Acropolis, to view it by moonlight. It is crowded, and a band of music is playing. Athens' world concentrates itself round cafés in the evening, and Athens' world makes a great noise round these cafés. Happily, all this is left behind us before reaching that hedge of agaves we have again to pass through before mounting the steep hillside to the Porte Beulé. Singularly silent and lonely is the feeling of the place as we look up at the rock, crowned by her temples, rising high above us into the shaded moonlit sky.

At the Porte Beulé we show our pass, and the grey-headed, Egyptian-looking porter rattles his keys and unlocks the gate lingeringly—a lingering suggesting a hint

## The Acropolis by Moonlight

for a tip. The broad steps in dark shadow lead us up to the Propylæa, and when we reach the top we see before us "The Acropolis by Moonlight." We have it all to ourselves. The workmen no longer hammer on the scaffoldings ; we see no human beings save each other. But the moon itself in the south seems a presence—a very all-pervading presence. She obliterates the untidy confusion of the chaotic ruins, she broadens out effects of light and shade, and leaves the four grand remnants of buildings—the Propylæa, the Temple of Athena Nike, the Parthenon, and the Erectheion—sole possessors of the ground. We walk round the Parthenon, then sit on a block of marble, where we face a view of the entire length of the ruined structure, the Erectheion being to our right and the Propylæa beyond.

Yes ; this moonlight is a presence, a someone hovering over the scene, possessing an intimate yet a mysterious power, half-revealing and half-hiding her meaning. She spreads a shimmering lace-work of light over the mighty weight of the marble structures, trembles along the great widespread slabs of the pavement, creeps into the fluting of the massive Doric columns. Her glistening silver light and ashen shadow carry with them interpretations of the scene deeper into the recesses of our consciousness than can even the glorious beams of bright Zeus in the daylight.

Sitting there before the Parthenon, the moonlight starts memories and suggests other scenes, other soul-stirring moments when Artemis opened the door of her sanctuaries. The magic of other Southern moonlit nights—strange, ghostlike visions revive in the memory.

## In Greece

Things generally considered as the most important events and feelings of life may fade away into the vaguest of recollections, but the subtle poetry of those moonlit nights in the past still remains a reality in the inner life. This spot, sacred as the one in which the spirit of human art in her highest mood has reigned supreme, starts the recollection of moments when other scenes struck the same stratum of entrancement. Perhaps it is that all momentous effects in nature or art arouse the most *real* feelings within us—the deepest feelings—and how simple and sincere these feelings are ! And so, besides the emotions produced at the moment, such effects of the present recall those of yore, those which memory holds in her inner fastnesses only to be awakened when others, tuned to the same key, hail them as fellow-feelings : deep, lasting revealings, ever alive, though at most times suppressed under the fretted turmoil—" the petty dust of daily life."

A spring evening, so many, many years ago, comes to join company with this intimate, thrilling moment. The liquid trickling of the fountain in the Palace Square at Malta makes an accompaniment to the music playing in front of the Palace. Violets and orange flowers fill the inner courtyard with a delicate aroma. There, in early youth, in the balmy night air of the South, did some door open and a shrine became revealed—a shrine which the personality of no human being—the goddess Artemis herself—alone inhabited. (The Greeks knew well how impersonal, though so intimate, is the message of the moon, when they invented chaste Artemis.) A great spirit seemed to come quite near, and the first consciousness



## A Vision of Sicily

was awoke of the personal possession of "the best thing in the world, the something out of it." How many arrive at this "something out of it" through the medium of the best things in it!

Then, yet another guest from those inner stores of memory enters the stage. In the "*wunderschönen Monat Mai*," in an orchard beyond the walls of Taormina, Artemis again offered a welcome to the enjoyment of her mysteries. While strolling in groves of olive and almond-trees, high above the swaying surface of the sea, in the night air of the far South, in that Sicily, girt round by a moonlit sea—a breathing jewel murmuring in a hushed undertone so peacefully around her shores—was the spell of the enchantment cast. The scene seems as vivid as that of this moment on the Acropolis. A white sail slips through the olive boughs twinkling with silver-lit foliage; a flutelike whooping from an "Assuolo Europa"—the little brown owl that has its nest underground—makes a treble to the low, hurried rush of the wavelets, as they break on the shore below. From far down, close under our own rocks, swayed gently by the tide, a light, like a glow-worm, hangs on the prow of a fisherman's boat, and shines up to us through the tangles of the orchard. The almond-trees, that flush Sicily with pink in the beginning of the year, are laden in this month of May with fruit—grey-green eggs, covered with downy bloom, solid among the fluttering leaves. And we talk of Tschaikowsky. In the smothered tragedy of the *pizzicato* movement of his great Trio, is not the effect of the hidden mystery as of moonlight strangely suggested? And, surely, nothing in sound was ever



## In Greece

more like moonlight than that *andante cantabile* in his Quartet? The *pizzicato*, that mitigated sound, a child's voice speaking under its breath, seems to weave a mystery of moonlight into the strings. How, with the same insidious charm, does the movement steal over us, restrained, yet so delicately intimate; like dreams that put things a little farther off, but are yet in better tune with that inner intimate self below and within the conscious life. Nature herself seems dreaming when lit by moonlight, and the fantastic element of dreams is not left out. Beethoven's *scherzo*, in the "Moonlight Sonata," how it skips and leaps about with dainty, fantastic starts, as moonlight dances into the shadows of light trees or on the watery turmoil of a gurgling stream! But in gazing on the Parthenon it is not the *scherzo*, but the grave, solemn beginning of Beethoven's supreme work which is recalled, as being strikingly in harmony with Athena's temple, seen lit by the rays of Artemis, gliding serenely across the sky. The broad suffused light which floats across the widespread flooring; the hidden mystery of shadow; the dignity and simple strength of the great columns; the dark angles of the pediments, cut decisively against the dim night sky, corresponding to those bass notes striking weightily into the smooth *legato* cadences—all that Beethoven seems to have put into sound in that first movement of the "Moonlight Sonata," and all that Madame Schumann made out of it in the days long ago seems interpreted afresh through another effect. So one record of one mighty giant is echoed to us by records of brother giants. We seem mounted very tall on a high level, and find





THE PORCH OF THE BYZANTINE CHURCH OF THE KAPNIKAREA, ATHENS.

(See p. 78.)

## The Profoundest Modern Expression

ourselves in the company only of the great. On this Acropolis, rock and temple alike appear as part of the permanent facts of Nature, things which ever have been and ever shall be.

But how is it that music is now in our modern life the art which alone suggests the adequate expression of our highest, profoundest, æsthetic sensibilities? Watts called the pictures in which he strove to put the best of himself "Anthems." John Addington Symonds, in recounting the transcendent glories of the Vision he saw on land and sea as, on leaving Greece, he passed Leucadia, wrote, "Only the passion of orchestras, the fire-flight of the last movement of the 'C-minor Symphony,' can in the realms of art, give utterance to the spirit of scenes like this."\*

\* "At length the open sea is reached. Past Zante and Cephalonia we glide 'under a roof of blue Ionian weather'; or, if the sky has been troubled with storm, we watch the moulding of long glittering cloudlines, processions and pomps of silvery vapour, fretwork and frieze of alabaster piled above the islands, pearly promontories and domes of rounded snow. Soon Santa Maura comes in sight:

" 'Leucatæ nimbosa cacumina montis,  
Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.'

Here Sappho leapt into the waves to cure love-longing, according to the ancient story; and he who sees the white cliffs chafed with breakers and burning with fierce light, as it was once my luck to see them, may well with Childe Harold 'feel or deem he feels no common glow.' All through the afternoon it had been raining, and the sea was running high beneath a petulant west wind. But just before evening, while yet there remained a hand's-breadth between the sea and the sinking sun, the clouds were rent and blown in masses about the sky. Rain still fell fretfully in scuds and fleeces; but where for hours there had been nothing but a monotone of greyness, suddenly fire broke and radiance and storm-clouds in commotion. Then, as if built up by music, a rainbow rose and grew above Leucadia, planting

## In Greece

We leave our marble seat and pause, facing the Erechtheion. The grand forms of women, carrying their burdens with such strength and ease, appear in this moonlight as eternal records of the great ones of the human race; but, moving on to the edge of the Acropolis, we look over the wall which crests the rock down into modern Athens. What a contrast! A howling wilderness of cafés, noise, and flickering lights. As the sound of Christie-Minstrels in St. James's Hall jarred on the ear through Madame Schumann's playing of Beethoven, so, through the solemnity of the Acropolis, do these untuned, rasping voices rise. It might be the brewing of twenty revolutions going on, so great seems the turmoil. It only means, however, the natural expression of the Athenian temperament, emphasized by the fact that a new mayor is to be elected next week. It is the old story repeating itself—Athenian vitality, and intense engross-

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one foot on Actium and the other on Ithaca, and spanning with a horseshoe arch that touched the zenith the long line of roseate cliffs. The clouds upon which this bow was woven were steel-blue beneath and crimson above; and the bow itself was bathed in fire, its violets and greens and yellows visibly ignited by the liquid flame on which it rested. The sea beneath, stormily dancing, flashed back from all its crest the same red glow, shining like a ridged lava torrent in its first combustion. Then, as the sun sank, the crags burned deeper with scarlet blushes as of blood, and with passionate bloom as of pomegranate or oleander flowers.

"Could Turner rise from the grave to paint a picture that should bear the name of 'Sappho's Leap,' he might strive to paint it thus: and the world would complain that he had dreamed the poetry of his picture. But who could *dream* anything so wild and yet so definite? Only the passion of orchestras, the fire-flight of the last movement of the 'C-minor Symphony,' can in the realms of art give utterance to the spirit of scenes like this."—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.



## A Contrast

ment in its own interests ; her Dionysos enthusiasm bursting forth at the slightest provocation ; equally now in mindless excitement about current events, as of yore for the wisdom of a Pericles or a Socrates. Athens is still Athens, though left behind in the race. In the noises she produces, it would appear she has stopped short of the kind of civilization most modernized cities have acquired. There is a barbaric tone in her voice, an absence of any remote hint of restraint or definite meaning in the sounds she emits. But, looking across this flaring, roaring, temporary town, stretching all round her and far beyond, are again the Eternities, again the peace and beauty of the Greece which is incomparable. Folds of sweeping mountain forms, inlets of gleaming seas and hilly isles bathed in silver light. How accidental does the intermediate bivouac of noisy modern life appear ! But, alas ! some of it has appeared on our scene ; a gay, loud-talking party is close to us. We must fly, or memories of the "Acropolis by Moonlight" will be marred for ever and aye !

Walking down the still, solitary hillside to the hedge of agaves, one thought comes uppermost. These great impressions that are vouchsafed to us on red-letter days, we enjoy through the possessions we bring with us quite as fully as through the actual sights before us. When our keen sensibilities and deepest interests are really aroused, salient moments of the past make part of our present, and our whole self, more worthy than our everyday self, comes into action.

John Addington Symonds chose as the text for his "Study of the Greek Poets" Goethe's lines :

## In Greece

“ In ganzen, Guten, Schönen,  
Resolut zu leben.”

An accumulation of inspiring visions and the noble thoughts of the great ones stored in the memory must, indeed, always be a profitable investment, for it brings in a large and compound interest.

That one could have brought to the Acropolis the fruits of classic learning ! What a vast mass of appropriate ideas would have been added to the interest of the scene, more appropriate than the scenes of yore ; thoughts rather than feelings, however, and hardly so personal or individual. In the midday sunshine, the value of our own great English art ; in the moonlight, Tschaikowsky's *pizzicato* movements, Beethoven's creation of moonlight in music, and Madame Schumann's interpretation thereof, together with equally soul-stirring moments in Southern climes, have had a share in stamping into our minds impressions which are now precious possessions as long as consciousness remains.

*September 10th (Thursday).*—To-day we are to wander about the streets of Athens on foot. Besides the ancient monuments, which are to be found among the streets and houses of the town, there are small Byzantine churches, of the type of the church of the Val Daphni, which, till recent years, have been but little noticed, but which, after our experience of yesterday, we are keenly anxious to find. Starting from the Minerva Hotel, and turning left down the Stadium Street, past the Houses of Parliament, and again to the left among a network of small, narrow streets, we discover one of these on a piazza, the Church of St. George, but, alas ! hardly recognizable as

## Street Scenes in Athens

an old church, so complete and fundamental have been the restorations. New paint and bright colours have obliterated all trace of old stonework. The life, however, going on in the small streets surrounding the church is picturesque and well worthy the notice of the kodak. The sight of a kodak, however, is as fruitful as is a broken down motor-car in at once collecting a crowd. It springs, you know not whence ; but there it is, filling up the whole of the " finder " !

At every turn we meet donkeys, laden with grapes, in the same fashion as on the ass we saw at Patras ; there are fruit-shops garlanded with bunches of grapes and the leaves and tendrils of the vine. Banked up from the pavement to the roof (these fruit-shops have no windows) are baskets full of apples, tomatoes, figs, oranges, lemons, and strange fruits and vegetables of—to us—unknown names ; autumn fruits of the earth, such as we saw growing in such abundance along the Gulf of Corinth. These depôts of fresh, juicy products, delightful masses of bright colour, are in every one of these little streets and at every corner, and, added to the itinerary shops of grapes on the donkeys' backs, prove that the Athenians eat fruit in abundance.

At the doorstep of an old house in a narrow, steep alley is a boy loading a donkey with red pitchers of unglazed ware. For the donkey's sake it is to be hoped they are not heavy, for a considerable bunch of these large, long, prettily-shaped jars is being adjusted on the saddle by means of ropes tied through the handles. They spring out all round the little animal, waiting so patiently to receive its burden.

## In Greece

In the entrance of one fruit-shop stands a man in real Greek costume, white-fluted skirts, bound-up legs, fez, and shoes turned gondolier-like up at the points, the first we have seen, for of these Greek costumes but few appear in the streets of Athens. The dress of the main population belongs to the type of garments you see on the townspeople in all countries—dark cloth clothes, worn by the Athenians of to-day in a slovenly manner. There is a singular lack of any racial distinction in the majority you meet in the streets. They are undersized, and have, as a rule, countenances absolutely lacking in interest or beauty. Jews and Armenians abound in Athens—Levantines, in fact.

Returning to the Stadium Street, we walk to Constitution Square. Facing the palace, on the opposite side, is the wide Hermes Street, which we take, in search of the old Byzantine Church Kapnikarea, named from a picture of the Virgin, which suffered in a fire at the end of the seventeenth century, the head becoming blackened. We catch sight of it some little way down the street, blocking up the centre of Hermes Street. The foundation is supposed to date from the year 444, but the actual building is ninth-century work, therefore centuries earlier than the part of the Val Daphni church that was built by the French. The Kapnikarea Church is a most attractive building, and forms, indeed, a happy contrast to the large modern houses which surround it. Fortunate is it that no Borough Council has added importance to Hermes Street, as is, alas! so often the case in England, by sweeping away this impediment to its straight monotony. The beautiful little building is formed of

## Byzantine Church—Kapnikarea

a cluster of many-roofed erections of various heights, culminating in one principal domed octagonal tower, each facet ornamented by a round-headed lancet window. The flattened dome is ribbed with curved tiles descending to a point at each angle of the six sides. It is surmounted by a cross. The design of this cupola is charmingly decorative. To the right of it, looking westwards as we approach it, is a similar smaller dome, which was built much later, and covers a chapel added in the seventeenth century. Walking round to the left, at the end of the south wall we find a beautiful little porch, and over the western wall are four gables of small proportions and full of grace. This building, like our friend St. Stefano of Bologna, has the charm of Walter Pater's "caressing littleness." Standing modestly among the bare frontages of "important" modern houses, it is like a precious jewel set in a framing of coarse ormolu. The workmanship throughout is perfect. The surface of the stonework is enriched and toned by the bloom of time. Light and shadow play in and out most pleasantly among the many angles in its walls and roofing; there is delightful variety, and, at the same time, completeness in the design, which creates a most interesting impression. Humble in its proportions, it is, nevertheless, distinguished—an unique and rare gem in architecture. A suggestion of the East echoes through the little Christian edifice, which links it with associations of the first spreading of Christianity westwards. What a contrast to the grandeur of the Parthenon is this sign of the invasion of the religion preached by St. Paul in their city to the Athenians!

Entering through the door of the church, we find every-



## In Greece

thing rich and costly, well cared for and in order. Finely wrought metal lamps hang from the ceiling, and the screen in front of the altar is painted in bright colours on golden grounds. Obviously the religion is alive of which this church is the shrine. We have met priests in the streets of Athens, for the most part of a singular type. They bear the impress of being holy men—refined in feature and countenance—a race apart, very different in every way from the undersized Armenians, Jews, and Levantines, of whom the street population is chiefly composed. The priests have long hair, twisted up behind as women dress it. A curious green shade in the pale olive hue of their skin distinguishes their complexion from that of the ordinary modern Athenian. The expression in their dark, quiet eyes indicates an aloofness from ordinary life and non-concern with what is passing before their eyes. Their minds are bent on other matters; they lead a life apart, in the world but not of the world; judging from their countenances, they are separated from modern herds by the most separating of all distinctions. They are not occupied by money-making, nor are their souls by the love of money or what money gets. Many of these priests' faces are singularly beautiful.

Leaving their church, Kapnikarea, and returning a few steps up Hermes Street, we take the first street that crosses it. Turning to the right, we see beyond it the open square on which stand the metropolitan churches—the old and the new cathedrals—the new a very large, high building, constructed in 1855 from the material of seventy demolished churches, and from the designs of four different architects—so Murray tells us. Looking



I. THE OLD BYZANTINE METROPOLITAN CHURCH, ATHENS.

2. BYZANTINE CHURCH IN ATHENS, NAMED KAPNIKAREA.

Its foundations date from A.D. 444. The actual building is ninth-century work.

(See p. 81.)



## The Old Metropolitan Church

at it in this midday sun, it is a very glaring and white building, of pretentious size and importance, and as regards these distinctions, overpowering the tiny little edifice below it. But here again is suggested the precious jewel set with large, empty, incongruous framing, winning sympathy through quality, not quantity. Unfortunately, however, the little treasure loses some of its effect by standing on a lower level than the pavement of the square, and from its being surrounded by a common cast-iron railing. Much smaller than the Kapnikarea, being only 40 feet by 25 feet, it is also simpler in design. It is beautifully proportioned, and built entirely of white marble, now tinted golden by time. It dates from the thirteenth century, but its marble surface is chiefly made up of fragments of Greek and Roman sculpture, placed upside down, anyhow, without reference to the designs of the blocks. This has no harmful effect on its general appearance, though to the archæologist it may seem to be desecration. We go inside, and find the ornaments of the church are rich and costly, and evident care and reverence bestowed on the services, as in the Kapnikarea. Perhaps it is the unexpectedness of these old Christian churches in Athens which produces such a striking impression ; also their perfect preservation in the centre of a town that has been in ruins and has been rebuilt so often, and that has now for the most part the aspect of a modern among modern cities.

After luncheon we start again on foot to view other things of note in the streets. Again walking down Hermes Street, round and past the Kapnikarea Church, we continue to descend. The streets below the church

## In Greece

have a less modern, more picturesque aspect ; the houses are older and less uniform than those near Constitution Square, the centre of the royalty and riches of the Athens of to-day. We get into the Æolus Street, named from the Tower of the Winds, to which it leads us. Fruit-stalls, rich in colour, decorate this quarter ; creeping plants festoon the walls with green ; there is more dirt, more untidiness, more picturesqueness. We reach the curiosity, the Tower of the Winds, a truly striking and comely curiosity. It was built as a sundial, and a water-clock by Andronicus Cyrrhestes, an astronomer, between the years 100 B.C. and 35 B.C. It is an octagonal tower of marble, 44 feet high and 27 feet round, roofed by a flattened cone of marble tiles. In the centre of this roof rises the stand for the now vanished revolving bronze Triton, who held a wand which served as a weathercock. The porticoes, as shown in the design on the cover of the descriptive notice of our English Royal Meteorological Society—a copy of this Tower of the Winds as it was—have also vanished, leaving but short stumps of the columns that supported them. The design of the Tower is interesting and uncommon, chiefly owing to the deep cornice of figures, sculptured in high bas-relief, which runs round it, below the projection of the roof. The figures, though distinctly not designed on the lines of Pheidian traditions, are notable, full of movement and purpose. They represent the eight different winds. Boreas, the north wind, is thickly habited, but his drapery is swirled out with the force of the Bora. He holds a shell in his hand from which he is blowing. Kalkias, north-east wind, holds out a plate of olives, which he has blown from the trees.



## The Tower of the Winds

Apetiotis, east wind, is burdened by flowers and fruits. Eurus, south-east, is mantled and looks ominous ; a hurricane is at hand. Notus, south wind, is about to shower the ground with rain. Sipo, south-west wind, drives before him the symbol of a ship, favouring the sailor with a quick voyage. Zephyrus, west wind, is gently floating, strewing flowers from his lap. Skiron, north-west wind, carries a *caldino*, with which he means to scorch up the rivers. They all tell their stories very well, besides being strikingly decorative. We pass through to the interior by an open gateway, placed in the original doorway, flanked by two broken-fluted Corinthian columns, and stand on the original pavement made of marble slabs. Traces are still to be seen of the manner in which the water-clock was worked, and of the cistern which supplied it with water in a semicircular turret on the north side of the tower.

Leaving the tower, we turn to the large space before us covered with very important looking ruins, the remains of the old Roman market. Columns, more or less mutilated, blocks of marble, any and every shape and size, fill the space. We descend by marble steps into the midst of these, and having walked half-way towards the Gate of Athena Archegetis, the western entrance to the market—looking back—we have a good view of the Tower of the Winds, guarded by two cypresses springing darkly into the sky on either side. Of the Gate of Athena Archegetis, four Doric columns, the architrave, and the pediment remain standing. The space between the columns in the centre was evidently made for carts to pass through, bringing produce to the market, whereas the

## In Greece

smaller side spaces were meant for foot passengers. Engraved on a stone which belonged to the gateway, we see the wording of an edict of the Emperor Hadrian respecting the sale of oil and the tax to be paid on it.

Walking down a short street to our right, we come to the *Stoa* of Hadrian. Unfortunately, the view of the most striking part of this ruin is defaced by an iron railing, mounted on a small stone wall. The seven plain Corinthian columns, standing in front of the old wall, and a fluted column, standing by itself at one end, are the only remnants left of the central gateway leading into the enclosure. Trees of light foliage grow against the ancient wall, the capitals of the columns are elaborately carved and well preserved, and the effect, had the iron railings not been added, would have been attractive.

A few steps beyond this façade we face a very picturesque pile of building of most exceptional design. It served as a mosque when the Turks were in possession of Athens, and is now used as a military store. Raised high on a wall, the entrance is under a portico supported by graceful pillars. It is led up to by a flight of steps, the basement below which is open to the street, being used for warehouses and stores. Many loiterers are standing about, and we refrain from mounting the steps. A flattened dome, like those on the Byzantine churches, rises behind the striking portico, adding much to the picturesque effect of the pile, the most distinct record which exists of the Turkish occupation.

Running parallel to the northern wall of the *Stoa* of Hadrian is a narrow street containing the last remnant

## A Turkish Bazaar

of the Turkish bazaar, the only place which we have yet seen where the desire to annex a curiosity is inspired, and even here the desire is not uncontrollable. The trouble of choosing, bartering, and bargaining, and, above all, the difficulty of packing anything more in our moderate amount of luggage, overcomes it easily. The scene is very brightly coloured, and thoroughly Eastern in its arrangements. The *fustanelle*—i.e., the plaited white petticoats, the heavy coats, waistbelts, and sachels of leather, studded prettily with metal and ornamented with embroidery, the scarlet shoes with turned-up toes like the prow of a gondola, a large round tassel sitting on its prow—all the items of the costume we call Greek, though, in fact, Albanian—are to be bought here; also carpets, shawls, and various curiosities are displayed to tempt the passer-by. However, we pass them by without yielding to temptation, and reach the end of the bazaar, to find ourselves again on the square of the two cathedrals. Notwithstanding the area-like railings enclosing it, the grace and almost pathetic littleness of the ancient metropolitan church fascinate us. The worship of empty size in architecture, how it is spoiling the aspect of modern towns! How much space of sky do the bare white walls of the new cathedral take up, without giving anything interesting or beautiful to look at in return! How they block out all vistas beyond with large flat impediments that mean nothing!

K. B. and C. B. start to walk up Lycabettus; I start to make a better acquaintance with the Arch of Hadrian, the Temple of Zeus Olympus, and the monument of Lysicrates, which we passed yesterday on our way to

## In Greece

the Acropolis. The Arch of Hadrian has an uncomfortable aspect, lamentably unconnected with anything else; the more so as the arch is surmounted by a second story of pillars, causing an awkward effect which Roman architects were obviously capable of producing—the Greeks never. The reason for the erection of this elaborate arch was, it seems, to carry two inscriptions, one on either side, stating that the arch divided Athens, the City of Theseus, from the Roman Athens, the City of Hadrian.

Climbing up a low bank, a few steps beyond the archway, a good view is got of the beautiful columns of the Temple of Zeus Olympus. Grand remnants are the two isolated columns and the cluster beyond. They rise with stately height on a widely extending stage against the slopes of violet Hymettus. These fifteen are the only columns left of the original 104. Grouped round their base are broken fragments of their fallen comrades. These remnants show the magnificence of their sculptured Corinthian capitals. Here, indeed, is size that had a meaning, rich and full of interest, every proportion in the detail adding to the impressive stateliness of the whole—not vacant and bare like the modern structure of the new cathedral. Philostratus calls this Temple of Zeus Olympus “a great victory over Time,” as 700 years elapsed between the time when it was begun and when it was finished. Started on the site of an earlier shrine by Peisistratos, it was finished by the Emperor Hadrian. What a splendid pile of architecture it must have been in its completeness! The few records left to us of its glory glow this evening in the warm sunlight; the deep golden shafts of the columns left standing rise against the violet



## The Temple to Lysicrates

slopes of Hymettus undisturbed by any detail in the landscape. Nothing but the ruins, the mountain-side, and the sky come into view. Modern Athens is to be congratulated in that she has left space round most of her mighty possessions of the past ; bare, untidy places though they be, they do not at least impede the view of the old monuments from a distance, nor of their beautiful mountain backgrounds.

Turning round, away from the Temple of Zeus, opposite the Arch of Hadrian, the lovely monument to Lysicrates comes into view, embedded in little streets, an exception to these generally happy conditions. Alas ! again, as in the case of the ancient Byzantine cathedral, a kind of area railing protects the treasure. It only emerged into light in modern times, when the greater part of the Convent of the Capuchins was burnt down in the first half of the nineteenth century. The graceful Ionic structure had been built into the south-east corner of the convent, which, in the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries, was the usual residence of the English who visited Athens. Byron was one of the latest guests, and many of his letters, now published, were written from this Capuchin convent. An inscription on the architrave of the monument explains the origin of its erection : " Lysicrates of Cicyna, the son of Lipitheides, was choregus. The tribe of Acamantis obtained the victory in the chorus of boys. Theon played the flute, Lyocades, an Athenian, trained the chorus. Evainetos was archon." Very graceful and charming is the architecture, though its general effect is sadly destroyed by the iron railing.

The evening life of Athens is now beginning in the



## In Greece

twilight. How far away is this life in the streets of Athens from the records of the past we come so far to see! Equally remote are our own interests from those which are engrossing with such fervour and excitement the



MONUMENT TO LYSICRATES.

*(Minus the iron railings.)*

Athenians of to-day. In one day we have imbibed impressions which we should consider sufficient nourishment for a month, a year, of ordinary life at home. At the end of it, one feels somewhat stunned by its fulness.



THE TOWER OF THE WINDS, ATHENS (*see p. 83*).



GATE OF ATHENA ARCHEGETIS, ATHENS (*see p. 83*).

It formed the western entrance to the Roman market, date between 2 B.C. and A.D. 2.

## Start for Sunium

But these things, seen so quickly, will stretch out and fill many an hour of after-days with pictures, when life is moving slower.

*September 11th.*—By 7.30 we are driving with a luncheon-basket to the Kephisia Station to catch the train for Laurion, whence we are to drive to Sunium, the Cape Colonna which Byron visited three times. "In all Attica," he writes, "if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist the columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design, to the philosopher the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome, and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over those isles that crown the Ægean deep." Thus advised of the value as an impression of this Temple of Sunium, we have settled to devote one of our very precious days in Greece to visiting it.

The terminus in Athens of this railway from Laurion is in the middle of a wide street, and has no more importance assigned to it than have the town tramways, tickets for the journey being taken at an office in one of the corner houses of the street. Though we are going to the most southern point of Greece, we start by travelling due north. The railway-line ascends, passing through welcome groves of olives and fir-trees. Through the grouping of their foliage we get glimpses of Pentelicus to the north-east, and of Hymettus to the south, appearing as spaces of blue, hazy colour, very pure and clean, when we get clear of the town. There is a singular charm of effect, a tender delicacy, in this landscape of the country of Greece, a



## In Greece

rare fineness in the atmosphere, especially in the early morning hours, very reviving after the torture of the noise in Athens. Floating on the air come whiffs of aromatic scent from the wild herbs. We are mounting on to the high-land between the summits of Pentelicus and Hymettus, and five miles from Athens we stop at a station called Arakli, the junction where travellers change when they mount the slopes of Pentelicus. While our train for Laurion stops, we watch a charming group: two countrywomen seated on a log of wood among the trees, a child and a goat skipping near them. We are in the profound country, and a gentle grace, in tune with the landscape, seems to flavour the scenes of human life we catch sight of as we pass. We are now proceeding due south, through woods. Every interstice between trunk and foliage is filled with the clouded blue background of Hymettus.

In the thickness of olive groves we stop at Chalandri. Hastening through the trees come running two men of ancient, godlike form. Panting, they arrive in time to catch our train, and pause before mounting into it. They are both very tall, their throats and chests are, indeed, Thesean, but nature is more beautiful even than the sculpture of Pheidias. The younger of the two men has the finer face, but the form of each is of a type we see in England alone in the best Greek sculpture. Pheidias had but to copy nature, to choose, not to create a type. The most striking difference of form between our northern types and these splendid specimens of humanity, still found in the country in Greece, lies in the manner in which the throat springs, column-like, from the chest and shoulders, a separate form distinct both from the head and from



## Pheidias Alive

the torso ; also in the place the ear takes on the head. In the profile view of the Greek face, the ear is placed in the centre, between the facial line and the back of the neck, the line of the jaw from the chin curving forward from behind the ear ; whereas, in the northern type, the ear is generally placed further back, behind the angle of the jaw. The race, to which belong these splendid creatures we are watching, is supposed to be originally from the mountains, and very similar to that of the Albanians. The white plaited petticoats that look so inane when badly drawn in costume-books appear quite attractive on the magnificent figures of our fellow-travellers. The short, rough coat, slung from one shoulder, hangs down straight and heavily, making one line with the *fustanelle*, *alias* the petticoat. The *isaronchia*—namely, shoes with gondola-prow tips with their stiff round tassels seated thereon—elongate the feet, and are a good base for the tall, broad-shouldered figures. Great beauty, how very, very rare it is ! Men and women who possess it, how they start out from the common herd !

Unfortunately for us, these two Greek countrymen who possess the rare gift mount into another carriage, and we see them no more. We pass Jerakas and other less important stations. We stop at *all*, and take four hours to travel forty miles. When we reach Marcopoulo, twenty-two miles from Athens, we find great festivities are going on. The principal church is named St. Friday, and something very special is being commemorated on this Friday. The church, built on rising ground above the station, is decorated with flags, and crowds of people are gathered in front of the west door and round the res-

## In Greece

taurant of the station below. Here, for the first time, we see Greek women in their national *costume de fête*. The fronts of the smartest dresses are covered with coins, the head-dresses being decorated to match; yellow and other bright coloured silk handkerchiefs are worn as head-gear, and fichus, also brilliant coloured shawls, abound. But there is among the crowd a young woman in black who, as soon as seen, absorbs our attention. Here, again, indeed is that rarest of gifts, transcendent beauty—a beauty certainly very strange and very rare. The countenance is singularly sensitive. Watts and Leighton would both affirm that among the Scotch you find faces very Greeklike, of the type of the best period of Greek coins, owing to the beauty and distinction in their “bony structure.” This vision in a black dress and black lace shawl, draping her head and shoulders, reminds me of Scotch beauties I have seen. The mouth is very sweet but rather sad, its expression womanly and diffident; but the form of every feature is more distinctly modelled, and more grandly drawn than is the case in those Scotch faces she recalls. The expression is strangely bewitching. There is a subtle fascination about her face which, hinting at every kind of charming quality, assures you positively of none. Here is a countenance in which there is a miracle of mystery. As the mystery tantalizes, so does it intensify the interest. Scotch, Greek, ancient, modern, wherever you find it, you are enthralled. It compels a response of intimate sympathy, all the while suggesting a something which cannot be defined. The Mona Lisa, the Faun of Praxiteles, the eyes of Titian’s *Ritratto Virile* in the Pitti Palace, the gentle Greek lady in the

## A Mining District

black lace mantilla at the Marcopoulo station restaurant—they all arouse in different ways the same indefinable interest which touches a most innermost chord. The train has stopped for ten minutes, and for ten minutes this inspiration has cast its spell. We move slowly away from St. Friday's scene of revelry, and the last I see of my beautiful vision, never to be forgotten, is the black draped figure seated at a round table with two companions beginning a meal. In one short half-hour the rarest of all sights, perfect beauty in human form, both in man and in woman, Greece has accorded us.

After passing the station of Keratea, we descend still due south from the high land we have been traversing, along the lower slopes of Hymettus, down the valley between green hillsides studded with groups of fir-trees, to the ugliest place we have yet seen in Greece—Laurion. The town itself is the centre of the mining district in which Greek and also French companies have their works. Several kinds of zinc and lead, also galena, are found. The mines are given dignity by having been mentioned by Æschylus, and Murray tells us that 2,000 ancient shafts and galleries have been discovered, some of the chambers being 30 feet high and 50 yards wide. Many old lamps, pickaxes, and tools have been found therein. But naught of this do we see. Nothing but disturbed ground, disfigured hillsides and wastes; high chimneys—all this ugliness rampant! However, the carriage we telegraphed for from Athens awaits us, and we gladly leave the scenes of these mining industries, past and present, to drive over the hillsides which lie between Laurion and Cape Colonna. The sea is generally in

## In Greece

sight, bestudded by pale amethyst islands, hazy in sunlight :

“ Isles that crown the Ægean deep.”

At times the road runs above the shore, and we look down into a brilliancy of jewel colour through the shallow coast waves of the sea. Deep golden grasses and green herbs wave against the liquid blues and greens of the water. The Island of Helen is the one nearest to the coast. Its modern name is Macronisi, or Long Island ; the tradition of Helen having rested on it when flying with Paris from her husband and her home, having apparently faded from the mind of the modern Greek.

Up and down, on the sides of the hills, we drive for nearly two hours, on a rough road. Then we come in view of the white marble columns of the Temple of Sunium, perched on a steep, isolated rock rising across a valley, and in twenty minutes we are at the foot of the rock. The coachman cannot leave his horses, so C. B. at a quick pace, weighted with the luncheon-basket, manfully mounts the steep ascent. Up the thyme-scented path K. B. and I slowly follow. It is one o'clock ; the sun shines everywhere ; but this light air of Greece mitigates the effect of overpowering light and heat. There is no wind, but a feeling of briskness, an ozone in the air, is inspiriting and joy-giving. We reach the beautiful white ruins, so very white against the blue sea below, the violet isles beyond. We go to the outer limit of the marble flooring of the temple, and look straight down into the sea below. What colours float round this coast of Greece, all faint in the light, yet so pure and distinct—amethyst,



## Luncheon at Sunium

emerald, opal, agate hues, all mingling in the wavelets, and melting into the fields of vast sapphire blue beyond. Across these plains of gently swaying colour, in the great days of Greece, these white columns of marble, quarried from the slopes of Hymettus of the honey, hailed a welcome-home to the warriors returning in their galleys from foreign shores. The temple was raised to Poseidon, close to a sister temple raised to Athena, the foundations of which alone remain.

A dramatic, Byronic corsair, white petticoated, gondola-tipped shod, gun in hand, starts up on the sky-line. He is eminently picturesque, tall and handsome, but not of the Pheidian type. He is the conscious beauty of the place. He starts aside as we advance, and strikes an attitude with his gun against a wall. Among the marble blocks we find a shaded corner, looking inland. Here we lunch. Below us, on the hillside, are hovels, and a few workmen standing about. C. B. is inspired with a wish to feed these men with meat, as he supposes they rarely taste it, and, as is always the case, hotels provide piles of slices for a picnic. So C. B. clammers down the rock, and gives the workmen a packet of meat and bread. At once more natives appear; the dramatic corsair also is soon seen among them. We make up another packet, which is gratefully accepted. Now the good people want to do something for us. Do we want water? No, we have water and wine. But the corsair can be snapped; so I make explanatory signs with the kodak. He understands at once. Perhaps he exists there for the purpose of being snapped. He, in his turn, makes signs, and shoots into a little house on the other side of the temple,



## In Greece

over which on the sea stretches the Island of Helen. In three minutes he emerges, alas ! in a clean, stiffly starched petticoat of glaring white. He had a well-toned, limp *fustanelle* on before. He did it for the best, according to his lights, so he must be taken in the washed garment, first standing, then sitting. He evidently knows it all by heart, as well as could any model in a school of art. Then, as our time is up, we begin descending the rock. Only one train comes from Athens and goes back to Athens in the day.

Delightful has been this hour spent among the white columns of the Temple of Sunium. Everything in Greece, excepting always the frightful mining district of Laurion, leaves you with the feeling that some day you *must* go back. The warm afternoon light catches the tops of the hills as we ascend the valley to Keratea. We again stop at Marcopoulo. In vain do I look for the black figure of enchanting beauty. The *festa* is over ; the crowd has mostly dispersed. Above the station, in front of the church, two huge men in full costume are mounting small donkeys. One has evidently commemorated the feast of St. Friday by getting inebriated. He is much too big for his ass, which, however, is an animal of character, for he steadily refuses to go over an impossibly steep mound, and instead turns round and round in front of it, the plaited skirts of his rider flying, teetotum-like, in the air. No blows from the Balaam have any effect. Eventually, as our train moves on, we see the man and beast settling down and jogging along comfortably together.

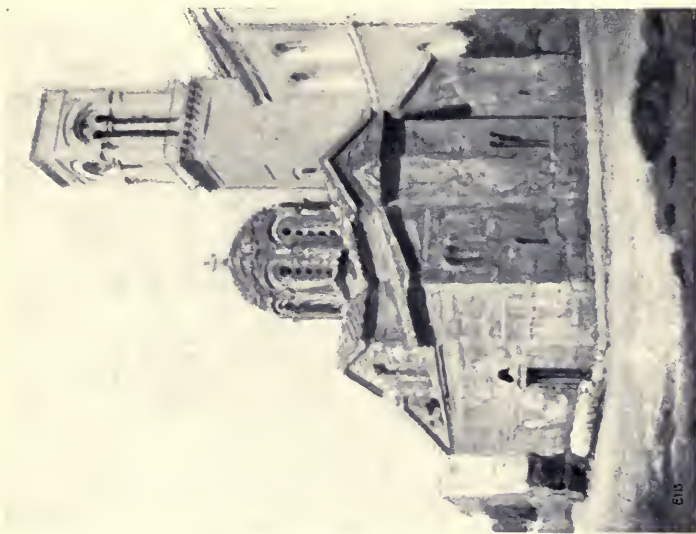
Again we are passing through the olive-groves through



TWO VIEWS OF A BYZANTINE CHURCH, USED AS A MOSQUE DURING THE  
TURKISH OCCUPATION OF ATHENS (*see p. 84*).



THE TOWER OF THE WINDS FROM THE RUINS OF THE  
ROMAN MARKET-PLACE.



THE METROPOLITAN CHURCHES OF ATHENS,  
OLD AND NEW.

(See p. 85)

## A Mason-like Picture

which the Pheidian figures ran to catch the train this morning. This time two little maidens are strolling along among the trees, driving in gentle fashion a flock of geese in front of them, and to guide this flock they hold in their hands two long reed-wands, in length quite six times their own height. Twilight still lingers in the sky, but in this grove all is dusky shade, except the geese, which gleam out white in the gloaming. The unconscious grace of the little girls, as they loiter after their flock, makes a Greek Mason-like picture—a lovely combination. What is there about this Greece of the country which turns everything into poetry ?

“ A grazing flock—the sense of peace—  
The long, sweet silence—this is Greece.”

Yes, but not Athens ! The mayor's election next Friday, a week hence from to-day, the function which arouses the extra amount of Dionysian excitement and noise in the streets of Athens every evening, is affecting our peace, even here in the train.

At Marcopoulo an individual, who seems weighted with an important mission, comes into our carriage. At every station he alights and speechifies, a small crowd quickly gathering round him. He is the spokesman, evidently, of the anti-democratic candidate, and is electioneering. A handsome, elderly gentleman, in full Greek costume, bearing the air of a solid country gentleman, comes in at one of the stations, and evidently agrees with the orator. He has, however, the calmness and pleasant ease in carrying on the discussion which denotes the breed of Matthew Arnold's Barbarian. The carriage



## In Greece

fills as we are nearing Athens, and politics is the subject of the talk. As far as we can understand it, the fanaticism of the democrats is being decried. It has become night. The sky is full of stars, brilliantly bright and large. Little oil lamps are lit in our railway carriage, and our fellow-travellers still go on talking with fervour, and our orator still jumps in and out at each station. We have had a long day. We are weary of this slow going and continual stopping. The dawdling of the train seems to become a chronic condition. The hope of ever reaching Athens fades away as we begin to dose from weary fatigue. At eight o'clock, however, we do find ourselves in the noisy street at the so-called station, Kephisia.

As we drive to the hotel, we notice that the streets have an aspect even more restless than on the previous evening. While we are sitting at dinner it bursts forth in a demonstration. A procession passes the window, the centre figure being the democratic candidate, sitting with three allies in an open carriage, amidst a roaring noise of unrestrained voices, flaring torches, glaring Bengal fire, and whistling rockets. The "fanaticism" of the democrats, what a noise it can make!

An elderly officer, to whom the waiters pay special respect, has just sat down to dinner near us. As the tumult passes the windows, he gets up, and, taking hat and sword, leaves the room. Are soldiers necessary to keep the excitement within safe bounds?

Whatever is going to happen, we must go to bed.

*September 12th.*—K.B. and C.B. leave early by train, via Aralki, in order to mount Pentelicus. I have chosen



## Political Excitement

to-day to worship alone on the Acropolis. All the ferment and agitation of last night's demonstration have totally disappeared from the streets, but, while I am lunching, three solemn, dark gentlemen sit down at a table near mine. One under his breath emits momentous information. No one off the stage ever indulged in such dramatic gesture, or intense sense of mysterious communications! Are they playing at being conspirators? or are they brewing some terrible plot? The trio looks very tragic and revolutionary, and I ask the head factotum whether the war has any influence in disturbing Athens. Not in the least, he replies. Athens is quite indifferent to Macedonia and her troubles. The commotion is solely on account of the election of the new mayor next Friday.

I drive up to the Acropolis. It is two o'clock; the sun is very hot. How deep and full is the blue of the sky seen between the columns of the Propylæa! It is the first time since we arrived in Greece that I have felt the heat too great. The shade from the columns of the Parthenon is only very mitigated glare, and would be sunlight in England. Such as it is, I must rest in it, for walking in the sun is impossible as yet. The heated vaporous atmosphere, intervening between these huge, solid columns and the slopes of Lycabettus, and the more distant Pentelicus and Hymettus, accentuates both the mighty weight of this ancient masonry and the aerial distance of the mountains. It is difficult to realize the age of these clusters and avenues of columns. As I touch the actual trace of the workman's chisel in the marble, I try to find a landmark in order to place their

## In Greece

date somewhere in my imagination. When things get very far back, perspective gets lost, just as you lose all sense of distance between the telegraph posts along a road beyond a certain distance. So in some minds—mine, I am afraid, among the number—everything which is B.C. has no distinguishable intervals, except in the history of the Bible.

The recollection of a talk at a London dinner-party comes to my aid, as I lean against the shaded side of this column of the Parthenon. Mr. Charles Elton gave me a most interesting résumé of his book, "The Origin of English History," and told me how one Pythias, a Greek astronomer, was sent from Athens to find tin in certain islands beyond Spain, where tradition said it was to be found, the Carthaginians having usurped all the tin-mines in Spain; and how this Pythias was referred to by later Greek writers as "that liar Pythias," because he said that the Baltic was a cul-de-sac, and that there was no way of going by sea through the Baltic down Russia to the Black Sea. Pythias kept a diary while he made this voyage to discover tin in the islands—England, Scotland, and Ireland. However, this did not give Great Britain a standing in history. She returned again into the world of legends for some time after the diary was written. This diary was lost, and its existence is only known by quotations and references made in later writings.

These columns, and those marks of the chisel in the flutings of each rib, so sensitively cut, were guided by the eye and hand of workmen living a hundred years before this first mention of our Great Britain in the

## Pre-Pheidian Sculpture

history of the civilizations of the world. Through this round-about process it seems easier to realize their real antiquity, and the distance of time since their creation to this hour on September 12th, between two and three thousand years after they were cut in the marble, when my fingers are touching them. The imagination wants the help of such landmarks before it becomes duly inflated with the wonder inspired by realizing how long good work by human hands can last! It is so easy to classify monuments as ancient, medieval, or modern, without realizing what the words ancient and medieval mean in their fullest sense. Again, how modern is the Parthenon, though so much older than England, compared to the monuments excavated in Crete these last years. Little England is indeed a mushroom!

It is possible now to move—at least, just possible to move—across the space between the Parthenon and the Museum. In the first rooms are fine, bold, archaic designs, and in the next many statues of the sixth century B.C., and therefore pre-Pheidian, which were buried under the ruins of the citadel when the Persians invaded Greece, and remained hidden till the year 1882, when they were excavated. While strictly conventional in general treatment, there is great variety and often astuteness in the expression of the countenances in these statues. In the sixth room there is a little lady, who is numbered 683, and described in Murray as “grotesque and clumsy, but with expressive face.” It is the very portrait of the little French lady, who travelled in the same carriage with us from Boulogne to Paris twelve days ago, and who, looking very greedy,

## In Greece

ate many courses out of a padlocked luncheon-basket. Not the best drawing in *Punch* could record comicality in a human countenance better than did the sculptor of this "expressive face."

The link between Egypt and Pheidian treatment in sculpture is conspicuously illustrated in these sixth century B.C. statues. In the seventh room are three metopes from the Parthenon and casts of those we possess in the British Museum. In room eight are casts of two pediments, reconstructed, serving to show how the figures were placed ; also an engraving after drawings by Carrey of the entire procession forming the Parthenon frieze, and many original fragments, among which are those matchless draped figures—alas ! headless—from the Temple of Athena Nike. I know of nothing more beautiful, or, indeed, to my eye, so beautiful in plastic art, as the headless figure of Victory fastening her sandal. The supple grace of the bending, slightly twisted figure, modelled with consummate feeling for style, each form traced under the crisp folds of the swaying drapery, firm yet tender, with subtle suggestion of the texture of real flesh and bone, is, I think, matchless in sculpture. The figure, poised with a sense of spring and strength, tapers finely down to the ankle of the foot which carries its weight. It is an inspiration, a perfection of beauty, which, even among the creations of the greatest artists, must be rare. That these unsurpassed sculptures, these maidens of Athens, could be liberated from the prison of a museum, and placed again in the full light and air under the fair sky of Greece, round the temple of their goddess, for whom they were created, facing the



## Looking Westward from the Parthenon

setting sun, and viewed across the plain as the ships arrive in the harbour of the Piræus !

The warm glow of afternoon is encircling the marbles and the landscape. Having worshipped at the shrine of these maidens, I straightway leave the museum. This South, this South of light and warmth, what a great joy in the feeling of living does it pour into our veins ! No wonder that these great Greeks, being the artists they were, poured it also into their work.

In our misty, stormy land September means " Wild west wind," the " breath of autumn's being," and all the agitations of the equinoctial gales. As with Shelley, they tune in us the consciousness of the tragic side of life, and arouse egoistic interest in our own sensibilities ; whereas in the triumphant serenity of these southern effects we get out of ourselves as we become tuned to their entrancement, and an existence outside our personal temperament awakens a joy as we feed on them.

Walking towards the West, inside the Parthenon, the vista of columns ends in a doorway of golden glory, narrowing towards the base as do the skirts of those ancient sculptured figures in the museum. Through the portal, between the glowing amber ribs of the Doric columns, fold on fold of violet and azure slope sweeps down from the finely-drawn sky-line to shaded valleys, slopes and valleys receding away past the harbour of Piræus far into the gleaming light on the Sea of Ægina ; again, past the sea, islands, and promontories—just hinted at—so faint in the mist of golden fire, till all form becomes quite lost in the burning sky. The rock and foreground bristle over with tufts of bronzed grasses, each ridge



## In Greece

lighted into shining gold by the level rays of the sinking sun, and glistening vividly against the vaporous purple of the distance. Grasses and weeds do not damp off here and become limp and flabby as in northern countries in their decay ; they are scorched to death by the heat of July and August, and remain standing stiffly erect, covering the burnt earth with a mantle of " old-gold " coloured fur.

Lord Beaconsfield wrote the following interesting letter describing the sight he had of Athens looking from the Harbour of Piræus towards the spot whence I was viewing the Piræus :

" ATHENS,  
" *November 30th, 1830.*

" MY DEAREST FATHER,

" I wrote you a long letter from Prevesa, and forwarded it to you from Napoli through Mr. Dawkins. You have doubtless received it. As you probably would be disappointed if you did not also receive one from the ' City of the Violet Crown,' I sit down before we sail from the Harbour of Piræus to let you know that I am still in existence. We sailed from Prevesa through the remaining Ionian islands, among which was Zante, pre-eminent in beauty ; indeed, they say none of the Cyclades is to be compared to it, with its olive-trees touching the waves, and its shores undulating in every possible variety. For about a fortnight we were for ever sailing on a summer sea, always within two or three miles of the coast, and touching at every island or harbour that invited. A cloudless sky, a summer atmosphere, and sunsets like the neck of a dove completed all the enjoyment which I anticipated from roving in a Grecian





CAPITALS FROM FALLEN COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS OLYMPIUS (*see p. 87*).

Begun in 630 B.C., completed in A.D. 130.

## Letter from Lord Beaconsfield

Sea. We were, however, obliged to keep a sharp lookout for pirates, who are all about again. We exercised the crew every day with muskets, and their increasing prowess and our pistol exercise kept up our courage. We sailed round the coast of the Morea, visiting Navarino (which has become quite a little French town, with cafés and billiard-tables), Modon, and Napoli. From hence we made excursions to Argos, Mycenæ, and Corinth. Napoli is a bustling place for Greece ; Argos is rising from its ruins ; Mycenæ has a very ancient tomb or temple of the time of their old Kings, massive as Egyptian ; and Corinth offered to us a scene which both for its beauty and association will not easily be forgotten. From Napoli we had a very quiet passage to this place. November has been warmer than our best English summers, but this is unusual. Never was such a season known, all agree. On the afternoon of our arrival in Piræus, which is about five miles from the city, I climbed a small hill, forming the side of the harbour. From it I looked upon an immense plain, covered with olive-woods, and skirted by mountains. Some isolated hills rise at a distance from the bounding ridge. On one of these I gazed upon a magnificent temple, bathed in the sunset ; at the foot of the hill was a walled city of considerable dimensions, in front of which was a Doric temple apparently quite perfect. The violet sunset—and to-day the tint was peculiarly vivid—threw over this scene a colouring becoming to its beauty, and if possible increasing its delicate character. The city was Athens ; but independent in all reminiscences, I never witnessed anything so truly beautiful, and I have seen a great deal.

## In Greece

We were fortunate. The Acropolis, which has been shut for nine years, was open to us, the first Englishmen. Athens is still in the power of the Turks, but the Grecian Commission to receive it arrived a short time before us. When we entered the city, we found every house roofless; but really, before the war, modern Athens must have been no common town. The ancient remains have been respected; the Parthenon, and other temples which are in the Acropolis, have necessarily suffered during the siege, but the injury is only in detail; the general effect is not marred. We saw hundreds of shells and balls lying about the ruins. The temple of Theseus looks at a short distance as if it were just finished by Pericles. Gropius, a well-known character, was the only civilized being in this almost uninhabited town, and was our excellent cicerone."

I sit down on the steps in the glorious golden portal. Below, over the first hillside, climbs a little pathway, leading away to the sun. When it nearly reaches the top, cypresses with dark, pointed fingers spring up on either side, and just before the pathway creeps over the crest of the hill, a cluster of the sable spires are knotted round a white-walled dwelling—one touch of human life in this superhuman beauty of Nature's Greek skies, seas, and hills! Looking away thus westwards, for the moment no modern Athens exists. Here there is but rock, ruins, landscape, sea, sky. The sun dips in a haze of light below the farthest outline. The gates of the Acropolis close. Shall I ever pass through them again? Outside, in the shadow, are the dark red walls of the



## A Vision of Glory

ruined Roman theatre. Little pathways lead to new views of the wonderful rock, crowned with temples. It is impossible to leave the spot while there is any ray of light left. A lingering farewell—no return will be possible this time before leaving Athens. But at last even the twilight is fading, and I start down the pathway to the hedge of agaves.

As I climb down the rocks, a glow comes into the air. A rosy flush suffuses everything. Brighter and brighter it burns, and turning, looking upward to the summit, a strange and glorious vision starts from out of the dusk—out of the dark shadow—which sweeps away all the untidiness, the débris, the arid bareness of the rock, under a broad purple shroud—and rises up into the sky. Glowing fire from the light of her sun-god burns on Athens' altar, on the shrine of her Virgin Athena, on the Athena of Victory, on the Propylæa. Columns spring up into the night-shrouded sky like torches of sculptured flame, cornelian scarlet. Brighter and brighter glows the flame. It is unearthly in its glory. At last, shadowed by a soft pink carmine, it slowly fades. A dusky curtain falls over the scene, and the vision is gone ! For over two thousand years have these torches, lit from the sky, burnt on Athens' votive offering to her gods, as the great god of her skies hails her temples before leaving our world in darkness. The traveller sees them once, then passes on—back, if he be English, to a winter of mists and fogs and closed-in skies. Here every evening the glory returns. The passer-by must be contented to have seen it once ; to be able, in the eye of memory, to relight this vision, this wonderful vision of

## In Greece

the greatest monuments of the world, seen glowing under a baptism of scarlet fire from heaven.

### DEUS DEORUM.

“The Lord, even the most mighty God, has spoken, and called the world, from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.”

The Greeks may have worshipped unknown gods, but they *were* to them gods and not mammon. Whereas our modern world, what does it, in reality, worship?

I was summoned down from the skies by a greeting of cheery voices. K.B. and C.B. were ascending by the pathway to meet me after their long day's work—the momentous ascent of Pentelicus.

*September 13th.*—Only a short time for the National Museum, for we find at the last moment that it closes at twelve o'clock on Sundays. Such a collection requires, of course, months of study, if it is to be thoroughly taken in. On a first short visit, one becomes only conscious of the fact that a great many statues, including a remarkably large number belonging to the best period of Greek sculpture, painted vases, and Tanagra figures, all of supreme interest, and the whole of the Schliemann collection, are there to be seen; also, a so-called copy, in a much reduced size, of the great chryselephantine statue of Athena by Pheidias, which was the kernel, the chief glory of the Parthenon. In the copy, little of the wonderful impressiveness is suggested which, from all accounts, must have existed in the original. It looks thick, clumsy, and uninspiring. Captivating are the little ladies from Tanagra. These, independently of all historical, archæological interest, are so intrinsically vital

## Tanagra Ladies “in Society”

that they quite overmaster the dry flavour of a museum. Very human and very socially inclined must the ladies have been whom they represent. They remind one of Gorgo and Phaxinœ, the two Syracusan ladies residing in Alexandria who visit the festival of the Resurrection of Adonis in Theocritus' idyll. What so modern, and yet what so Greek ! The dancing figures are extraordinarily captivating, but, with all their forthcoming womanly fascinations, in the character of their form, in the proportion and pose of their figures, they have the style and nobility only to be found in great Greek art. What a huge mistake some make in connecting classic art with what is unemotional and uninspired ! We see the kind of rare beauty and grace, existing in the Tanagra figures, among the English and Scotch of the highest type, but it is rare, and must have probably been rare, even in the time when these little ladies were created. But the Greeks were ever choice in their selection. Their proclivity for beauty made them choose beautiful models.

To what a different class of humanity do these inmates of the museum belong to that of the young Athens we return to in the streets ! On Sunday they are crowded. Tram-cars rush about in the heat, and make one feel hotter. The hotel is pleasantly cool and shadowed ; but the mental atmosphere of the Minerva is disturbed. There seems to be something of mysterious importance going on. When we reach our landing we meet a huge square lantern, a transparency ; on each of the four sides, portraits—all the same portraits—of the democratic candidate seeking for election next Friday. In the coat of each of the four portraits is a buttonhole—

## In Greece

a real flower ! Imagine our borough council in Kensington stooping to such trivialities ! There is to be an extra demonstration to-night because it is Sunday—a bigger procession, more noise, more rockets, more torture !

In the afternoon we take refuge from the noise and glare of the streets in the comparative seclusion of the Palace Gardens. Here the small torment, the dust, has crept in, to the defacement of greenery and flowers. Still, the gardens are quiet, and we can sit there under the shade of trees. Then, in late afternoon, we begin slowly to mount the streets, which evidently contain the houses of the rich inhabitants of Athens, to the stony base of Lycabettus. As we mount the slope, the arid bareness of the ground is alleviated by fir-trees. We reach a pathway in a fir-wood leading to the halting-place we are making for—a small stone house, from the steps of which we are bent on seeing the sunset on the last evening we are at Athens.

From this seat we look straight down on to the “Frog’s Mouth.” What a frightful spot it is ! The actual rock is not beautiful, but its surroundings are typical of all that is most untidy, arid, squalid, and unsightly in modern Athens. It is a great deal worse than Wormwood Scrubbs, of which we were reminded on our arrival. The gipsies give a hint of human picturesqueness, which mitigates the vacant scrappy formlessness in the London suburb. But soon the “Frog’s Mouth,” the modern streets, the whole town, is wiped out by the shades of evening. Sunlight still strikes the rock of the Acropolis and her temples, and the summit of the circle of



## “ Violet-crowned Athens ”

violet hills surrounding Athens. How violet they all become ! “ Violet-crowned Athens,” indeed ! Spaces of green sky, pure chrysolite green, open out from the purple haze in the sky above the Piræus ; inlets of the sea, the same pale green, shine out. Through the columns of the Parthenon we see this green sea and the violet hills beyond ; then, one by one, the big stars come out in the sky, and the redder lights in the town. A rocket starts up. This is the signal for the “ revelry by night ” to begin.

We return to the Minerva Hotel to find our friend, the lantern with the buttonholes, stationed on the balcony. The dining-room is very full and very smart. A large banquet is going on upstairs, in the room above us, the balcony of which the lantern decorates. We awake to the alarming fact that the Minerva will be the centre of the tumult. The popular candidate is being dined here. There is a simmering of intense excitement in the streets, but it does not fully express itself till we are again in our rooms upstairs. Cavalry gallop momentarily fast ; bands of music strike up ; processions form under the balcony, on which the would-be mayor appears. A true pandemonium reigns. In front of a vociferous procession, held high in the air, the notable lantern is carried. Rockets startle us, as they tear up whistling close past the windows ; the poisonous smell of the glaring Bengal light makes us shut them. We are stifled, and nothing shuts out the yelling. The air is full of brainless sounds ; the whole town seems to have gone mad with senseless excitement. More or less does this go on till six o'clock in the morning, and together with the assiduous atten-



## In Greece

tions of a mosquito, keeps me wide awake in a fever all night long. Never visit Athens when they are going to elect a mayor !

*September 14th.*—The crispness has gone out of the air. The light north wind has turned to a sirocco. Our actual farewell to Athens is of the most unemotional character. To be quiet in the train, the noise of the train alone audible, to get out of Athens and to close the eye—that is peace.

The journey back to Patrás is beautiful, but not so beautiful as when we travelled to Athens. This is almost a relief, as forming an excuse for dozing instead of looking. The views are veiled in a haze, and there is little colour. It is dark when we reach noisy, commercial Patras. The chief hotel is also the principal restaurant of the town. There are countless tables spread over the square in front of its entrance. Everybody is talking as if on what they say hangs “ the issue of the day ” ; talking to each other, talking to themselves ! Keen vitality, dramatic instincts, very little education, plenty of new Greek wine—all combine to make the Greek of the street intolerably noisy.

The first object is to secure, if possible, a quiet room. A vast apartment, decorated by paintings on walls and ceiling, meant evidently for a banqueting-hall, but turned temporarily into a bedroom, is given to me at the back of the house. I feel lost in it, so tremendous are its proportions. An open doorway leads into a loggia full of large growing plants, quite a little wood of foliage, the stars above looking down between the leaves. This feels delightfully quiet and remote. In this dignified chamber quiet rest will surely come. But no ; there



TWO VIEWS OF THE TEMPLE OF SUNIUM, CAPE COLONNA (*see p. 94*).



## En route for Olympia

must be noise of some kind. A dog begins to bark inside the house ; the cook begins to sing in a fine, loud, baritone voice. Noises inside an hotel may not be so confused or so meaningless as those in the streets, but they come with more startling peremptoriness. The dog and the cook must be stopped, for our train starts for Olympia at seven o'clock next morning, and one night's sleep must be secured after three nights disturbed by Athens' wild revelry. One word, and the dog and the cook are mute.

*September 15th.*—We reach the train in time ; Patras is busy marketing at seven o'clock a.m. If Greece only knew what a much nicer place she would be if her turkeys and chickens were not tied by the legs and held upside down in that agonizing manner ! Such sights spoil the best scenery, and poison the most interesting associations.

The journey between Patras and Olympia is very beautiful. From the aspect of the houses and the gardens outside Patras, evidently rich Greek people live there. The fruit-trees are highly cultivated. They are laden with peaches, pomegranates, oranges, lemons, etc. Oleander-trees, with gay bunches of pink and damask-red blossoms, fringe the garden-walls. Care, cultivation, watering, are evidently bestowed ; these, with the sunshine of Greece, produce beautiful gardens. No wonder that the rich people of Patras build villas along the lovely shores of their gulf. Across the blue waters to the north are seen first the noble mountain heaps above Missolonghi, then north-west the southern points of Ithaca and Cephalonia, and nearer the coast the whole length of the beautiful island of Zante. To the left of our route, looking south and inland, are the mountain ranges of Achaia and

## In Greece

Elis. Every view looks enchanting in the early freshness of this bright September morning.

Our train passes over the River Peiros. Wild oleanders and great rushes grow in the bed of its stream. It is the land of currants. Vines and olives form the foreground, when the rich villas are left behind. While stopping at the stations, we see masses of small grapes being turned into currants by lying in flat boxes, or in great heaps, drying in the sun. Presently we turn into parklike ground studded with oak-trees, the property of the Crown Prince of Greece, and pass by the large lake, full of fish (Murray tells us), which lies between the railway and the sea. The striking ruin of the Castle of Chlannutzi comes into sight, built in the thirteenth century by Geoffrey II. of Ville-Hardouin, during the French occupation, to overawe the disaffected Greeks. *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse!* The fortress of enormous strength was destroyed in 1825 by Ibrahim Pasha. Now, as we see it from the train, from across the sweet sunlit country of Greece (we feel, indeed, the delight of being in the heart of the real country, and how reviving it is), the mighty fortress is but a striking incident in the landscape.

We stop continually at small stations, and change once. Eventually we reach the terminus, Olympia. Two hotels, the museum, and the large field full of excavated ruins—that constitutes the Olympia of to-day. We had written to the longest established hotel for rooms, but in Greece the postal arrangements are casual. The newer hotel is connected with the hotel at Patras where we stayed, so, knowing we were coming, its people had stolen our card, and awaited us at the station with glee and triumph.



## Irregularity in Postal Arrangements

We, however, resisted (K. B. quickly mastering the whole situation), as the old hotel is on higher ground, and has the best view. A contentious discussion, partly in bad Italian, partly in French, is carried on for many minutes ; but in the end our luggage is put on ponies, and we start on foot along a hot white road up the hill to the hotel, which does not expect us. Great is my satisfaction to meet the beautiful blue flower which grew, but was unapproachable, along the Gulf of Corinth. Here it can be picked, and sent home to be named. As we toil up the steep side of the hill, leaving the museum on our left, we come in sight of the mass of ruins, and, bordering the ground on which they lie, the River Alpheus, a Greek river, strange to say, full of water at the end of the summer. Like a blue ribbon of light it curves under the hills that mount beyond it to the South.

The Padrone of the hotel, having received no announcement of our coming, is unprepared ; and, September being a month when but very few travellers appear, nothing is ready. However, we find comfortable bedrooms, which are soon put in order. Throwing open the shutters, there is a beautiful view to be seen, and the freshest of breezes floats in, scented with fine aroma of hillside herbs. Here is, indeed, peace and beauty. There is no process to be gone through, as at Athens, before enjoying the poetry and associations of the place. There is no modern Olympia to be first obliterated. It is in unmolested beautiful country that these treasures of Greek art can be best enjoyed.

Luncheon over, at 3.30 we descend the hill to the museum. Its custodian goes to sleep from twelve till two

## In Greece

o'clock, therefore there is no admittance between those hours. But now we are assured it will be open. But, no ; we ring, we knock, we call. Dead silence, locked doors ! C. B. mounts to the hotel and annexes the waiter. He vociferates, and we all continue to call and to knock. K. B. in aggrieved tones protests to the waiter : "*Mais il faut que nous entrons. Nous sommes venus tout exprès pour voir les monuments qui sont dedans.*" "*Vous avez parfaitement raison, madame,*" says the waiter, increasing the force of his knocking. Not a sound within. "Where does he sleep?" we ask. Round the corner of the building upstairs. I feel lazy, and remain under the shade of the portico, while the assaulting trio go round and pelt the upper windows with small stones. Presently I hear a stealthy footstep within. A key is furtively turned in the lock, followed by hurried footsteps in full retreat. I push the door open, just in time to catch sight of a receding figure, draped, not exactly clothed, in a sort of bath-towel, vanishing into a cupboard. Exultingly I call to K. and C. B. We enter the hall, and are proceeding into the museum, when a head pops out of the cupboard, clutching the bath-towel arrangement round his neck, and calls out : "*Il faut laisser les ombrelles !*" In such unconventional manner are we admitted to the great art of Olympia !

The museum was built by Mr. Syngros, a banker in Athens, and the principal hall was constructed so as to contain the exact length of the two pediments of the Temple of Zeus, and the statues are arranged as they originally were placed in the pediments. Both in character and workmanship the eastern and western

## A Great Unnamed Sculptor

pediments are entirely different. The general view taken is that the eastern pediment is the superior of the two. But to be sincere, with all deference, I must differ from this general view. I have never seen any sculpture which made such a sudden and profound effect as do these figures in the western pediment. It has not the serenity or the complete fulness of Pheidias or his school, but the work appears to me to be that of one of those artists who, like our own Watts, has outstepped by his individual genius the feeling and work of any classified school. His individuality expressed itself in marble with an originality and a dramatic force of feeling I have never seen equalled. They are to me the utterances of a great imagination, arranged most effectively as decoration, a revelation of the power sculpture can possess in recording the drama of human feeling in the attitude of the human figure. The central figure, supposed to represent Apollo, though finely modelled, is the least notable as regards the special qualities in the genius of this artist. The proportions are not beautiful. The throat is short, the face large in proportion to the height of the figure and the size of the head. The figure is straight and stiff. It could not move with the power of action shown in those figures on either side. The whole design of the pediment doubtless culminates finely in the quiet, passive lines of this central figure, but intrinsically it has not the beauty found in the best period of Greek sculpture. The Lapiths and Centaurs fighting at the wedding of Pirithous is the subject of the design. The almost excessive action of the figures on either side of Apollo is again contrasted with the figures crouching lengthwise, which fill in the narrow ends of the space,

## In Greece

watching with upraised faces the fight without taking part in it.

The eastern pediment, by another hand, is conceived in a totally different style. It represents the preparations for the chariot-race between Pelops and Œnomaus for the hand of Hippodamia, the daughter of Œmano. Death was to be the result of defeat. The competitor was given a start, while the father of the prize sacrificed a ram on the altar of Zeus. Hitherto the competitors had been overtaken and speared by Œnomaus, but Pelops, through some bribing and underhand work, manages to kill him and possess himself of his kingdom and of his daughter. This achievement has been thought worthy of the prominent place the eastern pediment took in the great Temple of Zeus at Olympia. The figure of Zeus stands in the centre, corresponding with that of Apollo in the western pediment. Upright figures, horses, and chariots fill in the space on either side, the tapering ends being again filled by crouching figures. There is one kneeling female figure in the design, gracefully draped, which is singularly beautiful, and in the whole group there is the serenity and dignity which we are accustomed to associate with classic art, but nothing which aroused in me any special enthusiasm. It seems that the names of the sculptors of these important works are not known, the best authorities in archæology discrediting Pausanias' statement that Pæonius executed the eastern pediment and Alcamenes the western. They are supposed to have been sculptured between the years 480 and 400 B.C.

Another important work in the central hall is the



## The Hermes of Praxiteles

celebrated statue of Victory, standing on part of its original pedestal, made by Pæonius of Mende in 424 to 420 B.C. This figure appears to me to be heavy in form and wanting in style; recalling the consummate winged figure in the Louvre of a similar design, it seems to be positively clumsy. The drapery, a long *chiton*, however, is full of movement and character. We pass into the room where reigns in solitary beauty the Hermes of Praxiteles, carrying on his arm the infant Dionysius. Alas! modern hands have completed the fragments found, infinitely more beautiful than are any casts of the original work; but the modern additions seem to cheapen the impression of the statue as a whole. The head, quite untouched by the restorer, is very beautiful in the fine marble, the type of feature differing very distinctly from any other Greek statue I have ever seen. In the other chambers of the museum are many beautiful draped figures, named as Roman; but who knows now which are executed by Romans or by Greeks employed by Romans? Finely carved Corinthian capitals of the earliest date when this order was first invented, and much else that is interesting, fill various small rooms; but we do not linger, as we have to see the ruins outside in the country before the light fades.

We walk down the hill from the museum, passing the stream Kladeos on our left, which flows into the larger River Alpheus lower down, the Kladeos being the boundary of the sacred precincts of ancient Olympia on the western side, the Alpheus on the south. Facing us, as we descend the hill, are the Phellon Mountains, a beautiful violet range, sweeping down to the bed of the River Alpheus.



## In Greece

Crossing a bridge over the Kladeos, we find ourselves at once among the mass of ruins from which were unearthed the treasures we have been viewing in the museum. The excavations were begun by the German Government in 1875. It gave a grant of £8,550 for the purpose, but over £30,000 was eventually spent on the work. The place appears, as you enter, to be a chaotic mass of ruined columns and shapeless blocks, but not bare and untidy as on the Acropolis at Athens. More money has been wanting, and the excavator's hand has been at rest long enough to allow a clothing of beautiful vegetation to cover the ground and to fill in the spaces between the blocks. The slopes of Kronos, which rise on the northern side of the ruins, are covered thickly with trees. We pass isolated columns, still erect, then arrive at the ruins of the Heræon, the most ancient Greek temple hitherto discovered, supposed, says Murray, to have been dedicated to Zeus and Hera. It is of the Doric order and lines of broken columns still give the outline of the temple. The Hermes of Praxiteles was found here buried in clay at the foot of its pedestal, which still exists. Turning to our right we reach the great heaps of ruins, huge blocks, the remnants of the Temple of Zeus, of the pediments, and of the famous colossal chryselephantine statue of Zeus, by Pheidias, which stood in the cella and was taken to Constantinople and melted for the value of the gold. Likon was the architect of the temple erected by the Elians between the years 472 and 269 B.C. Two disastrous earthquakes destroyed the temple in the beginning of the sixth century A.D. The remnants, which a wholesale upheaval have left in stupendous piles





BYRONIC CORSAIR, TEMPLE OF SUNIUM (*see p. 96*)

## A Thousand Years of Games

of chaotic masonry, are huge. C. B. mounts the pile to show how small a human being looks beside them ! We wander about among the different sites of the monuments of the ancient world, and find the exact spot whence the Hermes was taken, but we are not in an archæological frame of mind. Afternoon lights glow warmly through the midst of these ruins, and on the rich green of the fir-woods. Here, as at Athens, the stalks of the grasses and seeding plants do not damp off as in England, but have an autumn beauty as dried, not decayed, vegetation. Like golden threads they creep all around ; they weave their glistening lights among the imposing chaos of marble blocks and columns, filling in the interstices, and softening with furry edge the shattered masses of ruin. We have neither knowledge, time, nor energy to try and reconstruct the building in our imaginations ; we are lazily content with the scene as it is, with its present poetic suggestiveness.

Being in sight of the Alpheus River, C. B. wants to bathe. Wherever C. B. sees water, whether it be river or sea, C. B. wants to bathe. We divide, and while slowly walking back alone to the hotel, the charm and individuality of the place is very distinctly felt. Olympia has a powerful atmosphere of its own, very enthralling. The sweet country air rings with echoes of those mighty influences of the so-far-away past, when every fourth year, for upwards of a thousand years, the Olympic Games gathered together the whole Hellenic nation "from Marseilles and Sicily to Trebizond and Cyprus, and from Crete and Cyrene to Corcyra and Epidamnus," at the moment when autumn's first moon was full.

## In Greece

Now, as I walk home alone from the ruins which still mark where this monster gathering was held, what a sense of profoundly rural peace haunts the spot! The sun has set, and over the scenes of these world-stirring games, the intimate quiet of twilight has fallen; the flowing rivers, which ran in the same courses then as now, alone keeping the sky's light upon the earth. The stars are quickly conquering the twilight, and shine out brighter and brighter, now, as they did then. Here there is no modern life to disturb the pictures of the past.

*September 16th.*—We have till two o'clock p.m., then back to Patras to catch our boat for Corfu. Delicious is the air and very beautiful the view from my window in the early morning. A room with a view is a great treasure when travelling. You get the atmosphere of a place better when resting than when on the trot. But I feel I must see that western pediment again. It has struck home—its fervour, its originality, its passion of drama. The unnamed sculptor was doubtless a lonely spirit, lonely as was Michael Angelo. While his brother-artists were aiming at serenity, restraint, and sobriety in design, he was aiming at something quite his own. The struggle between the Lapiths and Centaurs he meant should be a struggle, not a mere statement in marble treated on conventional lines of a struggle. What knowledge and feeling for human structure he must have possessed before he was able to throw into those attitudes all the force and movement we see in them! C. B. and K. B. have started on a climb up the mountains, so I descend the pathway to the museum alone. The custodian has



## A Descendant of Praxiteles' Model

not yet retired to his midday slumbers. The western pediment is all it was to me yesterday, and more.

Returning to the hotel, I am hailed by a great many dogs barking. "*Comme vous aimez les chiens !*" I say to the Padrone. "*Il faut bien avoir les chiens, madame. Ici on est très solitaire.*" He goes on to say that last week a Paris de Rothschild came to Olympia, escorted by half a regiment of soldiers ! I feel glad I did not know of dangers to be feared when I walked home after sunset alone, enjoying so intensely the solitude. Probably, not being a Rothschild, there was nothing for me to fear. Again, "*Il faut payer pour tout !*" Rothschilds must pay for being Rothschilds.

We walk down to the station, and pass the shrubbery of the beautiful flowers. C. B. cuts branches of the blue spikes for me ; one shall go home at once, to be named by my botanical friend. The journey back to Patras is still more beautiful in the afternoon of to-day than it was in the morning of yesterday. One thing that happens in these parts is truly alarming, much more so than latent terror of brigands. Little boys will jump up on the steps of the railway carriage when it is moving to shove bunches of grapes and postage stamps into the window for purchase. Two or three of these little urchins jump up as we leave a station. One has precisely the face of Praxiteles' Hermes ! A wretched little scrimpy body, wriggling and darting about like a lizard, but surmounted with that most unique type of face, that peculiar arch of the frontal bone above the nose, and the fine modelling of the nose itself. Never in art or in life have I seen that special character of form, except

## In Greece

in the Hermes and in this little creature. Is the imp perhaps a descendant of Praxiteles' model for the Hermes?

We reach the oak woods. Processions of peasants and laden donkeys pass along in between the trees. Bristling remnants of summer's grasses and flowers burn in tufts of golden light, and the trees cast violet shadows along the ground. Magpies flit about in the branches, and we try to make out that they appear in lucky numbers. Beautiful Zante rises purple into the golden sky, an amethyst inlaid in such a sea of blue as only flows among the Isles of Greece. A finger of bright sand runs out into the blue waters, just as it does in Leighton's sketch taken in Rhodes looking across to Asia Minor. We cross streams, and the wild *rhodedaphnea* (oleander) holds rosy sunsets of its own, glowing blossoms tossed up from out the shaded water-beds. The violet mountains on Cephalonia are now between the breathing surface of the sea and the ever more and more burning light in the sky. An isolated cypress, then groups of the sable spires spring dark and steadfast from the coast, past the swaying waters, up into the rosy glow—what colour! what an atmosphere! no words are there to convey the joy their beauty evokes. Ahead is Missolonghi, and away to the north-west a deep, distant, faint amethyst rests on a surface of light—Ithaca of Ulysses. Such scenes may—perhaps ought—to tune our thoughts to Homer; but how much of his Ulysses and Penelope did that Ithaca ever contain? A strong personality with a taste for wandering, the husband of a wife with enough imagination to understand her husband's peculiarities,

## Ithaca and the "Odyssey"

and instil in her a confidence that he would return ; perhaps so much of Ulysses and Penelope may have lived in Ithaca and have instigated the creation of the "Odyssey." Suggestions taken from life strike a creative mind and make a basis for the weaving of a story. When the imagination of genius sets to work, a very slight suggestion, a series of ordinary events and indications of character playing in those events, may strike the chord which stimulates creation ; but, in the world-wide renowned creations, it is a comfort to think that there is ever a note of noble beauty inspiring the creation. Penelope's constancy inspired enthusiasm in the heart of the poet who immortalized her. Such creations can become more real than reality as centuries remove them farther and farther back into the past ; they are depicted with such a convincing sense of accuracy that unimaginative minds can only conceive them as copied from actual life. In the future they become part of a kind of legendary history, rather than what they really are, inventions of genius.

" So let me sing of names remembered,  
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead."

But who has ever written a notable story, without most readers attaching originals in real life from which the actors in it are said to be drawn ?

Dark purple and indigo blue, deep orange and scarlet, touched with warm russet black, is the colouring of the scene as we turn north-east and run along the Gulf of Patras. The stars have come out in a night sky before our train stops in the noise of the quay.

## In Greece

If only for one day and night, let no traveller miss going to Olympia if he finds himself at Patras. The journeys alone, there and back, four hours each way, are feasts of delight ; and at Olympia itself, added to the associations and the sight of great art, we have the real Greece—the Greece we felt as we loitered in our lazy train over the lower slopes of Hymettus and Pentelicus.

“ The sense of peace—  
The long sweet silence—this is Greece.”

*September 17th.*—Not a comfortable night. Even in the harbour at Corfu it is rough for little boats. Moreover, a catastrophe happens ! Last night, on taking possession of my cabin, the bunch of still-to-be-named blue flowers was put into water. I go on deck in the morning. The steward enters, tidies the cabin, empties the tumbler, and throws my precious Olympian flora into the sea ! Now I shall never know its name !

It is afternoon before we land. A lively scene is going on between a beautiful Albanian, who is exhilarated, unsteady, dramatic, and very talkative, and the boatmen who are about to embark him from the quay. He steps into the boat at last, and falls straight over the seat, head downwards, causing much amusement.

Corfu still bears the stamp of the former British occupation. It was tidied up and stiffened into official importance—the impress we leave on most places where we have reigned—and this impress remains. We mount the steps of the fortification walls, walk over the square, planted with trees, to the fort, and to the beautiful cypresses which nobly decorate the rock. The cypress is to the colouring of southern landscape what the gondola

## Vagaries of our Steamer "Selene"

is to the coloured marbles of Venice. It gives a sombre note which enhances the value of every tint. The erect spring of its growth rises with frank strength against the quivering lights and swaying surface of the sea, against the faint aerial Albanian mountains and hazy atmosphere of distant skies. There is more pink and less violet than in the colouring in Greece, and as sunset lights fall on the distance, the pink of the far-away mountains becomes extraordinarily vivid.

We sleep at the St. George Hotel. Our Austrian-Lloyd steamer, the *Selene*, which is to carry us to Dalmatia, has chosen, for the first time, to go on to the Island of Santa Maura—the Leucadia of Sappho's Leap—in order to pick up a cargo of currants; and because the *Selene* has never done this before, it is quite unascertainable at what hour she is likely to return. The authorities promise that she will not start from Corfu till the next morning. All these proceedings in Greece, however, are on such happy-go-lucky lines, that it is with a certain amount of nervousness that we settle for the night.

*September 18th.*—At five o'clock an alarm is given. Our boat is said to have arrived. Much hurried, we walk down to the quay. All a mistake! Of the *Selene* nothing has been seen. We are, moreover, solemnly assured (probably there are no data whatever for the assurance) that she cannot possibly arrive till seven o'clock.

I am seized with a longing to drive in this delicious fresh morning air to the one-gun battery. In early days at Malta, this drive was fixed in my imagination



## In Greece

as most beautiful by the report of certain captains in the Navy who were sent with their gunboats to Corfu. We mount again to our hotel, and on our way meet a row of goats, standing against a white wall. The boy who has just milked them is there with a can full of new milk and a mug. Never was any breakfast more delicious than this mug of milk, bought for twopence, and drunk at 5.30 a.m., while we look across the sea, twinkling in sunrise glitter, from this bastion in Corfu over to the Albanian mountains. In a carriage with two fast ponies we are soon rattling along the streets, out in the direction of the one battery road. Many of the famous old olive-trees have been cut down ; but, notwithstanding, the drive is a lovely one. We get out at the one-gun battery, and the kodak is rapidly brought into action.

We have no real reason to hurry, but the idea that the erratic *Selene* may come in and go out again without us, is agitating, however unreasonable. We pass one of those fascinating old Byzantine churches to which we lost our hearts in Athens. The glades under the olive-trees are lovely, but our ponies run us along very quickly, and within an hour and a half we are at the hotel again. The *Selene* has arrived, but does not start again till eleven o'clock. As we walk leisurely down to embark on her, we notice in the street, on the steep hill immediately over the quay, a small shop where wine and spirits are sold. Over the door is written in large, painted letters :

MRS. CUMMINGS,  
" VENGEANCE IS MINE !"



ATHENS SEEN THROUGH THE PILLARS OF THE PARTHENON (*see p. 101*).



## A Canny Scotswoman

What is this Mrs. Cummings about, appropriating to herself the fulfilling of judgment? "No," says C. B., "that is not the way to read it. It is latent terror in the mind of Mrs. Cummings, put into a religious form. It is a protest against free fighting among the sailors and Albanians to whom she gives exciting liquors; a warning, in guise of a text, not to carry out their racial differences or their sudden quarrels on her premises, a remnant of Scots caution in Biblical language left on these Greek shores."

We row off in a small boat to the *Selene*. She is not so elegant as our *Scylla* of the Rubbatino line, but clean and comfortable. In full view from our deck is one for second-class passengers. This is completely covered by families of Turks, who squat in heaps on the floor amid their luggage consisting of bundles of every imaginable colour. *En masse*, the families look more like cargo than human beings.

Our short night and the agitation and early morning alarms, caused by catching our *Selene* after her unexpected and inconvenient escape to Santa Maura in search of currants, are over, making it a luxury to lie on deck-chairs and feel that for a whole day we have nothing to move or to catch. A fresh air, not amounting to a breeze, meets us as we move smoothly through the bright sea in the warm sunshine, the coast of Corfu to the west, the ranges of Albanian mountains to the east. On the *Selene* we ought to feel very Greek. She brings to mind Theocritus and his Simætha, and her invocations to "Selene." "Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!" But, alas! we are fast leaving Greece.

## In Greece

“ The Isles of Greece ! The Isles of Greece !  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.”

It is the moment for Byron. We call out for a Byron, but not a Byron has either of us brought ; C. B. tries to quote, but, strange to say, does not get far. Usually C. B. can quote everything. We must pay a tribute from our hearts, without the help of Byron, to the wonderful Greece we are quickly leaving behind us. The Greece of the antiquary, the archæologist, the excavator, we are not wise enough to know much about. Our tribute of love and gratitude is to Greece as she now is—the Greece that also inspired Pheidias, Byron, and Leighton ; the Greece that needs no reconstruction or restoration. The mountain forms and matchless atmosphere that fed the eyes of the all great galaxy of seers ; the bloom and breadth of sky and land that we have been seeing as they, too, saw them ; the same beauty that tuned the souls and genius of Æschylus, Sophocles, and all the mighty crew to *distinction* in thought and feeling, has been spread before our actual eyes. The landscape, seas, and skies of Greece have that quality recognized as *distinction* in a unique degree. Greece means a high aristocracy in natural effects. The carving of her mountains, compared to others, is as fine sculptured marble is to rough-hewn stone-work. Her air is perfumed with rare aromatic scents from the wild herbs of the mountain side ; her birds fly, isolated, with clear, swift sweep of the wing. Greece yields yet such a feast for



## Two Sides to Every Question

æsthetic enjoyment that there is, maybe, no room left in the small capacity of some for the erudition of the archæologist to come in. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise ! There are two sides to every question, however. Byron's servant's remark concerning Greece was, " It's a land of lies, and fleas, and thieves. What my lord is going there for, the Lord only knows, I don't." Seeing his master was looking at him, he added, " And my master can't deny what I have said is true." " No," said Byron, " to those who look at things with hog's eyes, and can see nothing else, what Fletcher says may be true ; but I didn't note it." Had we " hog's " minds, to have noted the torment of dust, the torture of noise, the horrors resulting from the election of the mayor in Athens ? Ought I to feel a shame in having recorded these ? No ! I am convinced even Byron could not have stood with patience a whole night full of screeching rockets, glaring Bengal lights, and of roaring, senseless yelling, ending up by the feverish teasing of a mosquito, without finding a vent in vindictives for such tortures.

From the heaps of human cargo squatted on the second deck we hear voices chanting in chorus. We go to the end of our deck and look down. Fine, tawny-faced Turks in Albanian costume are grouped close together, singing very seriously a monotonous ditty. Each verse ends with a jerky note, sprung out with sudden fervour, and then stopped as suddenly. They seem to be a kindly, well-conditioned set of friends, though not over clean. One, sitting near the singers, is pressed into the service. They flatter and encourage him ; he is self-conscious, diffident, shy—smiles and demurs. Yielding

## In Greece

at last, he sets to work. Once seated cross-legged with the rest, no smiling! This singing is a very serious business, evidently.

The Levantine is a humble being : he is abject before the Austrian. Twice does one of them sit down over a ventilator which opens on to the second deck. Each time a steward comes in wrath and sends him flying. The Levantine only looks as if he thought it very kind to be allowed to squat on a deck at all. They are interesting people to watch, but, alas ! the donkey-engine begins to work. What was difficult before, becomes now impossible. The mixture of spiced Turk and hot donkey-engine grease, makes an odour that even Byron must have noted ! As C. B. leans over the railing of our deck, looking down on these spiced Turks and working donkey-engine, he murmurs, not Byron, but Dr. Watts :

“ By nature bears and bulls and swine,  
With fowls of every wing,  
Are much more clean, more strong and fine,  
Than man, their fallen king.”

These fallen kings, pleasant, domestic, comfortable-looking people, squatted round their bundles, emit a sickly odour, such as many things have in the East, and which, when mixed with that of the hot oil of the machinery of a steamer reaches the climax of impossibles !

The donkey-engine begins to work, because we are steering due east, towards Santi Quaranta. As we turn into the harbour, the last point of the northern end of Corfu disappears.

We have left Greece, but Greece has not left us, nor will she ever, so long as memory remains.

### III

#### DALMATIA

##### FROM CORFU THROUGH THE BOCHE DI CATTARO TO CATTARO

GREECE would not have been enjoyed by us in this month of September had she not been tantalizingly near Dalmatia. When we began looking at maps and arranging our journey to the Adriatic, we could not help including a run down of ten days to the land and seas we have just left. Really we owe both Greece and Dalmatia, if we seek the true fountain head, to Mr. Jackson's book—the classic on Dalmatia. This inflamed K. B.'s imagination when it first came out, so that she made a vow that at the arrival of the first opportune moment, she and C. B. would explore this country, described by the author as abounding in all kinds of natural and artistic beauty. How can we adequately express our gratitude to him for this delightful work which combines so exhaustively in its pages the different keys to all the interests the traveller seeks when visiting a country like Dalmatia—its history from the early days of the Roman Empire, its racial distinctions, its natural scenery, and last—more intrinsically interesting than aught else—its architecture, which includes many ex-

## Dalmatia

amples of the purest early Venetian Gothic. One and all teem with a rare flavour, and are introduced to us by Mr. Jackson with consummate knowledge and in a singularly stimulating style. There is surely no greater benefactor to civilized mankind than the one who kindles in others an intense interest in any subject which is non-material, non-egoistic; the one who widens our visions of life by inspiring an enthusiasm for tilling new fields for impressions and experience. To be introduced to Dalmatia by Mr. Jackson is truly a liberal education. By having read his book we owe to him already a debt for the joy of anticipation; we are now eager to increase that debt by the satisfaction of actually realizing the delights of the promised land.

It is noon, and our *Selene* is nearing the Quay of Santi Quaranta, formerly the ancient Anchiasmos, named after Anchises, the father of Æneas, who, according to Virgil, went there. But little of the modern town can be seen from our ship, which anchors some distance off the shore. Rising on the hillsides and extending along the coast on our left are considerable remains of an important walled-in city of the Lower Empire. Here, from our ship, we trace many more important ruins than those better known to fame, but no excavations, no restorations. Alas! we have no time to land and examine them. Walls of a blue-grey stone, towers, and archways tunnelled under the towers, still remain—as, from a pictorial and poetical point of view, all ruins ought to be allowed to remain—solitary and unmolested. These, differing in tone so slightly from the background of the hillside, appear to the eye to have grown into becoming almost

## The Charm of "an Atmosphere"

part of the rising ground on which they were built. Yet a vital difference virtually exists between the ruins and the unhewn rocks, and this difference is felt as we go on gazing. From the deserted remnants of the old city rings out a note—that melancholy note—which hovers in the air round all deserted buildings, once the homes of men and women and their children, when they are left unchanged and untouched by modern hands and modern tools. As we look across the bright and happy sea, all smiles, and rippling over with high spirits, those sedate old walls, archways, and towers, lying so solitary and deserted on the hillside by the shore, the midday sunshine obliterating all dark shadow and spreading a bloom of heated light over their ashen, time-worn surface, they seem verily haunted by the ghosts of a far-away past. They arouse a feeling of old-world associations; and a real flavour of Virgil seems to hang about the place.

That the great value of preserving an *atmosphere* in places could be taught as part of our modern education! Then perhaps the hand of the excavator and restorer would be taught more restraint than it is apt to exercise. *Atmosphere* is the unwritten poetry of the world. A rare and precious atmosphere infuses into the perceptions a fine and delicate aroma, elevating and drawing our senses up from the coarser material world we have generally to live in, as a Keats or a Shelley tunes the mind to the more ethereal side of our thoughts and ideas. That very undistinguished quality, curiosity, is allowed a great deal too much free-play, and has to answer for the spoiling of much of the world and its romantic and old-world atmospheres; but curiosity has not spoilt Santi



## Dalmatia

Quaranta yet, neared by our steamer *Selene* as we lose our last sight of Greece.

To the right of her ruins, at a little distance, stands a large white house near the shore, presumably the custom-house. From under an archway in the walls of the building is emerging a stream of donkeys, each little dark animal following the other in single line, like a procession of black ants. They pass on along the quay, and then mount the hill which rises to our right, winding round it on a pathway which leads, we are told, to Delvino, a decayed Albanian town, six miles inland from Santi Quaranta, and which possesses, according to Murray, every possible charm of scenery around it. The stream of donkeys which the archway emits seems to be interminable. A fine ruin of a medieval church crowns the high hill round which it winds. The building was the church of the Santi Quaranta, from which the newer town is named.

We have been watching the shore some twenty minutes, when the donkey-engine is again at work, and we are starting to pastures new.

When the events always attendant on departures and arrivals in a steamer have subsided, and we are well on our way again, we dine. The *Selene* provides a very good, well-cooked meal, over which we make the acquaintance of our captain, to whom we speak in French. He is huge and a somewhat rough-looking person, but possessing a kindly countenance full of individuality. After dinner comes a long afternoon of enjoyment on deck-chairs, in fresh, bracing air, full of sunshine, moving smoothly along the Albanian coast, whence rise, high



FIGURES FROM THE EASTERN PEDIMENT OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS, OLYMPIA. *See p. 117.*



*British School at Athens.*

THE CENTRAL FIGURE, APOLLO, FROM THE WESTERN PEDIMENT OF THE TEMPLE  
OF ZEUS, OLYMPIA (*see p. 117*).

## In the Gulf of Avlona

above the blue wavelets, piles of beautiful mountain forms. They are very arid and stony, but here and there in a crevice nestles a dark cluster of trees, and sometimes, though rarely, a vein of more amenable soil allows of tracts of woodland even to their very summits ; but, as a rule, their sternly-cut ridges and rocky slopes face the sun naked and bare, grand and splendidly modelled, though lacking that very sensitive grace with which Nature has chiselled her mountain forms in Greece. Alas ! we are fast steaming northwards, a little west till we reach the long point of Linguetta, curling out into the sea and enclosing the Gulf of Avlona. We steam round the point and anchor in the Gulf. This bay has the appearance of a lake, so surrounded is it by hills and mountains. The town of Avlona of many minarets is clearly seen on a hillside as it catches the afternoon sunlight. It is a mile and a half from the sea. Olive woods stretch over a plain running inwards from the level shore. A road runs along the coast of the bay—we watch two little horses drawing a carriage, galloping along it to catch our boat. But there is no desperate hurry ; we do not start yet awhile. While in port our captain is off duty. He is one of those who is evidently possessed by the passion for fishing. That gruesome little story by Guy de Maupassant concerning two Frenchmen who were likewise possessed by that passion during the siege of Paris by the Germans comes back to me as I watch him—how, through their fervour for the sport, they obtained a pass to reach the river beyond the French sentries ; how they set to work in their joy, so saturated with satisfaction at being once more at their

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game that they did not hear the enemy's approach till they were surrounded. Taken into German quarters, they were bound and shot, the last thing their eyes rested on in this world being the little fish they had caught, thrown alive and wriggling in the frying-pot, as they were scalded to death, watched by gleeful German eyes gloating over the prospect of eating them. The little story so wonderfully told, you cannot forget it however much you try to—it will come back, in all its pathetic, hideous cynicism, as our bulky captain of the *Selene* alertly strides to the bow of his ship, and, with thick fingers and intense engrossment, arranges his fishing-tackle. He has but a few minutes ; but during those few his delight in his mania shall be gratified to the full. A boat rows up to the *Selene* ; a man in blue linen garments is standing up in it, a strong box stowed next the oarsman. The man, erect, addresses the captain ; an altercation goes on, the gist of which is, as far as we can gather, that the captain refuses to allow the man to bring his box on board because it contains skins. The altercation becomes more and more impressive, the dramatic action of the appealer more and more violent. “ *Non voglio pelle !* ” roars our huge captain, the while not oblivious of his fishing-line. The *pelle* which he refuses to allow on board might, we surmise, entail quarantine. A calm Englishman would find but little difficulty in explaining the matter in a few words, but the fun of life to the Southerner is to put as much drama and noise as they can into every event which comes their way. With outstretched arms and still more passion does the man in the boat below make his appeal ; with still more



## The Bocche di Cattaro

despotic power in his voice does the angler roar, "*Non voglio pelle, signor, non voglio pelle!*" The owner of the *pelle*, tragic vengeance lowering in his face, departs for the shore, but when the fishing is over and the *Selene* is just ready to start, dejected and minus his suspicious box, he reappears, and the altercation begins afresh at closer quarters on deck. It is cut short by the captain again taking command of his ship. We leave the Bay of Avlona, and the scenery as we coast along under the mountains becomes every moment more and more beautiful as the afternoon lights grow warmer. The mountains inland become piled up very high into the sky. We pass Dulcigno, but do not stop. It is the little seaport which was given to Montenegro by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, the only direct access to the coast which the small kingdom possesses. We are making up for the time lost by the *détour* the *Selene* made to Santa Maura, and, contrary to our fears, before the sun sets we reach the entrance to the world-famed Bocche di Cattaro. "The *bocche* consist of a ganglion of five or six basins joined by narrower channels, and arranged on the irregular winding line of the great mountain valley of which they form the watery floor." Thus Mr. Jackson describes them. Before turning our course to enter the *bocche*, straight in front of us juts into the sea the promontory of the Punta d'Ostro, "with its old mouldering ochreous-coloured castle, which once defended the southern extremity of the Ragusan land." Steering round to the east, and leaving this on our left, we face gorgeous mountain heights rising as if to block further progress. Grand slopes sweep down and very nearly

## Dalmatia

meet, but our *Selene*, making for the point where they seem to join, finds, nevertheless, a channel and passes through it into the first sea-lake. As she emerges from this first pinch in the *bocche*, we face the town of Castelnovo, a picturesque group of houses surrounding the old castle, which gives the town its name. Built by Ivartko, King of Bosnia, in 1382, it became the most important key to the farther inlets of the *bocche*, and has had during its five hundred years of existence an eventful history, having belonged successively to eight European nations, associated, moreover, with the great Charles V. We approach Castelnovo, leave it on our left, and steer through the narrow channel of Kumber into the Basin of Jeodo, a large triangular sheet of water, pointing south-east towards the town of Radovic. Our route turns north-east to the very narrow channel called Le Catene (the chains), because formerly, when invaders sought a passage to Cattaro, all further ingress for ships was prevented by chains being swung across the channel. We pass two islands; on one is the pilgrimate church of Santa Maria della Scarpello, on the other the Fort of Santa Croce. As we steam into the Gulf of Cattaro, we make for Perasto where our captain has his home, and where he alights to spend Sunday with his family. The church possesses a fine campanile, one of several noticeable towers on the shore of the *bocche*. On the heights to the north-east of Perasto lies the *Krivorie*, famous for notable revolts and tumults, and in consequence at present the most strongly defended line of border-land between Austria and Hertzegovina. We can trace below the *Krivorie*, above the town of Risano, the curious

## The Cavern-like Town of Cattaro

*Zopot* cavern, from which at times a spring of water bursts forth—marked now by a stony bed, descending steeply down the mountain-side. Every moment the scenery becomes more and more impressive. The evening glow of rosy carmine now strikes but the summits of the mountains above us. Below, all around us is solemn shadow, deep purple and dark russet, the water liquid indigo, with strange, warm, half-lights floating about on the surface. The grandeur of these mountains, which enfold deep down at their base the waters of the sea into these *bocches*, is truly tremendous. It is as if some very gigantic giant had taken in his two hands vast masses of rock and earth and twisted them backwards and forwards, letting the waves of the sea flow in between.

After leaving our captain at Perasto, we strike south into the very innermost crease of these sea-lakes to the town of Cattaro—a very small and shadowed town which is to be the terminus of our circuitous route amid the stupendous effects of Nature which have surrounded us on every side since we turned from the open sea by the Punta d'Ostro. What a tiny little place it looks! Such a little town to so much Nature! It has to be squeezed into a very small space to get it in at all between the sea and the rock, rising so straight and high behind the houses, and between the walls of its own fortifications. These fortifications are impressive, climbing zigzag up the mountain rock. Entering into its harbour is like going into a half-lit cavern, for by this time every ray of even afterglow light is so high above us as to be quite out of the picture. In this gloom of cavern shade we leave our *Selene* for two nights. Carriages do not seem to exist in

## Dalmatia

Cattaro, so we follow the porters on foot across the quay, and, passing through the Porta della Marina and across a square, we enter into intricacies of narrow streets and passages cramped together into the smallest possible space. These lead us to our hotel, the Stadt Graz.

Trees, creepers trained over a pergola, flowers hanging in baskets, make the place attractive outside. Inside it is rough. However, the inn belongs to a family who treat us as guests and make us welcome. In the bedrooms one sign of civilization we find—any quantity of water ; but the furniture is not all one could wish. I try to open the door of a wardrobe ; it at once begins to fall down upon me. I push it back towards the wall with all the force I have and leave it alone. I try another piece of furniture ; the drawers in this are full of the family's best frocks. However, the beds are clean, and there is no noise of wheels outside. A large picturesque fountain stands below my window, and many of the inhabitants, holding buckets in their hands, are gathered round it drawing water. As we reached the Stadt Graz, a tall Austrian officer presented himself. K. B. and C. B. have Austrian friends in the navy at Pola, who, through their comrades at Cattaro, give us a most kindly welcome to Dalmatia. The first naval officer was soon followed by Schief-Lieutenant S. Both are charming, kind friends at once. The world, indeed, would be a pleasant place if all the peoples of civilized countries had the manners of Austrians ! They are also excellent linguists. Our Schief-Lieutenants tell us they have to know five languages before entering their navy—German, French, English, Italian, Slav. Their English is delightful, good



## We do not go to Cettigne

and fluent, with a pleasant ring in it, denoting that mixture of simplicity and finished refinement which gives the peculiar charm to the personality of an Austrian. But we have had a long day, so anything more than first impressions, both of Cattaro and our new friends, must be postponed till to-morrow.

*September 20th.*—K. B. and C. B., great pedestrians, begin early to mount the road to Cettigne. Having but one day at Cattaro, I had petitioned not to go to Cettigne, notwithstanding the sentence with which Mr. Jackson begins his chapter on Montenegro : “ To visit Cattaro and not to go on to Cettigne would be unpardonable.” But his subsequent description of the journey inspired rather the desire to spend the one day we had before re-embarking on the *Selene* in becoming acquainted with Cattaro and its ways, instead of taking a twelve hours’ drive out of it. The drive to see Cettigne is in a country which Jackson himself describes in the following words : “ A more bleak, inhospitable fatherland has never inspired its sons to shed their blood in its defence.” The excursion, one knows only too well, would mean two little horses pulling you up and down mountain passes and jolting over rough roads—you all the time, for pity of the poor little strained animals, longing to get out and pull also—to see, after six hours of this tugging and toiling—what ? Again to quote Jackson, the Dalmatian classic’s words : “ Cettigne, the humblest capital in Europe, is more regularly built than I had expected. It consists of a very broad, well-metalled street, between regular lines of houses, varying from one to two stories in height, and generally with shops on the ground-floor,



## Dalmatia

standing open to the front. . . . The latest wonder of the place is a large, half-finished building (I presume by this time quite completed and quite up-to-date, and as unsightly and uninteresting as are most modern buildings of the kind), which is to contain a theatre, a reading-room, a library, and a museum, all under one roof." All praise to the Prince of Montenegro for advancing his country in the ways of modern life, but some may prefer to remain without a hasty sight of his newly-built capital, though unpardoned even by Mr. Jackson! Hasty it must be if you return the same day, as there is the six hours' drive back to Cattaro. While K. B. and C. B. are climbing the mountain, I wander about the town. It is a fête day, and the churches seem preparing for special services. I hear sounds of military music and the tramp of soldiers and of a crowd following, sometimes loud, sometimes far away, as the soldiers march in and out of the passages in the squeezed-up little town. In these narrow, cramped streets many people live, and many in very gay, smart dresses are walking about and filling the churches. Before ten o'clock San Nicolo, the Cathedral of the Orthodox Greek Church, is crowded to overflowing. The principal service is evidently about to take place. I walk on, not knowing exactly where I am going, but, looking down a passage, see a remnant of an old Venetian palace built in between modern houses. Earthquakes and sieges have destroyed most of the buildings possessing any architectural value in Cattaro, but these and other ruined remnants that remain record signs of beautiful things that have been. One lovely sight is now in its glory. Everywhere, from crevice, wall,



THE CROUCHING FIGURES FROM THE WESTERN PEDIMENT OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS, OLYMPIA (*see p. 119*).



HEAD OF PRAXITELES' HERMES (*see p. 119*).

Found in the most ancient Greek temple yet discovered, named "The Heræon," Olympia.

## The “*Campanula Pyramidalis*”

and building, out of sculptured stone, centuries old, spring long spikes of fresh blue flowers—the *Campanula pyramidalis*. Lifted upwards on long stalks towards the light, how pure and clean and alive the blossoms look against the stained and time-worn grain of the old stonework! By whiffs of azure blue, the little goblets sprouting out on each side of a firm stalk echo the blue so far above them in the sky down into the narrow, shadowed streets below. Flowers often record more lastingly in the memory the days that pass than does any handiwork of man. The combination of old masonry and the *Campanula pyramidalis*



REMNANTS OF VENETIAN GOTHIC  
WINDOWS AT CATTARO.

in Cattaro is peculiarly fascinating. If only the steward on the *Scylla* had not thrown away my precious unnamed blue spikes from Olympia!



## Dalmatia

After passing the Venetian windows, the *Collegiata*, or the Latin Church of Santa Maria Infunara, soon comes into sight. Its small size, low dome, and tiled roofing, recall our beautiful little Byzantine churches in Athens. The sound of really musical music comes from within, which is sweet to listen to, and the sheltered crucifix fixed on the south wall makes an outside altar at which to worship. It is the best moment in the day.

Turning to the left, through passages hardly to be called streets, I come to the Greek Church of San Luca standing on an open paved space. It is so crowded that people are standing thickly outside the open doorway. The building has a central cupola and an elongated nave, like Santa Maria, but is on a smaller scale, and has a miniature apse joined on to the principal apse only four feet six inches in diameter, forming the eastern end of a tiny temple, dedicated to San Spiridion. Over the west doorway, where the crowd is thickest, is a bell-cot—a later addition. San Luca is mentioned in 1270, but it was restored in the fourteenth century, and referred to by Farlati as having been consecrated by Bishop Doimo in 1368. The church stands against the rock mountain, the height of Stirovnik, which overshadows Cattaro, and is crowned by the old castle, led up to by the zigzag walls of the fortifications. Jackson describes this as “perched like an eagle’s nest on a needle of rock.” I next make for the large square through which we entered the town last night, and the Porta della Marina, leading to the quay. Between the fortification walls and a row of trees are tile-roofed sheds where the marketing for food of the town goes on. The vendors and buyers are busy at it. Fruit, vegetables,



## Southern Boundary of Cattaro

meat, and fish are all sold here. On the other side of the quay is the stillest of waters. The opposite mountain, the ships and sails, are all reflected absolutely in the sea. Having reached the end of the sea-wall, I come upon a large tank of fresh water, filled from a spring issuing from the mountain outside the Porta Zordiccehio, the southern end of the town. The inhabitants are filling pitchers with the fresh water from the tank, going in and out of the Porta Godicchion in picturesque groups. At this spot you easily understand why the town is so squeezed up into a small space, as the rocks rise straight from the sea immediately outside this gateway. Passing through it back into the town, everything looks very dark, the walls and gateway very high and narrow. Flights of steps take you over the rocky foundation of the town. Walking northwards, the ups and downs of the space between the mountain and the sea widen gradually, and eventually, in front of the Cathedral, leave space for quite a large square. Alas! the Cathedral is being restored and is closed. The front was built after the great earthquake of April 6th, 1667. The original church was erected in 809 to receive the bones of its patron saint, San Trifone, bought from Venetians who were driven by a storm into the *bocche*. This church was destroyed by Saracens or Bulgarians, and another built in the twelfth century. Part of it remains, but the towers and frontage were erected after the earthquake, and the architecture of it is Renaissance.

It is now time for the pedestrians to return. As I reach the Stadt Graz, there is again the sound of military music cheerily parading the town. I find the pedestrians,

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and they bring a wonderful description of their climb, and how they just reached the country of Montenegro, having first seen from the height of the castle a striking bird's-eye view of the chain of *bocches* out as far as to the open sea. The charming and kind Austrian Schief-Lieutenants present themselves, and take us off to lunch at a restaurant, the best in Cattaro. How delightful it is in travelling to find yourself sometimes taken under the wing of inhabitants ! To desert hotels for the nonce is a rest. A sense of leisure pervades the atmosphere at once. We wander out after lunch to see more of the town of Cattaro under their guidance. We walk to the gardens reserved for the naval and military officers, outside the Porta Fuimara. Near this is a lake formed by the torrent Scurda. We feel quite in possession of the place, so much deference is shown, so many salutes are given to our guides. We enter the town through this northern gateway, Fuimara. To our left steep steps form the streets on the rocky hillside. One of these leads to the zigzag mule-track up to the castle. We mount by it to the Greek chapel. Halfway up the ascent our progress is stopped for a moment. Soldiers are stationed to guard shut gates, in order to practise, our friends tell us, the guarding of fortifications. More saluting, and the gate flies open. The hillside is covered with shrubs, wild pomegranates among them. Fruit is hanging on their branches. Most decorative is it ; I want to possess one. Lieutenant S. cuts one, and also his finger. Alas ! the blood of this kind cicerone is shed in order to gratify my acquisitiveness. He has won medals in the China War, and tells much that is interesting as we climb up

## True Civilization

to the chapel. Once there, we rest and contemplate the view of the town and *bocche* below, the hills opposite, and the tops of the mountains beyond. I see the churches I visited this morning, and another, a large, not very interesting-looking church, round which are gathered groups of people. The church, Lieutenant S. says, is that of San Nicolo, the Orthodox Greek Church, and to-day's *fiesta*, causing crowds to gather round it, is held in memory of the birthday of Brankovic, the Servian poet. Later on the Croatian band will play in his honour in the public gardens, and we must hear it. On this wild, rocky hillside, opposite the steps of the tiny Greek church, we sit watching all the movement of this feast in honour of a poet who, though he spoke their own language—Slav—was not a Dalmatian. How many Tennysons, Brownings, Swinburnes, and Matthew Arnolds, England's very own poets, might live and die in England before their birthdays were ever realized, much less recognized, by the masses, or commemorated by a popular fête! Still less imagine bands of music, and Hyde Park full of people amusing themselves, because it was the birthday of Robert Burns! No; here, within this out-of-the-way, squeezed-up little town of Cattaro, in the terminus of many folds of sea-lake creases, at the far southern end of the Adriatic, we find a higher standard—in theory, at least—and a more vivid realization of what is really important in the living of life, than in our very rich, educated, confident, powerful London, with its London County Council, its many Borough Councils, its mighty *self-importance*!

We descend by the steps on the edge of the mule-track

## Dalmatia

the same way as we climbed up, pass through the town out of the Porta Marina into the public gardens, which take the place outside the fortification walls on the northern side of the Porta that the provision market stalls take on the southern end. Smart Cattaro is sitting around tables, drinking coffee, listening to the Croatian band. We and our Austrian friends do the same. We find how much of English literature these officers know and have enjoyed—Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Byron, and, most of all, Shakespeare ; but, indeed, all our best is a *pays très bien connu*. And how these Slavs can play ! With what spontaneity, what passion, do they make their music ! Such art goes straight into the individual lives of us all. Here, for the price of a cup of coffee, one is stirred by music's own true meaning, and given an inspiring experience which certainly few guinea concerts in the London season afford. It is very pleasant sitting with our charming Austrian friends, listening to Smetana's " *Verkaufte Braut* " under the trees in the twilight. The warm evening air is fresh and delicate ; the gardens on the one side are guarded by high and ancient fortification walls, festooned with creeping plants, out of which start upwards beautiful blue spikes of our friend the *Campanula pyramidalis* ; on the other side picturesque fishing-boats are lying along the quay, loosened sails draping their masts ; beyond, gleaming in the soft twilight, the still, glassy surface of the *bocche*. Cattaro leaves a lovely picture in the memory of us passing travellers ; but Schief-Lieutenant S. says : " When I came here first I thought I should go *mad* ! There was *nothing* to do." But, then, Schief-Lieutenant S. loves



## Return to the “Selene”

Vienna—the theatres, the concerts, society. Nevertheless he has resources ; so he did not go mad in Cattaro, but instead studied more languages, and read a great many English books.

*September 21st.*—We are on our *Selene* by ten o'clock. The weather still quite perfect. We have just settled on our deck-chairs when the Schief-Lieutenants arrive with a momentous piece of English political news. Such news, and C. B. at Cattaro ! We have not received a post since we left Athens, but are expecting our letters to be awaiting us at Ragusa. There is nothing to do but to speculate as to the whys and wherefores, and go on with our enjoyments just the same as if nothing had agitated the political world in England. And surely, if any journey could make such events seem but trifles, it is the beauty of the *bocche* this morning.

At Perasto our large captain comes on board, and the Dalmatian custom of waving handkerchiefs on every occasion is exercised conspicuously. The family and friends of the captain appear at one and all of the windows of a large house standing near the water's edge, and from each fly ample handkerchiefs, waved energetically in the air. From the *Selene* the captain gives answering waves. At Risano—at every place we stop at or sight—whether or not the wavers have friends on board, we are saluted in the same manner. The Bocche de Cattaro may not appear so impressive as on our arrival in the evening two days ago, when the coming gloom of night had shadowed the waters and the lower mountain slopes with deep purple and russet, the highest summits alone glowing in warm gold and crimson light ; but in this



## Dalmatia

clear morning sunshine we see more detail, more of detail in the villages, in the fine Venetian Gothic *campanili*, which rise many stories high from the level of the shore. From ten o'clock a.m. till three o'clock p.m. our *Selene* is wandering up and down, in and out of the folds of the *bocche*, collecting passengers and cargo. Splendid piles of luminous cumulus clouds shine out from skidding storm-racks. Is our wonderful weather breaking? That is a far more important matter to us at this moment than that political fusses are rampant in England. Castelnovo is very striking under this stormy sky. The white houses look very white, the trees in which they are embedded, very black, while the mellowed tone of the rugged grey walls of the old *castel* makes an imposing centre, seeming to gather all the less important edifices in the picture round its feet in the service of its design. In this stormy effect, the town, the mountains, sky, and sea look impressive and strong, the lights and shadows decided and salient. No effect like that did we see in Greece, nothing violent or ominous. The landscape of Dalmatia is grand, picturesque, and interesting; but the contrast existing between it and the scenery in Greece brings out more than ever the unique loveliness, the heavenly, aerial fineness of the effects of atmosphere in the land we have left. The delicate chiselling of marble has been replaced by the bold, vigorous hewing of Nature's coarser masonry. A very finished specimen of humanity, however, appears on our first deck in full Albanian garb; a contrast to the humble, second-deck native fellow-passengers we noted between Corfu and Santi Quaranta: a high-class mountaineer, whether from the Albanian or





A FIRST-CLASS MONTENEGRIN PASSENGER ON BOARD  
THE "SELENE."



VIEW FROM "ONE-GUN BATTERY," CORFU.  
(See p. 128.)

## Our First Shower of Rain

Montenegrin heights, we do not discover; but that he comes from an aristocratic class is evident.

We have now passed Porto Rose and are going through the narrow pinch of the last sea-lake, the Punta d'Ostro facing us. Steaming round it, we emerge from the *bocche* out into the open sea. For the first time since we started from Victoria on September 1st, rain-clouds gather round us; then falls a sharp half-hour's storm shower; after which all is brilliant sunshine again, pouring warm afternoon light over the sea and the light range of mountains rising from the water's edge to our right as we steam northwards. Ahead of us, beyond Ragusa Vecchia, are dark purple spots on the sea, islands which lie opposite the coast, on which stand Ragusa and Gravosa. We see a curious effect consequent on the very vivid light the sun is shedding on the sea after the storm. The ends of these islands appear to be lifted up from the gleaming sea as the line of the stern and prow of a boat are raised out of the water-line. We seem to be seeing under and beyond the ends of the islands to still brighter golden sheen farther away. C. B. says that he has seen the effect before, and that it is caused by the vividness of light on the water beyond overpowering the darker tone of the shore-line. Every moment the colour is becoming intensified. No, this is not Greece, but it is very splendid. Every tint seems to have burst out richer and fuller after the thunderstorm has cleared the air. We pass by the imposing city of Ragusa, with its grand fortifications and citadels, our *Selene* being too large a boat to get into her harbour. We have to make for the more hospitable Gravosa port, and return thence by road to Ragusa.

## Dalmatia

As we steer into the quiet waters where our *Selene* is to cast anchor, the scene is gorgeous in solemn colour. Sable black cypresses start up round the shore of the gloomy glass surface of the water ; the colours in the sky above and in the open sea beyond the shaded haven in which we find ourselves, are intense purple, carmine, scarlet, orange, and green, but toned and put into a world of solemn mystery by the twilight. Life indeed is a feast of colour in these waters of the Adriatic. In one day we have witnessed scenes coloured from Nature's paint-box by more positive strength of hue than we might look for in vain during a whole year in sober England. Every moment seems to bring with it fresh revelries in colour.

We part from our *Selene* with regret. She has entertained us for two delightful days. Theocritus again recurs, obviously :

“ Farewell, Selene, bright and fair ; farewell, ye  
Other stars, that follow the wheels of quiet night.”



## IV

### DALMATIA

#### RAGUSA—CANNOSA

A FEW minutes later and we are being rattled off to Ragusa by two quick little ponies. The road reminds us of the Riviera—a low wall on the side of the sea, vegetation among the rocks going down to the water's edge; while on our left are hillsides covered with olive-trees and bushes topped by bare, stony summits. As we approach Ragusa, villas in gardens appear on either side of our route, and oleander bushes in masses. Evidently the oleander is the flower of Ragusa as the *Campanula pyramidalis* is of Cattaro, and September is its special month. In various shades we see the delightful bunches of blossoms everywhere. What can be more beautiful! The delicate pink, the deep carnation red, the creamy and the pure white, the pale buff and carmine scarlet, thrown so lavishly in clusters from slender stalks and pointed grey-green leaves. As we turn into the garden of the Hotel Imperial, we find ourselves in a veritable bower of oleanders. This establishment is the Schweitzerhof of Dalmatian hotels. Every civilized comfort—good beds, delightful balcony, and an immediate welcome from Count Gozze, the magnate of

## Dalmatia

Ragusa, who has been told off by the kind Austrian officers to take care of us during our stay here. He appeared as we reached the hotel, and at once arranged a future meeting.

*September 22nd.*—It is well to take rest in civilized surroundings. The quaint and the queer are amusing, but it is the accustomed that tends to repose. The *thé complet*, served with clean, neat accessories, is soothing and refreshing before effort of any kind has to be made. As I open the shutters on to the balcony, striking views are visible. Fort San Lorenzo, placed grandly on a steep rock to the north of the town, lies a little to the right of our hotel, and a pile of buildings, strongly fortified by walls and surmounted by a citadel, lies to the south. The gap between the two piles of rock and buildings is filled by the very blue sea which faces the Hotel Imperial, and flows to the feet of the two imposing eminences rising straight from out of the water on their western front. The valley between the town and Fort San Lorenzo is filled on the land with trees, the foliage of high fir-trees fringing the foreground against the blue waves beyond with a crisp edge of dark, velvety green. In the garden below my balcony are masses of gay oleander flowers. Such a view in the bright morning sunshine is quite good enough for an hour or two. The sense that we are not going to move on for four days is in itself resting. Here the wardrobes, when you touch them, do not fall down as they did at Cattaro, and altogether a feeling of decorum in life returns. In the scuffling of travelling, the sense of dignity departs. There are situations when it is quite impossible to keep

## Ragusa the Noble

tight hold of it ; but here, in the Hotel Imperial, after a good night, it is creeping back. Such a frame of mind is only fitting when one greets a noble city like Ragusa embowered in her elegant *rhodedaphnes*, the oleanders of the Greek.

It is not till after luncheon that we walk under the lovely trees, through shaded pathways, out into the road, where we soon find ourselves in the famous avenue of mulberry-trees which leads direct to the Porta Pile. Before descending into the labyrinths of this great gateway of the town, we catch a view on our left of the stupendous fortifications which grasp the rocky side of Monte Sergio, and culminate in the magnificent bastion, by name the Torre Menze, the work of Giorgio Orsini Dalmatico, in the year 1464. The Menze family, from whom the Torre took its name, was extant till the present century. All in Ragusa flavours of grandeur, force, and order—of great ancestors, in fact.

“ The traveller who descends from the grove of ancient mulberries in front of the Albergo Miramar by the winding road that leads him under the shadow of enormous medieval fortifications to the Porta Pile, and who finds himself for the first time within the walls of Ragusa, will not fail to feel the difference between this and other Dalmatian cities. The stately Corso lies before him, running with an even and imposing width between regularly built houses, which, though not older than the great earthquake of 1667, are not without a certain grave dignity, contrasts strongly with the narrow streets of picturesque Zara, which made one think of an Oriental bazaar, or the tortuous and squalid alleys huddled together within

## Dalmatia

the walls of Diocletian's house at Spalato. As he advances between the graceful votive Church of San Salvatore and the public fountain of Onofrio di La Cava and traverses the length of the Corso, the interest increases in proper dramatic ratio ; fresh buildings come successively into view ; and when he arrives at the dogana, and a new vista opens to the right, disclosing the palace of the rectors of the republic, the duomo, and the Church of S. Biagio, a very imposing architectural climax is reached.

" But Ragusa is unlike the other Dalmatian cities, not only in being more spacious and more regularly built, but also in the character of her architecture, which reflects the difference of her history. Like the ancient free cities of the Low Countries and Italy, she possesses all the material apparatus of an independent commonwealth. As in ancient Greece, so here, the splendour of the city depends on public buildings, which were the common property of the citizens." So writes Mr. Jackson.

We cross over the moat by a bridge, and pass through the archway of the Porta Pile, and find it is but the first of many portals to be passed through before reaching the gate which gives actual access to the town. Was ever masonry more solid and massive ! Large trees grow between and over the several walls in the fortifications of Porta Pile ; the blossoms of the oleander feather the crests of the bastions ; a huge fig-tree throws its branches over the pathway from above the summit of the wall. The whole construction, with its decorations of trees and vegetation, forms a beautiful and noble entrance to this stately old city of Ragusa. Passing through a small pointed doorway, we find ourselves in the Corso, and at

## Through the Porta Pile into the Corso

once in the precincts of interesting architecture. Immediately under the great wall of the fortifications to our left is the Church of San Salvatore. We learn by an inscription over the western door that this church was built in consequence of a vow made by the Government after the first great earthquake, in 1520—the first of the fatal series from which Ragusa suffered. Opposite the Church of San Salvatore is the large fountain, built by the famous architect Onofrio in 1437. It consists of a trough, some three or four feet from the ground, surrounding a wall built in facets. At the joint of each of these facets rise elegant columns, surmounted by well-carved capitals. The water springs from richly decorated spouts placed in the lower centre of each facet. There are women and boys filling copper vessels, such as are used in Venice, with water from the fountain. Passing on but a few steps, we find ourselves in front of the fine late Italian Gothic doorway of the Church of San Francesco, surmounted by a beautifully sculptured *Pieta*. We take a glimpse through the door of the inside of the church, but, as usual, everything of architectural interest is submerged beneath coats of paint and modern decorations, anything but beautiful. But a few steps farther on in the Corso, however, passing through a doorway, we find ourselves in the beautiful cloisters of the San Franciscan Convent, which have survived the great earthquake in 1667, which destroyed many of the greatest architectural treasures in Ragusa, including marvellous choral books, and 6,500 precious volumes belonging to the Franciscan Library. The fire which succeeded the earthquake accounted also for the destruction of the miraculous crucifix that rested



## Dalmatia

on the beam of the high-altar, many pictures, the precious altar of massive silver, and twenty-six silver statues, a braccio and a half high, that adorned it, and the very beautiful ceiling of the church—"a masterpiece," says Mr. Jackson, "of carving and gilding." However, notwithstanding the fact that, owing to these catastrophes, parts of the convent have been extensively modernized, there is much of the old-world atmosphere still remaining in the shadowed cloisters and the square within their sculptured arches. Large orange-trees flourish happily within this garden space. They are laden with fruit, and cast clearly-drawn shadows on the beautiful masonry surrounding them. Seeing a staircase leading to the upper stage of the cloister, we boldly mount, and get a good view of the campanile, of which the upper stage of the cupola alone has been restored. A piece of a fine sculptured frieze also comes into view, and we have just discovered an interesting terrace on one side, leading from the cloisters, when we are accosted by a man, who has hurriedly rushed up the steps to beg us at once to come down, as no "*femine*" are allowed up there. We have intruded into masculine monastic life! In haste and much abashed we fly down. But, snapped in all innocence before we guessed we were trespassing, my two little pictures remain! As we pass from the cloisters to the Corso, we see on our right a dignified chemist's establishment belonging to the convent. Everything in Ragusa tells of the prosperity that has been, and the order that still exists. The wide, well-paved Corso, where once the canal flowed which divided the fortified rock on which stood also the ancient town—a Roman settle-



1. IN THE BOCCHIE DI CATTARO.

2. THE "FALLEN KINGS" AND THE DONKEY-ENGINE ON BOARD THE  
"SELENE."

(See p. 132.)



## The Corso

ment—is a great contrast to the narrow alleys and pathways in Cattaro, and also, indeed, to the streets of the old Ragusa itself, built on the island. We look up some of these little streets on our right hand as we walk down the Corso from the Porta Pile. They are mostly formed of flights of steps, with only here and there a level piece of pavement. The upper storeys of the houses in the Corso are comparatively modern, but the basements, used as shops, are very old, and recall to our trio those in Randazzo, the ancient town built of black lava, 3,000 feet high on the slopes of Etna, where we three found ourselves in the spring of 1900. Precisely similar in both cities is the arrangement of the stone counters which run half across the arched doorways, making the actual inlet to the shop one-sided, and but half the width of the arch. Gold and silver buttons, eastern embroideries, inlaid leather and metal work, are among the attractive wares displayed in many of the shops, but I saw nothing that was quite irresistible. Again, Sicily is recalled in the work on the gold buttons which are now being made in Ragusa, and bought by all who wear the Dalmatian costume. In Sicily, alas! the poor inhabitants have to part with their beautiful heirlooms, and no new gold beads or buttons are made. They are too poor, too much ground down by the taxes that are levied in the vain attempt to make poor little Italy one of the first European Powers, for any delightful art or industry to flourish in their island. Austria may be poor compared to other foremost nations; but poor, beautiful Sicily is aggravated, as well as starved. She sees miles and miles of waving corn—Demeter reigning over a generous abundance of Nature's gifts, which ought

## Dalmatia

at least to supply enough food for her people—all shipped off to other shores ; her sulphur mines worked by foreign capitalists ; the hotels built and managed by syndicates from more commercially awakened countries, to receive the ever-increasing troops of tourists ; but nothing in the way of prosperity coming to the poor native folk of the soil

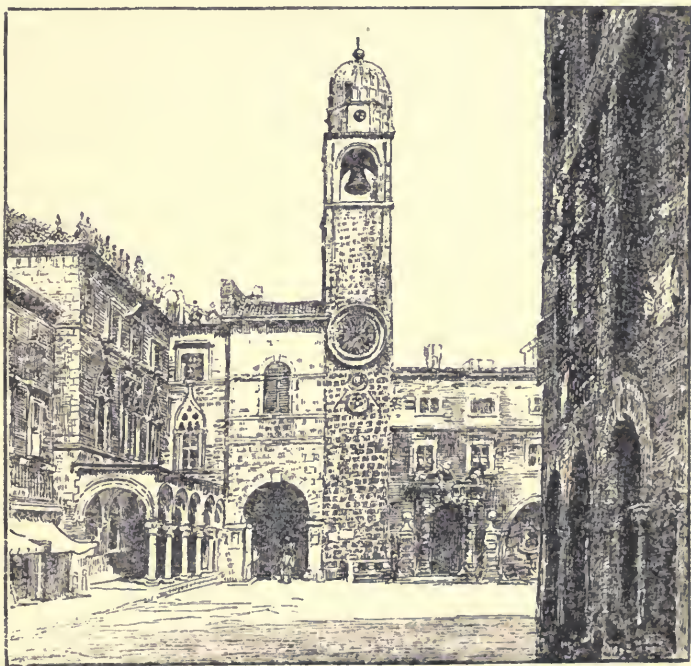
With talk and thoughts of Sicily, we walk to the end of the Corso of Ragusa, and, turning to get a view of it in all its length, we see the fine campanile of the Franciscan Convent rising at the end of the wide, well-paved street ; above—the enormous fortification walls, pierced by the pointed doorway through which we reached the Corso. The shops, full of gaily coloured wares, run on each side, and bring bright, varied colouring into the scene. Turning again, we face the Porta Plocce, which leads into the city from the south. Here, as we stand on the *piazza* into which the Corso runs, we are surrounded by important buildings. The town belfry surmounts the archway of the Porta Plocce ; the beautiful *sponza* or *dogana*—in other words, custom-house—stands at right-angles to the belfry on the eastern side of the *piazza*. This is a very beautiful building, and next in importance, from an architectural point of view, to the palace, and Jackson writes, “ already an ancient building in 1440, when De Diversis described it.” It is still used as the *dogana* of the city. “ Composite as it is in style and date, the building is a very charming one, and not a little of its piquancy is due to the fantastic battlements, or shall we call them pinnacles, that stand along the eaves like those of the Ca’d’oro at Venice ” (Jackson).

But everything in Ragusa is charming. From every



## The Public Buildings of Ragusa

point in this noble city comes in sight some fine craftsman's handiwork, carrying out the true spirit of citizenship which inspired this ideal republic of Ragusa. While facing the grandeur of its architecture, the truth of Mr. Jackson's words is enforced—to repeat them yet once again,



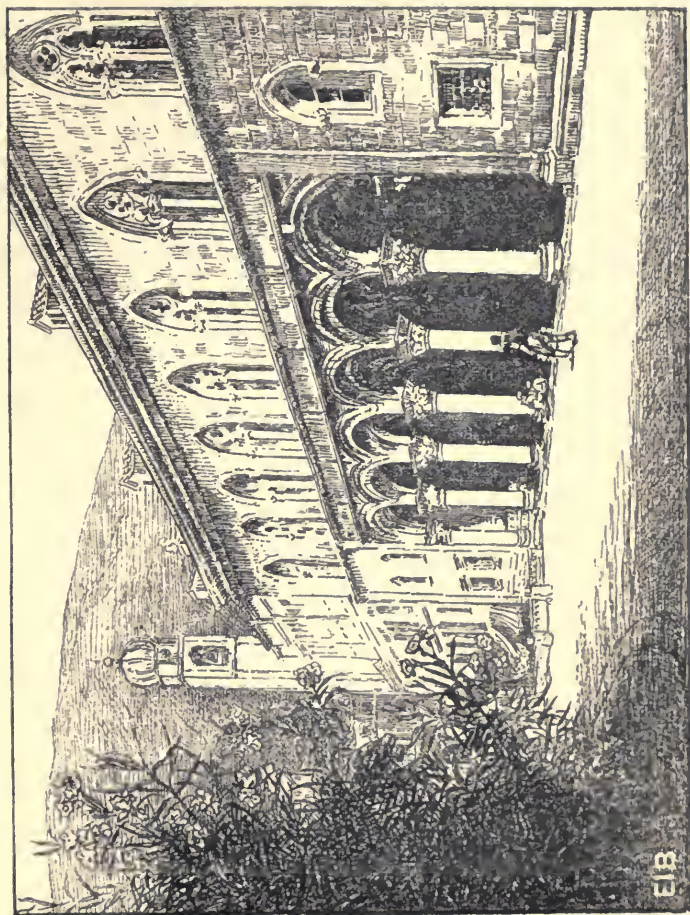
RAGUSA: THE TORRE DEL CAMPANILE, 1480; THE PORTA PLOCCE; AND THE SPONZA, BEGUN 1312.

so very true are they: "As in Greece, so here, the splendour of the city depends on public buildings which were the common property of the citizens;" but note—that "common property" was wrought in as artistically perfect a manner as human brain and hand could fashion it!

## Dalmatia

Turning our backs on the *sponza*, we walk past the smaller of Onofrio di la Cava's fountains, and reach the greatest architectural treasure spared by the earthquake—namely, the Rector's Palace, very fully described by Mr. Jackson. He recounts how, in 1388, an old castle, which had served originally as an outpost for the Roman settlement, which inhabited the craggy hill to the south, was subsequently used as the seat of government, and later had been replaced by a new palace for the Rector. This building was destroyed by fire on August 10th, 1435, after which the Ragusan Government employed "a certain Master Onofrio Giordani di la Cava, of the kingdom of Naples," to use the words quoted by Jackson from De Diversis, to build "a magnificent construction, sparing no expense." In 1462 this building was in greater part also destroyed by fire. The Grand Council then entrusted the work of repairing the damage to two "famous artists," Michelozzo Michelozzi (a pupil of Donatello) and Giorgio Orsini—called Giorgio Dalmatico—who constructed the palace as we now see it. Much of the earlier and beautiful work of Onofrio di la Cava which escaped the fire, however, still exists, notably the magnificent Gothic doorway of the principal entrance. Unfortunately for us, the Rector's Palace is undergoing repair on a large scale, and scaffolding and general disorder prevents our getting any complete impression of the inner court of the palace.

Across to the west rises the important-looking cathedral, alas! dating only from the seventeenth century. "Of all the losses Ragusa sustained by the great earthquake of 1667, that of the ancient *duomo*



THE RECTOR'S PALACE, RAGUSA.

## Dalmatia

is most to be regretted," writes Jackson. However, the new *duomo* is not offensive in any way. A flight of steps leads to the large entrance, and increases the imposing appearance which the classic building certainly possesses, and, shadowed as it is in the afternoon light, it takes its place becomingly in the striking picture the *piazza* affords. The graceful fountain, considerably smaller than that next the Porta Pile, but also the work of Onofrio, stands on the right of the Porta Plocce. On a line with both, and facing the southern wall of the cathedral, stands the gem of Ragusan architecture—the Rector's Palace. Standing surrounded by the most important buildings of Ragusa, we try to master the original plan of the city, when the Corso was a *laguna*, and Ragusa proper an island. The passage through the Porta Plocce, under the town belfry, leads to the gateway of the old harbour of the Republic—too small a haven for such ships as our *Selene* to anchor in. Before the moles existed—built in 1495 by Pasquale di Michele, a Ragusan engineer—the *laguna*, flowing where the Corso now runs, joined the sea in the original natural harbour of Ragusa, cutting off the rock and citadel of Ragusa and the Rector's Palace and Cathedral from the mainland and also from the heights of Monte Sergio, which rose from near its shore. At the Porta Pile end of the Corso the *laguna* found an outlet between the craggy peninsula on which the town was built and the fortified rock crowned by San Lorenzo. The history of all the vicissitudes which befel Ragusa is amply recounted by Jackson. We find it was not till Ragusa established itself as a Republic, in the early part of the fifteenth century, that the two portions of



## The Ancient Town of Ragusa

the town became united, the *laguna* being filled in, the Corso made, and the huge walls and towers which encircle the harbour and the town rising on the Monte Sergio to the Torre Menze, erected. From the *piazza* we walk past the Rector's Palace on our left, and on our right the Pillar of Orlando, erected as the flagpost of the Republic "when floated the gonfalon of their patron, St. Biagio." This afternoon the column forms the centre of baskets of pomegranates, grapes, and other attractive-looking fruits and vegetables, which are being sold on the pavement. We are in a roaming mood; the outside of the buildings being so extraordinarily attractive and interesting, we feel no inclination to go inside anything. We turn into the old town, and find that, on account of its having been once a fortified island, the buildings are squeezed into as small a space as possible. Foot passengers, man or beast, can alone wander among the alleys, and up and down the steps in it. Terraces on the tops of walls and houses are turned into little gardens. Every inch is made the most of. A few very ancient carvings and tablets round and over doorways still exist. We try to reach the citadel on the summit of the rock, but every door and gateway that would seem to lead to the fortifications is fast closed. Walking in a northerly direction, we come on shops and a more animated appearance in the life of the alleys. At length we turn out of their labyrinths, and find ourselves near the Porta Pile, and return through the Avenue of Mulberries to our hotel. Having taken in many delightful impressions from very beautiful and notable specimens of Early Gothic architecture—the most fascinating to my mind



## Dalmatia

being from the hand of Onofrio di la Cava—from interesting street scenes, and from that most rare of all impressions to be acquired nowadays—namely, an atmosphere of the stately dignity of olden times, which reigns in the noble city of Ragusa, unspoilt as it yet is by cosmopolitan cheapening—we sit on the balcony outside our rooms, and again enjoy a civilized and refreshing *thé complet*. So beautiful is the view from the balcony that I am content to do nothing but watch it while the light lasts. The town rises in a dark mass against a clear sky, full of warm light, the sea below being but slightly lower in tone, though fuller in tints of blue and gold. Strips of vivid pink cloud float over the grand mass of buildings, piled up so high above the sea-line. The building of the San Domenico Convent and Church on the original shore of the mainland rises at the foot of the old town, and the campanile of the Franciscan Convent fills in the extreme left of the picture—one truly of imposing dignity and beauty. I do not remember ever before having seen a medieval town which produced such an impression of grandeur. As evening advances, the mass of buildings, the fir-trees and oleanders, which make the foreground of the scene, become almost black against the light. One by one the lights in the fortresses pierce the gloom of shadowed walls; one by one the stars begin to pierce the softened blue-grey of the sky. It is extraordinarily lovely. Why do not more English visit Ragusa? Perhaps because it is still so unspoilt! It is not yet made into a Nice, a Cannes, or a Mentone, though the Hotel Imperial is replete with up-to-date comforts. But the mass of





1. "LA COLLEGIATA," OR THE CHURCH OF ST. MARIA INFUNARA, CATTARO.

Rebuilt in 1220 on the plan of a more ancient edifice.

2. THE CAVERN-LIKE ENTRANCE TO CATTARO.

(See p. 141.)



EJB

RAGUSA IN THE LIGHT OF THE AFTERGLOW, FROM THE BALCONY OF THE HOTEL IMPERIAL.

## Dalmatia

sun-seeking travellers go to meet people, not to see places.

*September 23rd.*—Wandered out early into the town to visit the Dominican Convent we had missed seeing yesterday. How fresh and pure the air feels, blowing under the avenue of mulberry-trees. How brightly pink, red, and white the oleander blossoms look, out in the sunshine beyond the fir-trees, and viewed from under their shadow ! If for no other reason than that the oleanders are in bloom in September, should September be chosen as the month in which to visit Dalmatia. The Porta Pile reached, even inside the labyrinth of fortifications oleanders are here, there, and everywhere—peeping over the walls, springing up from the ground, emerging from holes in the masonry. Such beautiful things as these are never allowed free play in up-to-date towns. They are allowed to do as they like here in Ragusa, as the *Campanula pyramidalis* does at Cattaro. The forms natural growths take mean always something beautiful. The vegetation at Ragusa seems also to be unencumbered by dust. Ragusa is a clean place. The Franciscans at one end and the Dominicans at the other seem to do their duty well, using their influence in the direction of order and education. At this hour—about 9 a.m.—we meet neatly-dressed children, books under their arms, satchels hanging by their sides, trotting off to school in cheerful, businesslike fashion. We walk the length of the Corso facing the Civic Campanile and Onofrio's smaller fountain. At the very end, on our left hand, the little narrow street is reached which leads to the church and convent of San Domenico. We mount a flight of steps, with a remarkably beautiful old sculp-



## San Domenico

tured balustrade, and we are at the door of the church, which was first opened for Divine worship in 1306. In 1348 the convent, with its beautiful cloisters, seems to have been completed ; and 1424, according to Professor Gebrich, is the date of the campanile, the architect being Fra Stephano, a brother of the Order of San Domenico, though, as we learn from Jackson, that could only be the date of its beginning, for De Diversis speaks in 1440 of it as still incomplete " and growing daily." The inside of the church is large, but consists only of one great nave. There are good pictures in the choir ; one over the first altar by Titian ; but coming out of the morning sunshine, even Titian looks somewhat dingy. Nothing looks very alluring in the shadowed building. Pleasanter is it to pass out into the cloister, where sunshine and shadow are playing over beautiful fourteenth-century work. As in the Franciscan cloisters orange-trees, covered with fruit, are growing happily within the quadrangle, their foliage reflected in flickering patterns on the walls and arches that close round the little square garden in the centre. Other plants and shrubs grow within the limits of low white marble walls, built on the pavement of the court. A well-head forms the picturesque centre of the square. It is surmounted by a Renaissance erection, columns supporting it on each side, bearing the date 1623. Again we meet with the restorer's hand. Citizen Amerling having extended his benefactions to the convent and cloisters of San Domenico, untidiness has vanished. The restoration is completed, and doubtless time will soon bestow its blessing of *tone*. At this moment I find I have exhausted my kodak films, but Ragusa proves sufficiently within the radius of civilization to supply

## Dalmatia

fresh rolls. They are advertised in the window of a shop in the Corso. Going inside, I find Eastman No. 1 as easily as in Regent Street.

Our appointment with Count Gozze is fixed for this afternoon at his domain at Cannosa. At three o'clock the little steamer which is to take us thither starts from the harbour at Gravosa. Two little ponies, round and well-cared for, rattle us, apparently in a desperate hurry, from the hotel to our *point de départ*. When we reach Gravosa, with its belt of black cypresses, our little boat awaits us. It is white and clean, and very like a toy-steamer, its brass funnel very bright, and the portion reserved for pleasure trippers encased in glass. Other passengers are on board, for Count Gozze opens his grounds to the public on this day. Exactly at three o'clock away we start, passing out of the port of Gravosa, cutting through a choppy sea, cerulean blue—drake's neck and peacock mixtures of blue and green for shadows and gorgeous orange for lights—all colour and movement between the islands and the shore; the islands—Calmotta, Mezzo, and Guipana by name—are the same which we saw from the *Selene* afar off as we approached Ragusa from the south in the strange light after the short storm when their ends seemed to be turned up out of the sea. Straight in front of us is the southern point of that curious long tongue of land, Sabbioncello, which seems to have been meant for an island but by some mistake had hung on to the mainland by the very narrow strip where the town of Stague was built. Formerly, we learn, the inhabitants resented being called Dalmatians, they only acknowledged the name Ragusans.

## In the Toy Steamer to Cannosa

Their territory stretched from Sulorina in the Bocche di Cattaro along the coast to Klek in the Canal di Narenta, Sabbioncello and the large islands of Lagosta and Meleda, likewise the smaller islands we pass on the way to Cannosa, all belonging to the Ragusan Republic. From the Punto d'Ostro on the Bocche di Cattaro to the northern end of Sabbioncello measures just under a hundred miles ; the width of the territory consists only of the few miles of coast between the sea and the mountains. We realize these facts as we plod on in our toy-steamer through the brilliantly-hued sea, between us and the shore, and the waters to the west, which are but a sheen of dazzling sunshine. How exhilarating to the spirits is all this colour and light in the South ! The rocks on the shore are orange and red ; oleanders, olives, myrtles, and pine-trees grow freely among them, the dark finger of a cypress starting upwards here and there from its less aspiring comrades. We pass the fine ruin of an old castle on a rock overlooking the sea. We turn a point, and steer inwards and southwards to the little miniature harbour of Lerdupina. The voyage from Gravosa takes just one hour. A white wall juts out and acts as a breakwater. Placed at the end of the wall is a truly southern piece of decoration, reminding me of Malta in its native, festive moods ; a small fir-tree in a pot stands as a sentinel, hung with bright feathers and beads, which are tied on to its branches. We alight from our little steamer. As along the coast, but closer together and apparently more cared for, cypresses, pomegranates, olives, and orange-trees cover the steep hill-side above the landing-place. These must be the out-

## Dalmatia

skirts of Count Gozze's famous garden. We have not mounted many steps up the hill before the cordial, welcoming voice of the owner greets us, and soon we are in the old-world atmosphere of his home. In A.D. 740 a sort of king of shepherds, owning thousands of cattle and flocks of sheep innumerable, was in possession of this Ragusan territory when the inhabitants of Solona, Epidaurus, Montenegro, Herzegovina, and Servia fled before the invasion of Barbarians over the mountains and along the shore to this part of Dalmatia. The ancestor of our host, the king of shepherds, was elected as their patriarch, and from that time the Gozze family has been prominent among noble families of Ragusa, and now its representative is the only magnate remaining of those who dated from the commencement of the Ragusan State.

Full of kindness and vitality—talking French with volubility—Count Gozze leads us through pathways to our first halting-place. It is a room built apart from the house overlooking the sea. From the open windows a beautiful view is before us. “*Ah ! les vers d'amours qui ont été écrits dans ce bosquet-ci ; les situations qui ont eu lieu entre ces quatre murs. C'est le vrai asile des amoureux !*” exclaims our host. It is truly a most romantic spot, in a garden of palms. Groups of cypresses rise up from below in their rich velvety darkness, framing the sea and the small purple islands lying on the surface of golden sheen. Farther out to sea is a long, violet-blue strip, the island of Meleda, and on the right the southern point of Sabbioncello. Between the cypresses grow orange and pomegranate trees, laden with fruit, glowing out of their

## In Count Gozze's Famous Garden

bright green foliage in brilliantly warm colour against the ever-varying and shifting hues of the water, into the very depths of which we look straight down from this perch. Turning out of this "*asile des amoureux*," and passing through a formal garden, we approach the house. We do not now enter within, as the programme is arranged by Count Gozze for us first to see the famous garden. He is much distressed that we see it at such a *mauvais moment*. The drought has wrought lamentable results. Most of the flowers are more or less shrivelled up. The fruit trees—especially the fine specimens of prickly pear bushes—are evidently not much affected by the want of water, as they are amply laden, nor are the flowers in pots, which seem happy enough; but we are tantalized by descriptions of what is to be seen here in the way of roses, etc., in the months of January and February. Behind the house stands the private family chapel overshadowed by the famous oak, under whose branches, Count Gozze tells us, Popes, Emperors, Kings, and Queens, our late King, when Prince of Wales, and sundry great magnates have sat and drunk their coffee with our host no less than with his ancestors. Some few years ago, he says, Lord Rosebery visited him at Cannosa from his yacht. The famous gardens spread far up the hillside. It takes time to wander in and out of the shaded groves of evergreens, to view the wonderful specimens of rare trees, the grottos and the many pathways, and before reaching the foremost curiosities of the estate—namely, the biggest trees in Europe—the shrill whistle of our toy-steamer penetrates the sylvan glades. We are alarmed. "*Oh! n'y faites*



## Dalmatia

*pas attention. Ils savent bien que je viens ; c'est à dire si vous me permettez l'honneur de vous accompagner à Ragusa.*" (What it is to date back to the eighth century !)

With this reassurance from our host, we go farther and farther away up the hill. We emerge from the garden thickets on to a rocky hillside, from which spring many groups of cypresses and a few olive-trees. The small village of Cannosa surrounds the parochial church, on the southern side of which grow the world-wide renowned giant plane-trees. We come first to a platform of earth, built up on a low wall, on which grows one of the three giants. Its stem is eleven mètres in circumference. Then, on a slightly lower stage, we see the second, twelve mètres round the stem. The third is considerably lower down the hill and not quite so large. These are the wonderful sights of Cannosa which allure the visits of travellers from all countries. They appear to be in perfect health, though said to have been planted in the fifteenth century by a peasant, belonging to a family named Miljas, from seeds or small plants brought from Constantinople. As we gaze up in wonderment into their wide-spreading branches, the shrill whistle of our steamer again rises from the harbour. It is becoming impatient ; the whistle repeats its piercing appeal several times. At last Count Gozze deigns to notice it. He tells a little boy, who is standing near us, to run down and say we shall not be very long ; they must wait. He will not hurry us, however. Everything must be seen. We return by other paths from those we mounted down to the house where we are to meet Count Gozze's great treasure, a young niece, the daughter of a sister



CLOISTER OF THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH, RAGUSA (*see p. 160*)

Built between 1317 and 1360.



## A Modern Lady Jane Grey

who is dead. She lives with him, and he adores her. He tells us she is an angel of goodness, spending her life among the poor of Cannosa and Ragusa, helping the needy and sick. Her education has been carried on by professors. She is very wise, and devoted to reading and music. She is so retiring, she can hardly be induced to see strangers, but she will see us! We look forward with interest to being introduced to this modern Lady Jane Grey. On entering the hall we are shown, among the family portraits, that of the Count's beautiful Irish grandmother, and also the family tree, illuminated on parchment, starting with the shepherd king. We mount stairs to the drawing-room, where the modest châtelaine, of sweet countenance and perfect manners, greets us most charmingly—a rare specimen of the *vieille cour*. We are led to a second drawing-room through—it may be but the thickness of the old walls—a space large enough to contain a little altar decorated with flowers and ornaments and a painted figure of a Madonna and Child. A pretty and most enticing *colazione* is spread in the farther drawing-room—tea and fruits, cakes and bon-bons, wines and liqueurs. Notwithstanding the poor people in the toy-steamer below, already kept waiting more than half an hour, our hosts insist on our partaking of the attractive feast. The house is full of beautiful old and curious furniture and ornaments, very southern in character, which means, as at Malta, a touch also of Eastern taste. Our young hostess, retiring as a rule, does us the honour of being forthcoming and friendly. She has the attraction which is often found in those who live much alone. There is depth in her sweet

## Dalmatia

regard, and her words seem to be dug out from thoughts very much her own. Her personality in itself inspires profound respect. It gives me positive pleasure that she seems to like us. With her adieux, she presents K. B. and myself with large bouquets of flowers arranged on a solid background of palm leaves. We accept them with a genuine admiration—even affection—for the donor. Cannosa has given us a picture of a life beautiful, but, alas! how rare! The old order, alas! with its delicate perfumed atmosphere of high breeding, changeth; but when, by happy chance, a small remnant of the real thing crosses one's path, what an indelibly lasting picture of charm it leaves in the memory! The charm may be impossible adequately to describe—difficult, even, to suggest—one can only say that, compared to it, all other charms are but shoddy!

Now that the toy steamer and its crew has to be faced, we do hurry down the pathway; but how patient are our co-voyageurs! Not a frown—not a word—not a grumble! That it is to be with Count Gozze—the representative of the owners of the soil ever since the eighth century A.D., who accompanies us back to Ragusa. The bright little brass funnel puffs away, and we are off. Through the cypresses we look up to the famous garden on the hillside. There, at the casement of the harbour house of romantic situation—*asile des amoureux*—sits the sweet, wise descendant of the shepherd king, the veritable impersonation of the “old order.” She leans forward out of the casement and waves a scarf. Her uncle is delighted; so are we; and all wave handkerchiefs from our little, eager, vibrating



## A Memorable Vision

barque. The sunset lights strike on her bower—on the gracious little figure and the scarf blown aloft in the air—a picture never to be forgotten! Grand in savage, arid loneliness, the rocky heights above catch sun-rays, orange and pink; the velvet darkness of cypresses are richly aglow in the level light; oranges, pomegranates, and palms frame the walls of her bower; the little lady, a Princess in her own domain, floats a signal of friendly greeting from her casement. We round the point jutting out beyond the harbour, and the picture has vanished. Behind us still stretches out the long tongue of land so nearly an island, thickly wooded, where, Count Gozze tells us, jackals still abound. All belongs to the descendants of the patriarch shepherd. What a rare mixture of the wild, the lonely, and the strange, with all that is most delicately pointed, most profoundly civilized, most subtly finished! *Cela donne à penser*. As we land at Gravosa we are amused by an existing sign of our host's position with the Ragusans. The coachmen of the carriages on hire crowd round Count Gozze, each begging him with dramatic action to intercede with us to engage his special vehicle to drive us to Ragusa.

*September 24th.*—C. B. and K. B. fly off at dawn without me by a single railway-line into the interior to visit Trebinje. I am sceptical of finding anything unspoilt to which a railway leads, also I have not yet had enough enjoyment out of Ragusa to leave it. Count Gozze, reappears this morning, with the information that he has made necessary elaborate arrangements for us to see the treasures in the Cathedral to-morrow morning. This is

## Dalmatia

a great privilege, only to be obtained by interest. Permission is required from the three highest potentates in Ragusa—namely, from the Bishop, the Commandant, and the Mayor. Three keys have to be sent by their representatives before the doors of the treasury open. Count Gozze tells me much that is interesting of the history of the town\* and the part his family took in its Republic. When he leaves, I start with the kodak through the garden, the avenue of mulberry-trees, the Porta Pile, away into the town. It has a peculiarly dignified fascination. From the beginning of its existence, the right, truly enlightened civilization seems to have guided its construction and all its main public proceedings. The aims of those in power apparently were to encourage beauty, order, and dignity in the lives of its citizens. In very early days slavery was abolished in Ragusa, it being considered equally humiliating to the State which allowed human beings to be bought and sold as to the slaves themselves. In the fifteenth century the Ragusan territory seemed governed by ideal Republican institutions,† and the town still

\* Mostly recounted also in Mr. Jackson's book.

† "With the period of her freedom and autonomy, Ragusa entered on a career of increased activity and progress; the city was adorned with numerous public buildings, and various public improvements were effected. The legislation of the time does honour to the humanity of the citizens. In 1417 slave-dealing was prohibited as base, wicked, and abominable. In 1432 a foundling hospital was established to counteract the practice of exposing infants, and in 1435 public schools were formed, in which education was given gratuitously by masters of eminence, who were invited from Italy.

"Water was conveyed to the city from Gionchetto, eight miles off, and laid on to conduits, under the direction of the Neapolitan architect, Onofrio di La Cava, who erected the handsome foun-

## View of Ragusa from the South

retains the dignity which a feeling of true nobility infuses into a Government. It is difficult to convey in words the peculiar attractiveness of the city, but when there, it creates a feeling of *bien être*, as does contact with first-rate, perfectly balanced natures in human beings.

Passing through the archway under the clock-tower a labyrinth of fortifications leads to the Porta Plocce. Below the massive walls lies the picturesque harbour of Ragusa. As I follow the road above it, delightful views of the coast come into sight, still more beautiful than those between the Porta Pile and Gravosa, while, on looking back towards the town, a very striking picture is obtained of the splendid position on which it is built. It is singularly impressive from this southern aspect. I had noticed, in passing through the fortification walls to the Porta Plocce, the façades of no less than three small churches, evidently built in order that the Ragusan soldiers should be supplied with places of worship when the town was in a state of siege.

On returning to the hotel, after a delightful morning's roaming, I found the travellers somewhat disappointed with their expedition to Trebinje. They had spent much time in a very slow train, and had not found anything of

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tain, still standing, though much defaced, near the Porta Pile, and the smaller one at the Corpo di Guardia near the Dogana.

"Onofrio found another opportunity for the display of his skill in the rebuilding of the palace, which was destroyed in 1432 by a fire and an explosion of gunpowder in the adjoining arsenal. The new palace was begun in 1435, and De Diversis, who saw it building, has left an account of it."—See JACKSON, vol. ii., p. 299.

## Dalmatia

special interest at Trebinje itself. C. B. goes forth to bathe in a place he has spotted outside the Porta Plocce. K. B. and I turn out of the garden walk along the Gravosa road. In vain has C. B. tried to mount to the summit of the various fortifications, whence, obviously, the view must be superb. Locked doors and gateways had frustrated him at every point. However, keen-sighted K. B. had noted a rough lane, which led from the Gravosa road to a third great rocky promontory, which starts out into the sea, the first being built over by the old fortress town, and the second crowned by the St. Lorenzo. We make for the rough lane, and mount by it to the top of the third promontory, unbuilt on and covered with grass. There has evidently never been a lagoon separating this eminence from the mainland, but from its summit we see how nearly the sea surrounds the other two promontories. From our rough lane we get a splendid view of St. Lorenzo and the grand rock striking straight from the fortress down into the sea, the old town rising behind, and both aglow in evening light, the sea below in deep shadowed colour, encircling the base of the great rock fringed with white eddies of froth. Monte Sergio, with its "stupendous Torre Menze," fills in the picture on our left. The lane ends in a footpath, which leads to the grassy summit of the hill. Crossing it to the north we look down on the fourth bay, and below, on its southern shore, on to the Chiesa alle Dancé, built in 1457, on this quiet and beautiful spot by the sea as a last resting-place for the poorest inhabitants of Ragusa.\* The

\* "Following the footpath over a bare, stony down with a rounded summit, we descend the gentle slope on the other side

## The Pauper Cemetery

touching appeal and pathos of the scene is difficult to describe. We have just been gazing on Nature in her grand and dominant moods allied to the results of man's belligerent instincts in the imposing and momentous forms they take at Ragusa. Turning to the little building, with its pauper cemetery on the very edge of the great restless moving waters, the contrast is pathetic ; it looks so still, so small, unprotected, and isolated—yet telling its own story convincingly. One little house stands near it, the custodian's. He has a small garden for his vegetables and fruit ; otherwise, all within view of Chiesa alle Dancé is wild Nature, wild and beautiful.

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towards the sea, here an unbroken expanse, unchequered by islands, with nothing between us and the Apulian shore. At the very verge of the low cliff against which the sea beats we found the little Chiesa alle Dancé, which was begun by public decree in 1457, to provide a resting-place after death for the city poor, as an inscription attests which is affixed to the wall on one side of the chancel arch :

“ DIVÆ MARIÆ VIRGINI  
S. C. DECRETO AD PAUPERVM SEPVL  
EX ÆR PVB DOTIBVS  
VIII IDVS DECEMBRIS M CCCCLVII  
D

“ Though building for a pauper cemetery, the Ragusan senate did not starve the design, as a modern vestry might have done. On the contrary, the church is very pretty, and the west doorway is even magnificent, and though the interior is plain, it contains some good pictures, which have an especial interest because the painter was native Ragusan. There are two pictures, of which the more interesting one hangs on the north wall.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The pictures are interesting as proving the existence of a native school of painters, who modelled their style on that of Italy, though painting, like architecture, lagged behind in Dalmatia—these paintings of Nicoló Raguseo in 1517 being as archaic in style as those of Crivelli sixty or seventy years earlier.”—JACKSON, vol. ii., p. 382.



## Dalmatia

The Ragusans placed the last resting-place of their poor where no worldly grandeur, no mighty monuments, should mark a difference between the noble and the pauper in the last sleep where all distinctions cease ; but they placed it where Nature should alone surround it—Nature, whose beauty is the common treasure of Kings and peasants. Rarely distinguished was the feeling of this great Republic !

Count Gozze dines with us, and tells us we are to be admitted to the treasures in the Cathedral at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, also that we are on the eve of being invaded by a hundred doctors and their families, who will arrive in half an hour on their way from a medical conference which has just met in Croatia. And, sure enough, as we sit drinking our coffee after dinner, a great hubbub is heard outside the hotel. The space in front is quickly crowded with carriages and luggage. There is accommodation only for sixty of the hundred doctors. The last comers have to drive off again. But what a turmoil the sixty can make ! They come with wives, sons, and daughters from all countries in Europe. Two hours they take to settle in—then we can sleep.

*September 25th.*—At ten o'clock we are at the Cathedral. The three keys to unlock the treasure-chamber have not yet arrived. A nice priest shows us over the church. We gather from him the information we much want—namely, how we are to develop our gratitude for the approaching privilege into a practical form. When such privileges rise to the altitude that ours do on the present occasion, it becomes puzzling to know how to effect this without encroaching on the dignity of the



THE TORRE MENZE FROM THE AVENUE OF MULBERRY  
TREES, RAGUSA (see p. 157)



"THE SPONZA" (CUSTOM-HOUSE), RAGUSA (see p. 162)  
A Venetian Gothic building dating from 1314.



ONOFRIO DI LA CAVA'S SMALLER FOUNTAIN, RAGUSA (*see p. 164*).

## A Great Privilege

situation. Our good priest tells us we can satisfactorily effect all that is expected and desired by putting something into the box for the poor.

Alas ! that the disastrous earthquake in 1667 destroyed the precious edifice on whose site we stand.; built—at least, so tradition says—by Richard Cœur de Lion as a votive offering in memory of his having been rescued from shipwreck on the Island of La Croma, opposite Ragusa. From all accounts, it must have been one of the most beautiful and the costliest Cathedrals in Dalmatia. The present building is large, and contains a few good pictures, the most striking being a very fine head of our Lord by Pordenone, and a beautiful triptych recalling the work of Memling. An altar picture, the Assumption of the Virgin, partly painted by Titian, is much darkened by age and probably by the candles which burn under it on the altar.

But the great moment has arrived, and the three representatives of the town magnates advance with the keys in their hands, and proceed to open the door of the treasure-chamber. We pass through it, and it closes behind us. Our nice priest with the sacristan shows the marvels it contains, which were found under the ruins of the Church of San Stefano after the earthquake, and placed in this later Cathedral when it was built. Of San Stefano a doorway in the oldest part of Ragusa is the only remains. First and foremost is the *Reliquiario des Teschio di San Biagio*. Mr. Jackson gives an interesting account of this beautiful piece of work—"a crown-shaped casket of enamelled work, in which the Ragusana venerate the skull, or part of the skull of their



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patron saint, San Biagio, or St. Blaise"—and made an exquisitely fine drawing of it, which is reproduced in his book.

We are indeed duly impressed by the treasures—so much so that the ever just and generous C. B. feels we must deposit yet a further donation in the box for the poor, or the amount of pleasure and interest they have given us would not be fairly represented. We are grateful beyond words to the good priest, and to the emissaries holding the keys, but we dare not approach them with a gift !

Alas ! it is our last morning in the noble town. In bright morning sunshine we wander about for an hour among its charming buildings, and then, passing back through the Porta Pile, see them no more. Will some happy fate bring us back again one day to its Corso, Onofrio's fountains, the Sponza, the Rector's Palace, the Cloisters of the two guardian convents—sentinels at each end of the city—the avenue of mulberries, and the beautiful, delightful oleanders ?

It is four o'clock p.m., when we quit our comfortable rooms in the Hotel Imperial. As we near the rough lane leading to the grassy promontory overlooking the little Chiesa alle Dancé, we see a procession moving on in front of us, headed by a priest bearing a crucifix, an acolyte walking on either side. It is a funeral procession on its way to the lonely little pauper cemetery by the sea over the hill. All engaged in the ceremony are evidently dressed in their best, in full Dalmatian costume ; not one single figure in black. The colours of the coats and gowns and the wealth of ornaments are such as we have not yet



## A Contrast

seen in Dalmatia. In Ragusa assuredly the dead would be honoured. Respect for the shell whence the spirit has fled is the sign of something which common, unfinished natures lack. It comes from a desire to give something, to do something, in memory of those who can give nothing in return. The fine, earnest faces of the peasants carrying the coffin have no professional solemnity, no put-on funeral expression, but belong to those who, having the daily labour of the world's hard work to get through, can yet, as a matter of course, when a friend or relation passes on to his rest, find time to help in the last office. With the sight of the funeral procession turning up the little rough lane with its burden—a picture from the old national life of Ragusa—lingering in our memory, we drive on to Gravosa to face the new world and its ways ; the largest steamer on the Austrian Lloyd service of boats coasting up and down Dalmatian shores ; the hundred doctors and their families returning with promptitude on this large vessel to their various homes all over Europe ; the getting on the ship ; the donkey-engines at work ; the rattle of chains hauling the luggage of all these medicos on board ; the heaving up of the anchor—in fact, all the confusion of ugly sounds and sights consequent on a very large, full steamer getting under way. But when we are once off, all this “ ceases to annoy,” for we are coasting away between the islands and the mainland, where beauty reasserts herself as mistress of the situation. There we see the charming Cannosa ; we can even discern our Lady Jane Grey's arbour hanging over the sea, perched up above the cypresses, oranges, and pomegranates, and, farther back, the home of the

## Dalmatia

dynasty of Gozze. But our important, businesslike steamer ploughs the waters so much faster than did our little brass-funnelled pleasure toy, that we cannot, as we pass them, view things on the shore intimately and calmly. We are rushing at such a pace with our powerful engines that no sooner is Cannosa spied than it is already left far behind. We pass through a narrow strait between small islands and the southern point of Sabbioncello, out into the wider Canale di Méleda, the island of Méleda on our left, and the coast of Sabbioncello—of the wild jackals—on our right.

Méleda, the ancient Melita, is the place supposed by some to be the island on which St. Paul was shipwrecked. This is a very old tradition, and the natives still believe in it, a St. Paul's Bay being shown as one of the sights of Méleda. We are fast leaving the seas of the grand ancient Republic of Ragusa, and entering those of the old Venetian dominion. We long to have had time to linger, and to have seen the interior of the island of Méleda with its romantic lake, and the Convent of Santa Maria del Lago, built on an island in its centre ; but, alas ! the largest of Austrian Lloyd steamers, with its hundred doctors and their families and ourselves on board, quickly passes by it.

The sunset light is waning ; scarlets fade to crimson, gold to dusky orange, and the stars come out clear and bright. To our left, in the lighthouse on the rocks of Lagosta, the island farthest out in the open sea, the guiding star is lit. In front of our ship rises darkly the eastern point of Curzola, and we soon find ourselves in the Canale, with the shadowed, wooded mountains of Sabbioncello

## Passing the Island of Curzola

still on our right, and the Island of Curzola on our left. Now it is quite night. On opposite shores, first the lights of Orebic gleam out, then those of the noted town of Curzola, their reflections trickling far down into the sea. Sad indeed is the thought that there is the beautiful Duomo, the Badia, and Franciscan cloisters and their treasures, and we are passing them all without seeing them. Tantalizingly near is that cluster of buildings, the cupola of the Duomo of Curzola rising in its centre, and the lights of the town flickering in the water down to the very side of our ship. If even we could only have passed it by daylight! Sabbioncello being at last left behind, we find ourselves between the islands of Lesina and Lissa, and then steer westwards out into the open sea, till, turning round eastwards through a narrow *canale*, at eleven o'clock we reach Spalato.

## V

### DALMATIA

#### SPALATO—SOLONA—TRAÛ

JUST four weeks ago, in the soft West of England air of Herd's Hill—the Herd's Hill where Walter Bageliot lived and died ; the Herd's Hill of the pink China roses, the queenly magnolia trees of the ivory-cream goblets ; the very closely grown, very green lawns, the soft blue distances peeping in through rounded masses of monster elms, and peacocks perching above the gold-amber of the Ham stone balustrades, their bluest of blue necks making every other blue grey—in this bower of beautiful West Country garden sights—we read (in Jackson, of course) of the wonderful Spalato and its original creator, the great Roman Emperor Diocletian, the master of the world, the dominating, interesting personality.\* Now, only four

\* “ Had Spalato no other claims to our attention, the mere name and character of Diocletian would be enough to make it interesting. His life had been one of activity in the field, and the acutest statesmanship in the Court, a life which was nothing if not ambitious, during which he had raised himself from obscurity to the mastership of the world, a dignity which he had been careful to strip of the last faint semblance of popular magistracy, and to invest with the trappings of Oriental despotism. From all this he retired at the vigorous age of fifty-nine, laying aside the diadem which he, first of Roman Emperors, had dared to wear, and returning to lead the life of a private citizen in the

## Letters from Home

weeks after, we are on the quay under the very walls of Diocletian's palace, following on foot the porter (as at Cattaro—there are no carriages) to the Hotel Troccoli, in the Piazza dei Signori. Here even interest and curiosity concerning this most curious of towns gives place to the excitement of finding huge piles of letters awaiting each of us—letters which have accumulated at this hotel ever since we left Athens. Nothing can impress the mind better with the value of travelling than to read a pile of letters from those who are staying quietly at home, and to compare the fulness of life during a few weeks' journeying and the comparative monotony of those few weeks

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country and neighbourhood where his father and mother had lived as slaves.

"Here he grew famous cabbages, whose cultivation he preferred to the cares of empire, and spent the remaining nine years of his life in contented retirement. . . . A shadow rests on the last days of Diocletian himself, and it is supposed that he cut short his life by a voluntary death, either to escape the pangs of a chronic malady which tormented him, or to forestall the sentence pronounced against him by the jealousy of Constantine and Licinius.

"His palace at Spalato remains as a monument of the splendour he took with him even into his retirement. More than six centuries after his death it retained so much of its original magnificence that the imperial historian, 'born in purple' himself, and used to the semi-Oriental state of Constantinople, declared that it surpassed even in its ruin all powers of description. And even in its present state, ruined, defaced, and overgrown with the mean accretions of fifteen centuries, its vast proportions and solid construction excite our astonishment. So much of it remains that it is easy to recover in imagination what is lost. The principal buildings within the walls, and nearly the whole of the exterior walls themselves, remain standing. The two temples are turned into churches, the peristyle forms the town square or piazza, the outer walls still fence in the older town—the original city—and three of the four gates still exist, and form the ordinary entrances. The Porta Ænea, or eastern gate, has,



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when remaining in one place. Were we to travel quickly for long, as we have travelled, our powers of taking in might be reduced to the sort of confused, flickering activity of animated photographs; but what visions, vivid, new, and inspiring, has this flying over the ground for one month left in our possession! What a fund of new material for our memory's enjoyment! Happily, the contrast is not borne in distressingly to those at home, and it is a delightful ending to an eventful day to get good news from our own, who are enjoying their satisfying monotony in the soft West of England air, notwithstanding the fact that it has done *nothing* but rain!

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indeed, disappeared, and a mean modern doorway has taken its place; but the Porta Aurea, or north gate, still remains, with its bracketed colonnettes and arcadings, that seem to have been imitated by Theodoric in his palace at Ravenna; and the Porta Ferrea, or west gate, capped with a coquettish medieval campanile, still admits from the Borgo to the precincts of the older town. Standing in the old peristyle, with the blackened and defaced Corinthian colonnade on each side, the portico of the domed vestibule in front, and the two ancient temples to either hand, it is not too much to say that so much of Roman handiwork surrounds one that the later buildings seem mere excrescences upon it, and in this respect no other inhabited relic of the old Roman Empire can be compared with Spalato.

"The interior of the palace is naturally changed from its original state even more than the exterior. Within the circuit of what had been one man's house a city has been compressed, for nine and a half acres, though a fair allowance for a palace, is not very large for a town. The refugee inhabitants, as their numbers increased, had to make the most of their space. The large halls were divided into several houses each, the open squares were covered with buildings, and the wide thoroughfares or streets which intersected the palace were encroached upon and narrowed into miserable alleys, compared with which the streets at Sebenico and Zara are spacious and airy.

"The palace of Diocletian was first reconstructed on paper by the English architect, Robert Adam, one of the *Adelphi*, who visited Spalato in 1757."—JACKSON, vol. ii., p. 17.



CLOISTER OF THE DOMINICAN MONASTERY, DATING FROM 1348.

(See p. 170.)



## Spalato

*September 26th.*—The Hotel Troccoli is not of the Schweizerhof type, nor can it vie in luxury and finish with the new Hotel Imperial at Ragusa. It is, however, comfortable though the house is old, and attached to it is a good restaurant. As I open the shutters after a restful night, the view of the Piazza dei Signori presents itself. Directly facing the hotel is a public building, which has windows and arcading of good Venetian architecture. Also, in some of the private houses looking on the piazza there are the same. This square forms an interesting feature of the medieval town built outside the famous palace of Diocletian, within whose walls is tightly squeezed the real town of Spalato, every building outside belonging to what is counted as the *borgo*.

Early we start on a walk of discovery. From our piazza we pass through the Porta Ferrea into the town of Spalato, on the site of the Emperor's palace. The houses are built very high and close together, so that the little alleys are narrow and very much in shadow. I look in vain for a flower that may stamp itself on the memory as belonging specially to Spalato, as did the oleanders at Ragusa, the *Campanulas pyramidalis* at Cattaro. The objects that lend a living grace to the otherwise ancient and somewhat squalid conditions in this curious place are the wise-looking, pretty little brown owls that sit outside the shops on perches, as do our parrots at home. Perhaps it is a remnant of the far-away-in-the-past great reverence for Athena that induces the inhabitants of Spalato to keep these dear little wise-looking birds as pets.

The Porta Ferrea, through which we passed, is the western gate of this singular, squeezed-together herd of

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houses. It is "capped with a coquettish medieval campanile." The alleys are for foot-passengers only. Variety in the architecture of the houses is rampant. No two houses are alike—no two streets are alike. The general aspect of the place is confused, disorderly, and crowded. The little winking brown owls—Athenas on a very small scale—seated on their miniature parrot-stands, self-composed and unimpressed by our notice of them, are the only neat, well-finished people we came across; "their fallen kings" are neither one nor the other. As we near the central point of interest, the Cathedral, we meet with that special form of untidiness produced by scaffolding, with which we have been haunted more or less since we began our journeyings.

It is very difficult to imagine Spalato as it was, to reconstruct the picture of it in one's mind, the encumbrances of hoardings and scaffoldings so completely impede any shaping the old out of the new. The very high medieval campanile outside the chief approach to the Cathedral is still covered to the top with scaffolding, as it has been for the past twenty years. The sphinx of black granite in the peristyle court of the palace, now the Piazza del Duomo, is invisible, owing to the hoarding around it. In fact, no complete idea can be formed of the plan of the buildings. This was also the case, Mr. Jackson writes, in his book published in 1887, when he visited Spalato; but evidently, with the time and knowledge he had at his disposal, Mr. Jackson became ultimately impressed with an image of the past splendour of the palace.\* How we reach the door of the Duomo I

\* Jackson, vol. ii., p. 19.



## The Cathedral, Spalato

cannot quite understand. We go down steps and through a covered passage, then up a staircase, through intricate paths, reaching at last a small, quiet corner, where we find a side-door opening into the Cathedral. The principal entrance, leading by a flight of steps from the peristyle, is shut off during the restorations. The building was called a temple, but whether it was actually a temple to Diana or Jupiter, or, according to writers in the Middle Ages, the mausoleum of Diocletian, remains undetermined. Fergusson writes : " My own impression is that it was a tomb, or at least a funeral monument of some sort."

The side-door which we have found is open. The church is full of people, and the sound of chanting comes from within. While the service goes on we remain just inside the doorway, whence we can form a good idea of the whole effect, and also get a full view of the exceptionally beautiful pulpit, which is the most perfect ornament of the church. The principal doors are richly carved with subjects from the life of our Lord. The carver was a Slav artist, by name Messer Andrea Guvina. He was also a painter, and executed a picture for the Duomo in the year 1214.\* The building is very small for a cathe-

\* " These doors are in two flaps, each flap containing fourteen panels surrounded by borders of romanesque knot-work and scrolls, and each panel is carved with a representation of some subject in the life and passion of our Lord.

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" The doors, then, were carved by Messer Andrea Guvina, painter of Spalato, who also at the same time painted a figure of St. Christopher for the duomo in the year 1214, and this is a date of the greatest importance in the history of Dalmatian art. It is also interesting if, as is asserted, Guvina is a Slavonic name, to observe that the Slavs who settled within the Dalmatian pale, and became Latinized, showed a capacity for art which did not

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dral—only 453 feet 3 inches in diameter inside the walls, and 35 feet 3 inches inside the row of columns, which, like the Church of San Stefano, at Bologna, divide the centre of the church from the colonnade running round it. Into this centre space juts out the very notable pulpit, resting on six octagonal columns. The body of the pulpit above is a hexagon, and colonnaded round by pillars of various coloured marbles. A crucifix is fastened to one angle of the hexagon, and on the opposite side is a carved eagle, supported by a beautiful spiral column running down the centre of one of the eight faces, and ending in a finely sculptured, quaintly designed lion grappling with a serpent. This pulpit is a beautiful object, taken as a whole, and the details of the carving show “the richest fancy of romanesque art. In point of technical execution and ingenuity of design, I know nothing in romanesque art to surpass them,” writes Mr. Jackson. Besides this gem of architecture, the centre space of the Cathedral is also partly occupied by two Gothic chapels, that stand on either side of the high altar. Both have a most picturesque effect, the ornamental work on the canopies being exceedingly rich and elaborate. The Chapel of St. Doinio, to the right, was constructed in 1427; the other, dedicated to St. Anastasio, in 1448.

We wait patiently till the service is concluded and the

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reach development among their brethren who remained without. The style of Guvina's work has nothing distinctively Slavonic about it, but is thoroughly romanesque, and the scroll-work carved on the main cross-framing is obviously inspired by the similar ornaments that surround the door of the smaller of the two temples of Diocletian's palace, though they far exceed their prototype in fancy, and equal it in technical merit.”—JACKSON, vol. ii., p. 46.

## The Cathedral, Spalato

congregation disperses before we enter the Cathedral. The circular building is covered by a dome, supported by two tiers of columns. Under the cornice below the dome runs a quaint frieze in bas-relief. The subject appears to be that of a hunting scene, but not entirely terrestrial. Winged boys ride horses, drive chariots, and fight wild beasts, in pursuit, apparently, of stags, all represented as running round in animated action. The choir is of more recent construction, and owes its existence to the famous Archbishop Marc Antonio de Dominis, the Dalmatian clerical magnate who was connected with England and the anti-Papal movement. "The Jesuit Farlati, who naturally had little liking for him, says this choir is the only good thing he has left behind him." The beautiful carved stalls in the choir are older, and were moved from the centre of the temple when the choir was added in the early years of the seventeenth century.

Notwithstanding the fact that the beautiful work it contains is of an essentially Christian character, the general effect of this interior seems somehow more suited to the name "temple" than to that of "cathedral." Everything ancient in Spalato is, as a matter of course, twisted into what it originally was not intended to be, so no impression is quite satisfactory. It would seem that something of the pagan element creeps into the most ecclesiastical conceptions; at the same time, all trace of pagan grandeur is marred and thwarted by things being converted into a something alien to its genius. In Spalato you find not only the signs of a natural development from medieval to modern conditions, but the genius of both grafted on to an ancient anti-Christian sub-

## Dalmatia

stratum, still too visibly prominent to allow an entire transformation to be felt in the impressions it inspires. How inferior in impressiveness is everything here to all we found in Ragusa ! In Spalato no consistent strong conviction dominates the purpose of its construction ; no inspired, creative enthusiasm is felt as having evolved its making as it now stands. The place is assuredly most curious and interesting, but beautiful as a whole it is not, and without the element of beauty crowning an effect, no impression of the highest order can be conveyed, beauty being obviously the poetry of the material world.

The personality of Diocletian is the true interest of Spalato, and all that has been done in it for many ages has tended to obliterate the traces of that personality. Still, the Roman Emperor in his retirement remains the most attractive interest in it ; and nothing, surely, in this world can compare in interest with those dominant personalities who start out in history with convincing individuality. The first crowned Emperor, at the age when most great rulers care to reap the fruits of effort by dominating more and more of the world, Diocletian retires to the far-off spot where his father and mother had been slaves. These salient personalities of the world, how constantly they surprise us by doing the unexpected ! So few of us realize how much we live in grooves—grooves made, moreover, by the habits and customs of other people, not by ourselves. But these truly great people escape from out of such grooves ; they have within their own powerful individualities the initiating impulse of their actions.

From the Cathedral we wend our way by a lane leading



## Buildings as Diocletian Viewed Them

westwards to the Battistero di San Giovanni, an unspoilt Corinthian edifice, raised on a flight of steps. Here, again, there is a difference of opinion as to the function for which it was originally built, some being of opinion that it was a temple dedicated to Æsculapius, others that this, not the Cathedral, was the mausoleum of Diocletian. The font, placed when it became the baptistery, seems to be the only comparatively modern innovation in the interior ; and we can, within these walls, realize one of the actual interiors which Diocletian himself viewed. The stone waggon vault is exactly as it must have been in his time ; likewise the scroll-work round the great doorway, an amusing arrangement of animals and little figures, very decorative and pretty, which has stood the wear of ages unspoilt. Many interesting sarcophagi are placed in this baptistery, the descriptions of which are to be found in Jackson's account of the building.

Emerging out into the light again, we return to the Cathedral, and, taking a street running north-east, reach the Porta Aurea. It is the most imposing feature now left of the palace as it was first constructed, owing its good preservation to the fact that it was only a short time ago brought to light. The Porta Ænea has quite disappeared, and the Porta Ferrea has been medievalized. Passing through the Porta Aurea, we mount a flight of wide steps facing it, and find ourselves on a level with the road to Salona. Evidently, at some period, the earth fell in from this higher level, covering Porta Aurea till quite lately, when it was disinterred. Our desire now is to find a means of getting on to the top of the walls, so as to obtain a bird's-eye view of the plan of the palace



## Dalmatia

as far as it is possible to trace it. We find on the inner, town side of the walls of the Porta Aurea a doorway, with steps leading up from it. This looks promising, and we mount the narrow spiral staircase. Before long, however, we are confronted by a shut door. We try knocking at it, and do so with success. A nun opens it, and we find that embedded in the thickness of the Roman Emperor's walls is a convent. The nun is a friendly person, who speaks Italian. We ask her if we can reach the top of the walls through the convent. She answers that she will ask the Superior if we may penetrate ; meanwhile, would we like to see their chapel ? She opens a door on the side, and we enter a miniature chapel, constructed within the masonry of the Porta Aurea. It is spanned by a screen of marble, which divides the body of the chapel from the chancel. This is decorated with beautiful work in relief, a cross rising from its centre. Probably, in the many sieges and assaults from Tartars and Turks to which Spalato was exposed since the inhabitants fled for refuge within the huge palace, this little chapel, high up between the massive walls, served for a place of worship for the Christian inhabitants, the outlook above giving a view of the events going on inside and outside the town.

The nun returns. Alas ! we are not allowed to mount to this outlook, as the Lady Superior is not at home, and she alone can give permission. We descend into the streets, and find our way to the former site of the Porta Ænea, passing interesting gateways and court-yards *en route*. Outside the doorway, which does duty for the Porta Ænea as an exit through the east front of the palace, is a fine Roman sarcophagus, and let into the



LANDING-PLACE FOR CANNOSA (*see p. 173*).



1. VILLA BASSEGLI GOZZE, CANNOSA.

2 "ASILE DES AMOUREUX," CANNOSA.

(See p. 174.)

## Spalato Reconstructed by Robert Adam

wall above, a sculptured lion, probably dating from the Venetian occupation in the fifteenth century. To the left of the Roman sarcophagus is the door of the museum. We find the interior much like that of other museums of the kind, full of fragments of sculpture, idols, trinkets, glass vessels, bronze vases, and some interesting sarcophagi, on some of which are carved Christian and medieval Croat inscriptions. The remnants of ancient sculpture have been brought chiefly from Salona. More interesting to us than all these objects, which require more archæological knowledge than we possess fully to appreciate, is the extraordinary work of our English architect, Robert Adam, who visited Spalato in the year 1757. He was one of the "Adelphi," and brother of the famous decorator whose art we are at this moment of fashion so incessantly imitating. A copy of the book, written and copiously illustrated by Robert Adam, contains on paper his reconstruction of the palace of Diocletian, and though Mr. Jackson says recent explorations have proved it to be in a few details incorrect, on the whole it is a most interesting and accurate work, and when studied on the actual spot, quite fascinating.

We return through the town to our hotel, and lunch in the vast banqueting hall, pleasantly cool and dark, where meals are served at the Troccoli. We have, however, little time for resting, and are soon out again, crossing the Piazza dei Signori, through a suburban street, in order to reach the carriage, which is to take us to Salona, for even in the *borgo*, outside the palace walls, carriages do not enter. The drive to Salona is delightful; the air feels deliciously fresh and pure, the



## Dalmatia

views are lovely, and the whole country through which we drive is animated by scenes connected with the vintage which is going on apace. This land between Spalato, Salona, and Traù seems to be the fertile spot of Dalmatia. Groups of peasants here and there, near a pathway or a road, indicate the nucleus where the grapes are carried to be crushed, before the juice is poured into the pigskins in which it is conveyed to the town for further processes of straining and refining. We meet many donkeys on the road, bristling all over with these pigskins nearly bursting with vine-juice, square pillows, tied up at the four corners, where formerly each poor little trotter came out. Like air-balls, they seem to float out from the sides of the donkeys. They remind us of the donkey in the side street in Athens, which sprouted over with terra-cotta jars. Perhaps these pigskins—even more than the miniature brown Athenas on their perches—will remain as a memory-picture of the specially local feature of Spalato and its present life, as did the oleanders of Ragusa, and the *Campanula pyramidalis* of Cattaro. They are so incessant, you see them everywhere in this September month of the vintage.

We also meet, in our drive to Salona, waggons containing vats full of grapes, and barrels of vine-juice, drawn by mild-eyed oxen (the eye that Homer loved), mostly white or silvery grey. The grape-harvest here is later than our corn-harvest in England, but the sun still strikes down with the hot vigour of summer in the South, and the colour of the landscape, the violet and blue mountains, which rise behind the vineyards, the purple grape-stain, the splashes of splendid scarlet and



## The Vintage on the Road to Salona

amber of autumn-tinted vine-leaves amidst abundant foliage still green, from which the spiral tendrils escape with such grace of unexpected curves, the tawny faces of the peasants, habited in costumes of every brilliant hue, and above all the sense of eager human activity engaged in this function of the vintage, fits in more appropriately with associations of the great Diocletian and all his glory than does the tale told by the town, Spalato, of to-day, where we see but the defacement of that glory. Where indigenous local habits have not been completely stamped out by the dull, even dye of cosmopolitan so-called civilization—the work of syndicates and companies—they are retained with a strange tenacity through all the vicissitudes in the history of a place. As where seeds of wild flowers, in some untraceable way, have chosen to sow themselves in certain places, the flora of those places, if not interfered with, remains constant in its reappearance every year ; so do local ways and customs. Everyday usages survive countless changes in the more historically important records of a town and its government. The habit of using these pigskins for the wine probably dates back through many and many a change in the public affairs of Spalato, maybe to the time of Diocletian himself. Be that as it may, the vines and all the beauty of their colour and form, the living sense of Dionysius, flowing in their veins ; the glory of mountains and skies, fertile plains, and swaying waters, are the same as when the great personality travelled through this country from Salona to Spalato, where his father and mother had been slaves, to inhabit his stupendous palace on the shores of the Adriatic.

## Dalmatia

One of the great charms of this drive between Salona and Spalato is the sight of sea and river constantly appearing between the mountains, the plains, and the vineyards.\* As Mr. Jackson remarks, we “unconsciously” enter the precincts of Salona, for vineyards still cover the ground and peasants in brightly coloured garments are busily picking the purple bunches hanging under the sunlit leaves—a feast of colour in no wise suggesting an ancient city in ruins lying underneath.

As the road descends into the valley of the Riviera dei Castelli, beyond these brilliantly coloured vineyards, and closed in westwards by the long Island of Bua, lies the beautiful sea-lake of Salona, a sheet of smooth, shimmering, blue water, and along its shores are studded the seven villages Castelli, each clustered round its campanile. On our right runs the bright, quick-flowing stream of the River Giadro. Were it not for the pigskins we are constantly meeting, for about a quarter of a mile we might imagine ourselves back in England. We see the

\* “From Spalato, the road rises to the crest of a low ridge, and then descends into the valley of the Riviera dei Castelli, which extends from Salona to Traù. To the right may be seen striding across the valley the aqueduct built by Diocletian to serve his palace with water, which, after a period of ruin and neglect, has now been repaired, and supplies the town of Spalato from the sources of the Giadro or Iader. About three miles from Spalato the road crosses a stone bridge, which spans a rapid stream running between brilliantly green meadows—a strange sight in Dalmatia. This is the ancient Iader, the modern Giadro, whose water, says the imperial topographer, is ‘sweet above all waters, as they say who have tasted it.’ Beyond this lies the modern village of Salona, a collection of scattered houses, of which every one has its walls full of fragments of Roman sculpture and inscriptions, and here we unconsciously enter the precincts of one of the proudest provincial cities of the Roman world.”—JACKSON, vol. ii., p. 86.

## The Christian Basilica, Salona

first green meadow-grass we have looked upon since we crossed the St. Gothard, three weeks ago. Beyond the meadows, over the nearer hills and the valley of the Giadro, rise the higher ranges of the grand Cabani Mountains, rose, purple, and blue, singularly beautiful in colour this afternoon. Then we mount again, and England is left behind. Vines, and nothing but vines! We see the actual process of squeezing the grapes into vats, the pigskins filled, and the donkeys laden. The road mounts till we come to a curious house, built in recent times of various fragments of old sculpture, Roman and early Christian. Here we stop and leave the carriage. We have driven over the site of Salona, and find ourselves close to the remains of the Christian basilica outside the walls, built in the fifth or sixth century, and destroyed in 639. Its ruins have not long been excavated. A certain number of columns remain standing, but three only of these have retained their capitals.

Mr. Jackson has worked out a complete plan of the building from actual measurements made on the spot, and gives an interesting and detailed description of it in his book. He is disposed to think, from certain reasons he gives, that this basilica was a monastic church, not the metropolitan cathedral, which would, in all probability, have been erected close to the baptistery, which has been unearthed within the actual city walls of Salona. In addition to the walls and columns of the building that remains visible, a great number of sarcophagi were found during the excavations. These were found below the flooring of the basilica, and from

## Dalmatia

other remains found underneath, it is evident that a yet older building stood on its site. The finest of the sarcophagi was removed to the museum at Spalato, where we saw it this morning. From the site of these ruins striking views are obtained of this singularly beautiful part of Dalmatia. From a platform of ground above the ancient city, we see over its site down to the edge of the Salona sea-lake. This served as a natural harbour and port in olden times. Now we look down on it shimmering in the sunlight. Here and there, visible among the delicate growth of leafage and tendril, is an arrangement of masonry, which indicates the site of a former gateway or of the outer wall of the Roman town. Turning eastwards, we see the violet mountains filling in the spaces between the silvery-toned columns. The grouping of these Cabani heights, also their individual forms, are strikingly beautiful from this spot. We walk through what was formerly the nave to the western end, not yet excavated. Here the ground is covered with grasses and delicate little flowers. I noticed specially the blue chicory and wild larkspur in blossom.

Leaving the platform whereon stood the basilica, a rugged footpath leads us along the hillside, where we hope to find remnants of the Roman city, but we can discern nothing, so retrace our steps, and in doing so are gladdened by a superb view. On the horizon a cleft in the mountains breaks their line against the sky. In the middle distance, striking down perpendicularly into the valley of the Giadro, juts out the splendid rock on which is built the fortress and town of Clissa, the scene of many struggles, and the stronghold of various



## Mosaics at Salona

successive peoples. And no wonder that Clissa played so prominent a part in the countless wars and aggressions which took place around Spalato, for its natural position is eminently fitted to disconcert the besieger. Round this defiant rock the hillsides, from which it starts forward like a watch tower, slope down in gentle, lovely folds into the valley of the Giadro. Olive-trees, the ruins of the basilica, and the curving line of the old city wall, form the foreground of a picture, perhaps the most beautiful landscape we have seen since we left Greece.

Returning to the house built of many fragments, where we left the carriage, we annex a very small boy, the son of the padrone, who in his turn annexes a companion of the same size. These tiny creatures are the only ciceroni available who can lead us to the notable remains of Salona. After passing a group of wine makers—a vat, a donkey, and a heap of purple grapes ready to be crushed—we descend by a very rugged path to a spot where the rock shelves steeply down to a level space covered with small pebbles and earth. We have barely caught sight of it, when two other little urchins appear on the scene, and with many gestures and words we cannot understand fly down on to the level space below, and, falling on their knees, begin clearing away in patches the earth and pebbles, exposing thereby a piece of interesting mosaic flooring. As soon as we have seen one patch they cover it up quickly, and dart off to another spot, and go through the same process. This level space is the flooring of the baptistery. Mr. Jackson, referring to it, writes: "Of this pavement we could see nothing, as it is covered over with earth to protect it from the



## Dalmatia

mischievous curiosity of visitors and collectors, who have destroyed piecemeal one part, in which two stags were represented with the text, 'As the hart pants,' etc." Evidently since Mr. Jackson's visit these little urchins have found a means of earning a few pence by temporarily uncovering the mosaic flooring. The plan of the building is easily traced, as the bases of the pillars still exist in their original position, and the walls have not been entirely destroyed. Mr. Jackson says, with reference to a capital belonging to one of the pillars in the museum at Spalato, that it "has all the character of Byzantine sculpture of the sixth century."

Returning by the pathway we descended, we are guided to the ruins of the Porta Cæsarea, which divided the western from the eastern city. We are next shown a trench, dug close to the wall, at the bottom of which lie fourteen stone sarcophagi in a row touching each other. We then walk on till we reach the extreme western end of the old city wall. Here, from our pathway, we look down on the amphitheatre, supposed to be the only building that was not destroyed by the conflagration in 639, when the Avars set fire to Salona; but now a level oval space, a few arches of rough masonry in the surrounding walls, and portions of the eastern entrance, are all that remain of it. The view, however, from our standpoint on the pathway, is indeed worthy to be noted. A warm afternoon glow spreads over the scene, brightening and deepening the purples and chrysolite green of the grapes and the brilliant hues of their foliage, gilding the waters of the lovely bay of Salona, and the western sky, so full of light against the violet ranges of mountains on the



PULPIT IN THE CATHEDRAL AT SPALATO (see p. 196).



## A Domestic Function

Island of Bua. The ruins of Salona are for the archæologist and the architect, but their lovely covering of rich vegetation, the superb views of landscape and sea obtained from their site, are for all who have eyes for the beautiful—for ignoramuses who, like ourselves, cannot fan up any strong excitement about the very scanty indications left of the ancient buildings of Salona. From the amphitheatre the wall of the city turns straight southwards to the edge of the sea. Halfway down it is cut through by the carriage road from Spalato to Traü, and at this point our carriage is waiting for us. We are detained, before descending, however, by the fascination of an episode which is taking place around a cottage. Evidently it is a family function—a family group engaged in making its own wine, as farmers in Somerset and Brittany make their own cider. Both men and women are busily working over two large vats and a barrel full of grapes. A huge pile of the fruit is heaped on the ground, ready to be crushed. The inevitable donkey, which plays a part in all these scenes, is now burdened by the baby of the family, held on by its mother. They appear happy, kindly people, thoroughly enjoying the work of the vintage. Naturally they must feel an excitement when the fruits of the soil repay the labour of the year, for vines, as we learnt in Sicily, require tending assiduously during all the months of the year, in order to produce a good crop of grapes. Our return drive to Spalato is as enjoyable as our drive thither, the colour of the hills and water being even more beautiful in the evening light.

Once back at our hotel, we are eager to sally forth

## Dalmatia

again. C. B. and K. B. wish to climb to the top of Mount Marian ; I have a desire to try again to realize the presence of Diocletian's palace in the town of Spalato itself, which I had failed to do in our morning's walk. Entering again by the Porta Ferrea, and wandering through the shaded valleys, I find the place looks tidier and more peaceful than earlier in the day. Before I have wound my way through the labyrinths of passages out to the sea-front, the sun has set, but all is still aglow in warm light, and walking to the edge of the harbour and looking back at the town, I at last get what I went out for to see. In imagination I can reconstruct something of the grandeur of that enormous palace on the sea. The great columns and the large corner towers, that seemed overpowered by the rubbishy buildings which now choke them up, stand out impressively in this light-cornelian red. All that one does not want to see seems smoothed away by the afterglow light, striking through the evening shadows. As in Athens, all the untidiness, the squalor, the modern confused emptiness, seem to take a back seat ; they become, indeed, obliterated, and the splendid quality and workmanship of the ancient art of building reasserts its due prominence notwithstanding the " mean accretions of fifteen centuries." A pier runs out from the quay into the harbour, and walking to the end of it, I not only get a completer view of the western façade of the palace, but I also get a foreground of water in which cornelian red reflections are swaying in the liquid, moving shadow. Enormous barrels of wine are strewed about on the pier ; a finely-shaped boat, with sails loosely furled and Bari written



## Diocletian's Palace Realised

on its stern, lies alongside of the quay ; the massive pile of building, the palace home of the great Diocletian, all aglow with the last burning rays of evening light, fills in the whole background of the picture. I am quite content. I have seen Spalato as I in anticipation had hoped to see it when revelling over Mr. Jackson's pages a month ago, in our soft West of England air, in the garden of China roses, bay-trees, Ham stone balustrades, giant elms, and peacocks.

Walking eastwards from the quay, I soon find myself on the Piazza dell' Erbe, from which rises a fine old Venetian tower. Here indeed, all mellowed in the gloaming, is colour to delight the eye. On the ground are baskets full of tomatoes, oranges, pomegranates, and other fruits and vegetables grown in the fertile soil around Spalato under the warmth of the southern sun. High above in the air, the old masonry of the tower, lit by the lingering rays of evening light, is coloured with tints of old ivory and amber. Farther on in our Piazza dei Signori every house seems glorified by this evening glow. In southern fashion, the people are turning out of their houses on to the piazza, to walk up and down in smart hats and frocks. Half of the piazza is now covered with little tables, all emanating from our Troccoli Restaurant. Southern cosmopolitan ways rule the situation, and of such ways there is not often anything particular to record.

*September 27th, Sunday.*—We have been one week in Dalmatia. Last Sunday we spent in Cattaro ; to-day we are to spend Sunday in Traù. A small steamer starts at 8 a.m. from the harbour of Spalato. K. B. and I

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walk leisurely along the quay at 7.45. The fresh morning air is very pleasant and everything looks clean and bright. We meet donkeys laden with pigskins, and we notice that many of the men who are grouped near the boats, are, like those we saw at Ragusa, truly magnificent types of humanity. They are very tall; they have small heads, and, as a rule, fine features. Quite Pheidian in type is the structure of throat and shoulders, the latter broad and squared. Their movements are loose and easy, possessing a grace denoting latent power. These Dalmatians are physically a different order of being to our northern peasant classes, and still further are they removed from the type of the townspeople in southern cities—a race apart, evidently belonging to that same mountain breed of which we saw a few specimens in Greece. We reach our little Traù steamer, but C. B. is not here, so we stand waiting on the pier, and examining the Great Campanile, or, rather, the scaffolding that has enclosed it for more than twenty years. It towers far above everything else in Spalato. The different tiers of roofs belonging to the scaffolding jut out like those of a Chinese pagoda, and appear to be constructed as a covering to the work of restoration, and to remain for ages to come. Mr. Jackson gives us a perfect idea of the campanile on paper in an illustration in his book; though, owing to this scaffolding, he was unable, in 1882, to make a drawing of it with complete details. C. B., much hurried, arrives, and we go on board. There is sufficient comfort, though no luxury, on the little steamer. By means of small barrels of butter, which are travelling with us and are convertible into footstools, I find a

## The Canale dei sette Castelli

thoroughly restful seat on deck from which to enjoy the sights of a truly ideal trip. As we move out of the harbour of Spalato, Mount Marian rising to our right, we get, for the first time, a good view of the high mountain, Mossor, behind the town some way inland, which dominates the whole promontory on which Diocletian's palace was erected. Turning round the Point of San Stephano, and steering due west, we reach the extreme point of this promontory, Point San Giorgio. Turning it, we enter the Canale dei sette Castelli, which eastward ends in the Bay of Salona, and into which flows the River Giadro, whose beauties we enjoyed yesterday. The sette Castelli are old fortresses built by the Traüini in the fifteenth century as defences against the numerous assaults of the Turks, who attacked in turn all the prosperous communities in Dalmatia. The Castelli are studded at intervals along the whole northern coast of the Canale between Salona and Traü. Round the fortresses, villages have spring up, dominated by high campaniles. If driving from Spalato to Traü, the traveller passes through these and arrives at Traü by a bridge spanning the Canal, which was cut, in the Middle Ages, through the neck of the peninsula—"in shape like a water-melon," wrote Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the tenth century—and which canal saved the town from destruction by Tartar hordes in 1242, when Caydan, their leader, was in pursuit of Bela IV. This King had fled for refuge to Traü, and the Tartars, having no boats, had to remain on the eastern side of the canal, and never reached the town.

After turning the point of San Giorgio, we steer

## Dalmatia

straight across the gulf to Castelnuovo, one of the largest of the seven Castelli. Our little steamer glides through the water almost as smoothly as a sailing-boat. There is something indescribably enjoyable in the light feeling of the morning air, in the delicate colour of sea, sky, and the shore to which we are making, overhung by distant hills. This Canale, the Bay of Salona, the River Giadro, are all pervaded with a peculiar beauty of atmosphere and colouring, which single them out as the loveliest scenes in landscape we have yet seen in Dalmatia—quite as noticeable in the lighter, fairer scale of tints of early morning as it was yesterday in the warm glow of afternoon. As we glide through the smooth azure waters of the waveless sea-lake towards Castelnuovo, we catch from out the tall campanile of its church the sound of the bells clanging forth to the villagers their call to Mass ; the voice of those metal tongues, ringing to us across the water, carries with it an intimate, curious charm as coming from some dreamland. We see on the water another campanile reversed—a perfect reflection of the one from which the bells are hailing us, coming down towards our boat, swayed but just a little here and there by the gentle breathing of the sea. Perfect reflections of objects in water, what a sense of calm and peace they defuse into a scene !

We near the village, and, stopping, annex another passenger from a rowing-boat ; then, to our surprise, instead of continuing our route to Traù, we steer in the direction of Salona, pass Castel Vitturi, and stop again at Castel Lucuranz. Here a pier is in process of being made, but our boat tries in vain to get alongside of it.

## Recklessness Triumphant

Ropes are thrown, but not caught. Much turmoil ensues. There are several mighty barrels of wine rolling on the unfinished pier that are to travel with us somewhere on our boat. There is, needless to say, a congregation of idlers watching the dilemma. More efforts are made : more ropes thrown—more failures. Everyone concerned gets impatient and noisy. Recklessly one huge black barrel is thrown into the sea to float by itself within reach of our boat. Consternation ! The barrel does not reappear ! These are moments of breathless suspense. The crowd on the pier closes in to watch the face of the water where the barrel is expected to come up to the surface ; but there is nothing but water. At last, underneath where we stand, close to the side of the steamer, we see a rounded slatey-black surface, like the smooth, wet side of a whale, heaving itself about in the water. Recklessness has answered. One after the other the remaining huge barrels are thrown in, while all our crew and men in small boats are engaged hurriedly (for the captain is urging haste) in getting the first barrel on board—no easy task. At last we are ready to leave Castel Lucuranz with our added burden of wine cargo. We steer across the Canale to the narrow strait running between the Island of Bua and the town of Traü. We are soon there. The bridge connecting the two opens, and our steamer passes through. The beautiful campaniles of the churches in Traü have been visible from afar, and we see them now, as we steam close to the quay, rising behind a very irregular line of houses facing us. Large barrels of wine are crowded on the quay ; picturesque boats lie alongside. Interest grows as we slowly



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steam along to the end of the city, and stop where the stately old Fort of Camerlengo, with its large imposing tower, still stands as the sentinel of the town, grand and massive : " One of the finest relics of the Venetian period in Dalmatia," writes Mr. Jackson, " and calling to mind the ancient fortress by the sea at Bari." We land and make for the handsome old doorway of the town, the Porta Marina, flanked on either side by columns, and " surmounted, as usual, by St. Mark's lion, but instead of displaying the page *Pax tibi Marce*, the book is shut, the Republic being at war when the gate was built in 1454."

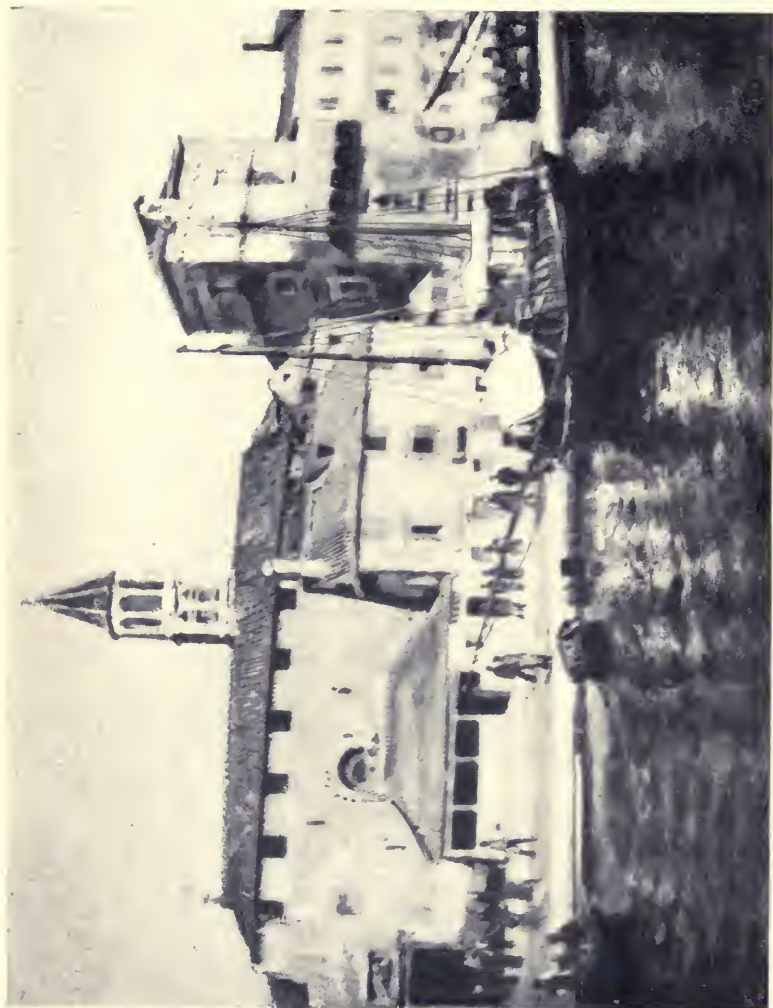
Through the Porta Marina we enter the town of Traù. The streets are but narrow passages, and we are puzzled how to find our way to an inn. All the delights of the morning have made us hungry. After passing through labyrinths of small alleys, we come suddenly on to the delightful Piazza del Duomo. Experience has told us that where you can get sleeping accommodation as understood by modern wants in an old town, there, to a certain degree, invariably, you find the old town spoilt. It is in Traù in Dalmatia, Castrogiovanni in Sicily, San Gimignano delle belle Torre in Italy, where you cannot sleep the night (unless by lucky chance you know an inhabitant, who offers hospitality), where the true old medieval flavour of a place is retained. It may be difficult to trace exactly wherein lies the spoiling, but when you face the entirely unspoilt, as on the piazza in Traù, the fact that here is a genuine medieval atmosphere still pervading is unmistakable, and creates a feeling of rare and intimate interest.



APPROACH TO TRAÙ,



THE LOGGIA AND THE TORRE DELL' OROLOGIO, TRAÙ.  
(See p. 216.)



LANDING-PLACE AT TRAÜ (*see p. 217*).

## A Squeezed-in Restaurant

First, however, we must find an inn where we can get food. We address natives, but they can only speak and understand Slav. As we are trying by gestures to make ourselves understood, an inhabitant approaches who speaks Italian. He kindly leads us to two very old, Venetian-like houses, where we can order a luncheon. On the second and third floors of one of these houses are very beautiful windows of the best Venetian type of architecture. They do not, however, look on to the street passage, but on to a still narrower one dividing the two houses belonging to the inn. Here is a mark of olden times, when a town had to be crushed together in a small space on account of the necessity of living within fortifications, and yet where the inhabitants made the architecture in a building ornamental. It is, however, almost impossible to get a comfortable view of the lovely windows. The landlord of the inn speaks Italian. Of course, he has nothing ready. Visitors evidently rarely invade Traù. If we will go to the Cathedral, when he has got ready the luncheon he will come and tell us. Evidently he foresees no difficulty in finding us anywhere in the town. We return, therefore, to the piazza.

From the uneven cobbles of the little alleys we walk on to the smoothly paved square. Here, to our right, is the loggia, "a perfect example of a public Court of Justice of the Venetian period," says our Baedeker, and "one of the most remarkable examples of that kind of building," says Mr. Jackson. Rising behind it is the fine old clock tower, which was erected as part of the Church of Santa Maria in Piazza, built in the eighth century, the oldest church in Traù of which traces remain.



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The portico of this church opened out into the loggia. Raised on a wall some three feet high, the interior of this interesting loggia is approached by a flight of five semicircular steps, placed between the two centre columns which support the roof. Iron gates above the steps guard the entrance. Between the columns on either side a beautiful balustrade surmounts the wall. This loggia faces the Cathedral, the Palazzo Columnale standing at right angles completing the square on one side, while the Palazzo Cippuco does so on the other.\*

We must now devote ourselves to the Cathedral. The north wall of this wonderful church faces the piazza. In its centre is a doorway, raised from the pavement by a semicircular flight of steps. At the western end of this wall is the entrance into the loggia, under which is found one of the greatest glories of Dalmatian architecture, the superb vestibule and porch of the western entrance to the Cathedral. "The porch is vaulted in three bays, a square bay under each tower, and an oblong bay opposite the nave. The transverse arches are round, and the vaults are quadripartite with ribs and panels, the length of the central bay causing the vault to rise in quite a dome above the level of the flat terrace roof of the porch. The wall shafts are spirally fluted, the bases are Attic with

\* "The Palazzo Columnale has in the cortile an effective outside staircase springing from brackets and arches, and in every part of the town beautiful doorways and windows abound. On the west side of the piazza is the ancient palace of the Cippico family, with windows and doors of Venetian-Gothic, which are, however, on the verge of melting into the Renaissance style, being mixed with flat fluted niches in sham perspective, like the work of Georgio Orsini at Sebenico, or that of Alecxi of Durazzo in the Duomo here."—JACKSON.



## Traù Cathedral

“toco,” and they rest on a stylobate or seat of marble, of which the riser is ornamented with blank arcading.

This porch forms a magnificent vestibule, adding much to the dignity of the church, and the tempered light which reigns within enhances the solemn splendour of the sumptuous western portal of the nave; the glory not of Traù only, but of the whole province—a work which in simplicity of conception, combined with richness of detail and marvellous finish of execution, has never been surpassed in romanesque or Gothic art. Erected, as the imperfect inscription on the lintel records, in 1240, it is still thoroughly romanesque in general design, but its comparatively lofty proportion and the refinement of its execution show that it belongs to the late or transitional period of the style. It is round-arched and square-ordered, but slender octagonal shafts are set in the square reveals of the jambs, and roll mouldings run continuously from them round the arch. It has the square lintel and semicircular tympanum of all Dalmatian portals, but above the arch is a gabled and crocketed pediment traced on the wall by a projecting moulding, enclosing a small niche and a figure of San Lorenzo, which shows the lateness of the date more than the lower part of the doorway” \* (see frontispiece).

Great as had been our expectations, they are surpassed by the actual sight of the Traù Cathedral. We enter through the “sumptuous western portal,” to find the church crowded, and High Mass being chanted. Though this prevents our examining the detail of the chancel, it infinitely increases the impressive solemnity and rich

\* Jackson, “Traù.”

## Dalmatia

beauty of this unspoilt basilica. The value of limitation in size ; the value of shade ; the beauty of rich, mellow colour ; the meaning-full intention in every ornament ; the total absence of any spot of restoration—all these are the virtues in this beautiful church which at once strike the eye. As we look farther, we perceive that there is, opening from the aisle on the north side, a chapel built in an early and rich Renaissance style. We creep round behind the congregation to get a nearer view. This chapel was erected in memory of one T. Giovanni Orsini, by Nicolo Fiorentino (who likewise worked at Sebenico) and Andrea di Alessi, an Albanian artist, who also worked at Sebenico and on the Island of Arbe. Giovanni Orsini was born at Rome, and became Bishop of Traü in 1064. He was a great mechanician and engineer, and his scientific feats caused his simple contemporaries to believe he was aided by supernatural powers. All this we learn from Mr. Jackson. His chapel in the Traü Cathedral is elaborately decorated, but belongs to the fifteenth century, before the vitality of feeling in architecture had begun to wane. From the entrance of this chapel we get a good view of the pulpit of the church, which is beautiful, and resembles—though perhaps it is not quite equal to—the pulpit in the Cathedral of Spalato. The workmanship in it is similar to that of the baldachino over the altar, and probably both are by the same hand, and belong to the thirteenth century. The carving of the double row of choir stalls suggests a somewhat later day, probably the middle of the fifteenth century. But we might try to describe every detail of this basilica, and still leave quite untold the curiously fascinating charm

## The Value of "Atmosphere"

which on the spot arouses such deeply satisfying admiration. The source of impressions such as are made by these rare sights is not only to be traced to the scene itself, nor to the actual beauty of the place we see. We are taken back into the atmosphere of an ancient world and its ways—a world crowded with romantic associations, into which beautiful inventions, such as this church is full of, fit in harmoniously and with entire consistency. Long may Traù exist, without the blight of modern so-called comfort and its consequent ugliness, which jars with the more subtle impressions an old-world place inspires, withering up the sources of any profoundly interesting associations.

We pass out of the church through the unrivalled porch and vestibule, cross the sunlit piazza, through shadowed alleys, to the inn in the old Venetian house, our host meeting us halfway, and announcing that our meal is ready. The meal—all that we require—is cooked in one of the houses and eaten in the other. I am very anxious to find a staircase whence a better view of the fine windows could be got ; but the daughters of the house say that the staircase is not used. It is very old and not safe. When I persist, however, they begin to think an ascent might be accomplished without danger. I make the attempt, but, alas ! from no hole in the wall can I get a view of the windows. On the opposite wall there is an aperture, however, and a very rickety stairway up to it. I make the perilous ascent, and am rewarded by a sight of the top and upper stages of the beautiful Cathedral campanile. The retreat down the three flights of decayed stairs is even more alarming than

## Dalmatia

the ascent, but I reach the ground-floor with no broken bones.

We wander out into the town again. We have still an hour and more to spend in Traù before our boat arrives. Crossing over the piazza and turning towards the quay, we find the Church of San Domenico. The three apses of the east end face the quay, the nave rising high above the centre apse. Turning round, we look over the sea towards the Island of Bua and the hills on the mainland. The water is breathless ; calm stillness reigns. The heat is trying. This still, dreamy feeling in the air denotes *sirocco*. We must, however, find the Church of San Giovanni Battista. In our wandering we come across beautiful remnants of Venetian palaces, old gateways, attractive windows, and outside flights of steps with sculptured balustrades, all rather fragmentary, but architecturally very interesting. At last we find San Giovanni Battista, but where, with reference to the piazza, I cannot say. It is impossible to master the geography of these alleys in Traù on a first visit. Of the church itself Mr. Jackson writes : " The Church of San Giovanni Battista, which is now roofless, though otherwise well preserved, is by far the most interesting church after the Duomo. In its arcaded cornices, sunk dentil courses, and chain-mail ornaments, it corresponds with the details of the Duomo so closely that there can be little doubt of its being coeval with it. It has a bell-cot for three bells, approached by an outside staircase, and in the interior are some interesting details. The church was attached to a Benedictine abbey, and has the peculiarity of a square east end."\*

\* Vol. ii., p. 146.

## The Return to Spalato

Leaving this roofless remnant of a beautiful building, we wander through more narrow alleys to the bridge crossing over from Traü to the Island of Bua. From the centre we get a striking view of the town; the grand Castel Camerlengo makes a fine feature in the scene. The sun, however, without a breeze in the air is oppressive. C. B. and I can do no more. We return into the shade through the Porta Marina, and find a flight of steps, not particularly dirty, where we sit while *l'Anima Attiva*, who has yet more powers of walking, continues to explore the town. Gradually twenty-one children (C. B. counts them carefully) collect in front of us. They thoroughly inspect us. We, in return for their curiosity, inspect them. They are chattering one to the other in Slav. Some have remarkably pretty faces; all have a quantity of thick hair.

When our steamer is due, we leave our little inquisitive crowd, and turn again into the heat of the quay. Soon the boat comes in sight. We stop nowhere on our way back to Spalato, which we approach when the evening light is glowing on the walls of Diocletian's palace. Our expedition to Traü, from beginning to end, has been enjoyable. The day has been one full of delightful surprises—the surprises that inspire memorable recollections. We seem, for the time, to have stepped back in the world's history four centuries at least. Let us, like Mr. Jackson, take leave of Traü by quoting Farlati's description of its people: "The Traürini are endowed with susceptibility for every virtue; they are lovers of equity and justice, and haters of fraud and deceit; they are skilful, industrious, very diligent in their own affairs, liberal, benign,



## Dalmatia

polite, and disposed to religion and piety ; and they are not less ready-witted in all the sciences than endued with prudence and capacity for managing affairs of importance." It is such people as these who invent beautiful monuments—to be enjoyed by all who follow after.

To-night at ten o'clock we go on board our large Austrian-Lloyd steamer, the *Alissa*, which is to take us, via Sebenico, to Zara.



1. CORTILE OF THE PALAZZO COMUNALE, TRAÙ.

2. COURTYARD OF A HOUSE IN TRAÙ.

(See p. 218.)



## VI

### DALMATIA—ISTRIA

SEBENICO—ZARA—GULF OF FIUME—VILLA SCHMITZ—  
ZABIERO

*September 28th.*—I go up early on deck, only to find it floating in water. We have passed Santa Clanka, and are steering through small islands, neither striking nor beautiful. K. B. and C. B. join me as I at last manage to extract a cup of tea out of the waiter, and hot boiled milk, which, on these steamers, means condensed milk. Rum is offered as a substitute for cold milk ! To our surprise and delight, Schief-Lieutenant S. appears. He has moved from Cattaro to Sebenico, whence he made an excursion to Spalato, returning with us in the *Alissa*. We breakfast together, and we cease to feel like strangers in a far country, but as those who are welcomed as its guests. That is the change which charming Austrian manners can bring about.

Returning on deck, we find the ship is steering due east through a narrow neck of sea, opening into an inland sea. Rising from its shore in front of us is the striking and beautiful city of Sebenico, crowned by the great fortress of St. Anna, and behind, on yet loftier heights, those of San Giovanni and Forte Barone, named after

## Dalmatia

Baron Degenfelt, who successfully defended Sebenico against the Turks in 1647. The high white dome of the notable Cathedral forms the centre round which other buildings are grouped. Against the shore lie coasting boats, their large lateen sails reflected in the still waters of the sea-lake. Early morning light is becoming to buildings as to landscape. There is a fair, clean crispness in the lights and shadows as we view the beautiful town across the shining, waveless water. We land, and, with Schief-Lieutenant S. as our guide, start on our way to the Cathedral. We are soon met by Schief-Lieutenant H. (also an acquaintance from Cattaro), who joins in escorting us through the town. We have but one hour—too short a time, indeed, to pay a satisfactory visit to such a place. We reach the Piazza del Duomo through several small streets, where the shops seem to be more modern in character than those in Spalato and Traù. On one side is an old loggia. To quote Mr. Jackson: "On the left is the Cathedral, and on the right, built against the steep hillside, and overtopped by the buildings on the ascent behind, is the old loggia—a long arcaded building of two stories, now turned into a café below and a casino or club-room and reading-room above. It is dated 1552, and is a structure of some stateliness. But the Duomo opposite is worthy to rank with any Italian work of its date and class that I know, and, though there are churches as beautiful on the other side of the Adriatic, it would be difficult to match it in singularity of construction. Indeed, not only Italy, but Europe may be challenged to show another church of this size in which neither timber nor brick is employed, everything being con-



## The Great Duomo of Sebenico

structed of good, squared stone, marble, and metal. In England we have a few rude churches in Pembrokeshire, the chapel at Abbotsbury, and the little fourteenth-century treasury, Merton College, in which the vault and roof are united in one solid structure of masonry, and in Ireland we have the Chapel of St. Cormac, at Cashel, similarly constructed, but nearly all of these are on a diminutive scale. At Sebenico, however, the whole of a great cruciform church is covered by a waggon roof of stone, the underside of which forms the ceiling, the stone covering being visible both internally and externally, without the outside roof of timber and tiles or lead which exists in ordinary cathedrals above the stone-vaulted ceiling. The effect both within and without of these simple waggon vaults over nave, choir, and transepts, interrupted only by a dome at the crossing, is very simple and imposing, and the design is not less successful architecturally than it is original."\* Mr. Jackson continues the description of the Cathedral—otherwise the Church of San Giacomo—by telling us its architectural history, which accounts for the fact that in the building are two distinct styles : the one Italian-Gothic, the work of Pietro Paolo, a Venetian ; the other Early of Giorgio Orsini, born at Zara, and a member of the ancient and princely Roman family of Orsini, and the architect whose work we saw at Ragusa. The beautiful lion doorway, one of the most notable features of the Cathedral, likewise the west doorway—even richer in design—are Gothic, and therefore Orsini's, and the part of the building erected between the years 1430 or 1431 till the year

\* Vol. i., p. 378.

## Dalmatia

1441. "In that year," writes Mr. Jackson, "for reasons which are not quite intelligible, the building committee became dissatisfied with their architect and his plans. They explained—without, as it seems to us, due reason—that there were many errors and defects in the work; that it was not done as they intended; that much of the money spent on ornament had been quite thrown away; and that unless a change were made, things would go from bad to worse. To us there seems no fault in the design of Antonio, and no extravagances in his ornamentation; his construction is solid and well put together, and in his sculpture we recognize the touch of a master hand. Messer Antonio, however, was dismissed, and another architect, Messer Giorgio, invited from Venice to continue and complete the Cathedral.

"Giorgio seems to have been born at Zara. His father, Matteo, was a scion of the ancient and princely Roman house of Orsini; but the branch to which he belonged had sunk in the world, and been reduced to support itself by manual arts, inconsistent with the idea of nobility as then understood, and the family name had been allowed to fall into disuse. Giorgio studied architecture at Venice, where we find him, still a young man, married to Elisabetta da Monte, who brought him as her dowry some house-property in that city. After his engagement at Sebenico in 1441 he seems to have made that city his domicile. It was here that he invested his savings, in concert with two partners, in a grocery business and in a merchant-ship, connected perhaps with the former concern; and here he finally built himself a house and settled down, close to the great

## The Fortress of St. Anna

church on which his fame as an architect principally rests.

“Giorgio was already more than half a convert to the Renaissance, although that movement had hardly begun to make itself felt at Venice. He discarded the style of his predecessor all the more easily, no doubt, because of the discredit that had fallen on his plans, and started at once in the new manner. The task before him was to build the choir, of which the foundations had not been laid, to raise and roof the nave, which was only completed to the top of the aisle vaults, and to construct some covering, either by a lantern and cupola or otherwise, over the crossing. Giorgio did not live to accomplish his task.”\*

Having walked round the exterior, we enter the building. The interior is most striking, and unlike any church I have ever seen. The mark of originality in the design is very notable. The building is very lofty, and the elevation of the choir produces a striking and impressive effect. In the details, as in the whole design, the arrangements are original, and such as are quite new to us.

Our time is short, and our *ciceroni* are bent on our ascending to the Fortress of St. Anna. In doing so we see charming fragments of old houses and outside staircase, windows of Venetian-Gothic in their make and other relics of the past. From the fortress we have a fine view inland, and also over the town and its natural harbour. We return to our ship feeling that, though we have seen Sebenico, we have hardly mastered its sights.

\* Jackson, vol. i., p. 388.

## Dalmatia

We bid farewell to our kind friends the Schief-Lieutenants on the *Alissa*—finally, alas! so far as this journey to Dalmatia is concerned—and steam away *en route* for Zara. From deck-chairs at the prow of the ship we have views of the coast-line, the dancing blue surface of the sea, and the islands, stretched in long slips and double rows, lying between us and the open Adriatic.

At four o'clock we reach Zara, the capital of Dalmatia. Built on a comparatively flat coast, the town appears from the sea less strikingly Dalmatian in character than any of the towns we have been seeing. In the distance the sun lights on the crests of the stony Velebic Mountains, which recall the romantic impressions of Southern Dalmatia, but the town, as we first see it, is commonplace and modern compared to Cattaro, Ragusa, Spalato, and Sebenico, the front row of houses being high, uniform, and dating from yesterday. We are but a few steps on our way to the hotel, which forms part of this row of buildings facing the sea, when we are met by E. von R. N., who has received a telegram from our friend Schief-Lieutenant S. from Sebenico, noting our arrival. We at once feel initiated into the real life of the place, no longer mere tourists and outsiders. A few steps farther the aide-de-camp of the Commandant of Zara, Lieutenant V., appears, and, being introduced, joins us in our walk to the hotel. These two gentlemen appoint themselves our *ciceroni* during our short stay in Zara. Under an awning in front of our modern hotel we and our new friends take tea, and thence proceed to see the town.

We are first taken to the Duomo, dedicated to St.

## The Duomo of Zara

Anastasia. The present building, on the site of a more ancient church, described, Mr. Jackson tells us, by Porphyrogenitus as "floored with marvellous mosaics and decorated with paintings that were ancient even in the tenth century," was not begun before the thirteenth, and was consecrated by Archbishop Lorenzo Periandro, a native of Zara, in the year 1285, though the inscription on the great door tells us that the Romanesque façade was built later—in the year 1324. The baldacchino and the choir stalls are the most striking features of the interior, the plan of which is that of a basilica. "The baldacchino," writes Mr. Jackson, "is on a grand scale, loftier, as the Zaratini boast, than the famous one in St. Mark's, and though it dates only from the fourteenth century, it preserves all the chaste severity of an earlier style. It rests on four columns of beautiful Cipollino marble, which are ornamented something after the manner of our Elizabethan chimneys, the front pair being richly diapered with sunk work, and the back pair fluted, one of them spirally and the other in zigzags. . . . The choir stalls are undoubtedly the most magnificent examples of a class of woodwork that abounds in Dalmatia and the Littorale, resembling the well-known stalls of the Ferari at Venice." The treasury of the Duomo is very rich, but it is not on view for us. The baptistery is evidently a more ancient construction than the Cathedral itself, but the campanile was begun by Archbishop Maffeo Valaresso only in 1480.

From the Duomo we are taken to the Church of St. Simeone, to view the great silver ark, supposed to contain the entire skeleton of St. Simeon, who held the



## Dalmatia

infant Christ in his arms at the Presentation in the Temple.\*

Our aide-de-camp is anxious for C. B. to play lawn-tennis with him and other friends with whom he has an appointment, and we are somewhat discouraged in our desire to see other churches in Zara, of which we have read. We are taken round the old walls looking over the harbour, which runs in from the sea behind the town, and then to the lawn-tennis ground by a ferry on the opposite side. In Zara the idea is to become English.

\* The story of this precious treasure, finished in 1380, presented by Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, is described by Mr. Jackson as follows: "This church was originally the collegiate church of S. Stefano, the establishment of which was suppressed in 1393, and it changed its name when the ark and relic of St. Simeon were moved hither in 1625. The church is a simple building of the early Renaissance, pleasing but not remarkable, and the campanile, which has fairly good outline, was built as lately as 1707.

"The glory of this church is the great silver ark, in which lies the body, as the Zaratini believe, of Simeon, who held the infant Christ in his arms at the Presentation in the Temple. After various vicissitudes and removals, this magnificent piece of silversmith's work, the largest, it is said, in the churches of the Austrian Empire, is now to be seen above and behind the high-altar, supported by two bronze angels, and reached by a narrow flight of stairs from each side, so that the faithful who come to adore the saint may ascend on one side to see the relic and kiss the shrine, and descend on the other. This they may be seen doing all day long; but on the Feast of St. Simeon, October 8th, they come in enormous numbers, and each pilgrim receives a *bombace*, or little tuft of cotton-wool in a paper envelope, which has been shut up in the ark, and has thereby imbibed virtues which are miraculous in cases of toothache or earache or other minor ills to which cotton-wool is applicable, and with which the nerves and the imagination have much to do. For three months beforehand the business of making these *bombaci* goes on. No less than 25,000 were ready when we were there, filling three large chests, some in pink envelopes for the Zaratini, the rest in white for pilgrims from without. We were presented with a





I. SEBENICO, FROM THE STEAMER.

2. FORT OF CAMERLENGO, TRAÜ.

Built about 1424.

(See p. 226.)

## Reverence for England at Zara

The aide-de-camp is teaching his chief's daughter riding in a riding-school, and hurries away from the lawn-tennis game (not conspicuous for good play) to give his lesson. "A little riding and a great deal flirt," says Lieutenant E. von K. as his friend departs. Insisting on carrying my waterproof, this gentleman exclaims: "What an honour to carry an English lady's English waterproof!" Before parting from our friends this evening, an arrangement is made to go out with Lieutenant V. in his yacht the next day. We reserve the

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handful as a reminiscence, and thereby some poor Croat was, perhaps, consigned to the pangs of hopeless toothache if the number happened to fall short.

"The story of the arrival of the relic, which Fondra, its historian in the seventeenth century, candidly admits he was the first to put in writing, is this: Either in 1213 or 1273 a ship was driven to Zara by a tempest, having on board a nobleman who, during his stay, deposited in the cemetery the body, as he said, of his brother, which he was taking home for burial. The nobleman, however, died at Zara, and from his papers it was discovered that the body was none other than that of Simeon the Just, who had held Christ in his arms in the Temple. Dreams and portents were not long wanting to confirm the discovery, and the body was taken to the collegiate church of S. Maria, where, by the expulsion of devils from demoniacs, and other satisfactory miracles of the same kind, it sufficiently asserted its sanctity.

"In 1371 Lewis the Great of Hungary, with elder and younger Elizabeth, his mother, and wife, visited Zara after his conquest of Dalmatia. The younger Queen, so says the legend, was so desirous of possessing a piece of the relic that she broke off a finger and hid in her bosom, but she instantly lost her senses, and only recovered them on restitution of her theft. The finger miraculously attached itself to the body, and the bosom of the Queen, which had begun to mortify and breed worms, was no less miraculously healed.

"After this, we at last touch historical ground. Elizabeth wrote to certain nobles of Zara to have a rich ark of silver made to contain the relic. They entrusted the work to one Francesco d'Antonio di Milano, a goldsmith of Zara, with whom they

## Dalmatia

morning for discovering the old churches, which we have not been allowed to look for by our new, up-to-date acquaintances.

*September 29th.*—We first make for the museum, formerly the Church of San Donato, a round church built by Bishop Donato in the ninth century on the foundations of a Roman temple, which were covered up till recently, but are now visible—an example, indeed, of the old order changing to new! Fine pieces of fluted columns are sideways on the ground, the curved surface

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entered into a contract in 1377; and the ark was finished in 1380, as we know by the inscription on the back, in which Francesco di Milano has recorded his own name as the artificer. The ark is an oblong coffer with a coped roof and a gable at each end, and is long enough to contain a human body at full length. The front is hinged, and falls down, disclosing in the interior, behind a glass panel, the ghastly and withered mummy of some poor son of earth, whoever he may have been. Both within and without the whole ark is covered with silver plates, embossed with figure subjects, and chased with diapers and ornamental borders.

“The effigy of Simeon lies on the slope of the roof towards the church, and the rest of the surface is occupied with various scenes of the arrival of the relic at Zara, and of the miracles it performed there, the only historical subject being the Presentation in the Temple, which occupies the central panel of the front. Of the other subjects, different persons give different explanations, and some are generally admitted to be inexplicable. Fondra finds in one group on the back of the lid the story of Elizabeth and the rape of the finger. His editor believes this to be nothing of the sort, but finds the story of the stolen finger in the group at the left-hand end of the ark, which Fondra, on the contrary, takes to be merely a representation of the solemn entry of King Lewis and his Queen into Zara. When two such faithful doctors disagree, we may perhaps be allowed to question whether either of these pictures represents the story of Elizabeth, and even whether the origin of the story itself may not be found in the attempt of some ingenious person to explain pictures of which the true history had been lost.”



## Church of San Donato, Zara

of these drums serving as the foundations for the bases of the subsequent columns of a Christian church. Flights of steps lead to an upper gallery, running round the building, in which are placed a great number of objects of antiquity, such as are found wherever the Romans have colonized. "By a systematic examination of the fragments, Professor Hauser is led to conclude," writes Mr. Jackson, "that there are among them the spoils of at least four public buildings. Two of these were of magnificent dimensions, their columns being about thirty feet in height." San Donato has completely lost the character and atmosphere of a Christian church by reason of this museum finding a place therein, also on account of the excavations under the flooring of the later building disclosing the remains of the Roman temple. The impression it leaves is of an edifice of great massiveness and of a certain grandeur in the proportions, but the fact of its being an absolutely round building suggests that the space is confined too rigidly within its walls, as is always the case where there is no break or outlet in a true circle, the real size of a building thereby not carrying with it the sense of its due importance.

We walk on through wide and narrow streets, where the side alleys are rather overcrowded by wine-makers. The process of crushing the grapes is going on, and evidently, from the aspect and voices of the men engaged in the work, not quite all the juice has found its way into the vats. We reach at last the Church of San Grisogono, "the most interesting in Zara after the Duomo." Very ancient is it. "Originally dedicated to S. Antonio, and served by Egyptian priests, it was rededicated in 649 to

## Dalmatia

San Grisogono when the relics of that Saint were brought from Aquileia, and when he was formally adopted as patron of the city" (Jackson). The interior has little in it to arrest attention, but the exterior on the south wall, and the apses at the eastern end, are of beautiful design and workmanship. "The apses are extremely beautiful, the open gallery, with its delicate colonnade, being equal to anything of the kind in the Lombard churches of Italy" (Jackson). The surrounding buildings press too closely on the little church for it to be really comfortably seen from any point. The church of greatest antiquity in Zara, after San Grisogono, is the Church of Santa Maria, but of this we only saw the tower.

Zara does not impress us as so interesting or curious as the more southern towns in Dalmatia. The modern, cosmopolitan element in the life of the city is fast obliterating the intrinsic, national flavour. Perhaps, also, the fact that our kind acquaintances think we shall be more interested in the modern life that they are leading there than in its ancient architecture has something to do with our impressions of Zara.

After luncheon we are fetched by Lieutenant von K. and conducted to the ferry and over the harbour to the yacht belonging to Lieutenant V. Both officers are hopeful, as there is a hint of tramontana in the air which promises a possibility of a sail. The little yacht is a dandy—everything most spick and span, and Lieutenant V. is in the lightest and smartest of yachting costumes. We start away, and are carried by the sails out of the harbour. The water is so clear that we easily see everything that is lying on the ground below it.

## The Last Day in Dalmatia

But, alas ! we are going slower and slower. The sails go into folds, and flop about in hopeless lassitude. No ; calm has triumphed. There is no sailing to-day, and we can only get back into the harbour by means of our host and his friends plying the oars. They are to dine with us, and then C. B. and K. B. are to embark on the steamer to Polo, and I am to remain till the morning, and then take ship to Fiume, to be met there by a dear old friend, whose friendship dates from early youth, and whose home is a beautiful villa near Abbazia, on the shores of the Gulf of Fiume.

*September 30th.*—The last day of the month—the last day, or rather morning, in Dalmatia ! How much we have seen, how much left unseen, in this fascinating, brilliantly coloured, romantic country ! I get up and open the shutters. A lovely, opalesque sky and sea—dreamy, faint colour ; not a breath of wind, not a sail flying—oars doing all the work. Lieutenant K. comes to accompany me on board, and the Commandant and his family also arrive. Our large steamer starts, and we slide through the waveless waters, quickly away from Zara. From the sea it looks fine as a town, and the campanile very tall. The beautiful Velebic Alps rise behind the shore, softly coloured, the lights a faint pink, the shadows a yet fainter, softer azure. Once out and away from the shore, it is all like a huge opal. A flight of porpoises—*dolphini*—appear, leaping in loops out of the glassy surface of the sea near our ship. They are the only hint in view of any dark tone. Of course, someone tries to shoot one of the happy shoal. Naturally and fortunately, he fails. In Austria there is a mania for

## Dalmatia

trying to shoot everything—the only habit I should criticize adversely in this delightful country, so far as we have seen it. The voyage is a lovely one ; but the sirocco, and the dreamy aspect of all the scenes we pass, likewise the comfort of a deck-chair, have a sporific effect. Many small islands we pass before entering the Canale Quaranero. Punta Croce, the northern point of the large island Cherso, is on our left. Then, on our right, is beautiful Arbe, the island of the row of towers, rising golden into the opal tints of hill and sky, and shining down, unflattered by a single wave, into the faint azure of the sea. Of all regrets caused by the want of time, not seeing Arbe is the keenest. Mr. Jackson writes : “ Of all Dalmatian towns, there is none, to my taste, so lovely as poor, plague-stricken Arbe.” We had said, when arranging our journey, whatever we do or we do not see, we *must* see Arbe. And yet here I am, in the large Austrian-Lloyd steamer, passing it by without making its acquaintance ! Oh, the tyranny of dates and steamers !

Ahead of us is Veglia, and soon we are steaming through the narrow strait between Cherso and Veglia, the islands which surround the southern limits of the Gulf of Fiume, and make it, to all appearance, an inland lake. We are now in the Quaranero, Istria, beautiful Dalmatia being left behind. Escaping from between the shores of Cherso and Veglia, we steam straight northwards into the open gulf towards the important town of Fiume, on the shore of the eastern upper corner of the gulf. The scene is one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful scenes of our journey, recalling visions of Turner’s later records of all that

## A Happy Meeting

is most wonderful in colour, light, and atmosphere. Very deep toned against the warm light of the sky, the solemn purple Monte Maggiore fills in the western side of the bay. Vermilion-coloured rocks rise from the shore between Abbazia and Fiume, catching the glow from the setting sun. The same vivid red, varied with burning gold and amber, is scattered on the surface of the water by the sails of the Chioggia boats, which throw back fluttering, brilliant ribbons of scarlet and gold as they glide along on the bluest and greenest of seas. The smoke from the town of Fiume rises, a mist of fire against the purple of inland mountain ranges. From the farthest standing-point on the prow I see it all, and as we near the harbour, standing on the quay I see Her Excellency and Baron A. awaiting me. The many years that have passed since I saw that friend, and yet the figure, once recognized across the waters, is unmistakable! A small steamer conveys us across the gulf from Fiume to Abbazia, and thence in a bright-coloured boat we are rowed to the white marble steps of the beautiful villa on the edge of the sea, in the forest of bay-trees, where the iron gates close on the public. One incident of my delightful visit to my old friend I must, however, record, as it is associated with that wonderful journey from Patras to Corinth, and again with that memorable day we spent at Olympia.

On October 3 my friend took me to the interesting town of Lobbianu, on the shore, under the shadow of great Monte Maggiore. As we drove along by the sea, with but a few low rocks and bushes between the road and the coast, just before crossing the stream Iciçi, near the



## Istria

village Ika, I caught sight of the beautiful blue spike, the unattainable flower from the train, found and secured at Olympia, and lost, before being named, by the ruthless action of the steward on the *Scylla*. We sprang from the carriage, and, gathering large bunches, took them home to the villa in triumph, the Baron von R., who was dining with my hostess that night, naming them as the *Vitex Agnus castus*.



PULPIT IN THE CATHEDRAL OF GRADO (*see p. 244*)



## VII

### ITALY ONCE MORE

#### TRIESTE—GRADO—AQUILEJA—VENICE

*October 5th.*—At 10 p.m. my train arrives at Trieste ; C. B. and K. B. are on the platform. We find a grand hotel, and everything up to date.

*October 6th.*—Our boat to Grado is supposed to start at 10 a.m., but, after rather hurrying our proceedings and finding ourselves beside the little steamer on the quay, we are told the departure is postponed till noon. There is time to mount the hill to the old Cathedral. Originally the building was separated, and formed two distinct churches. In the thirteenth or fourteenth century these two churches were converted into the side aisles of a large Cathedral by the space between being covered in. The apses of the two older buildings are lined with rare and very fine mosaic work of the best period, recalling the ceiling in the oldest part of San Ambrogio in Milan.

As we sit on the piazza, enjoying a second breakfast, having another half-hour before our boat starts, great herds of turkeys pass us by. They are driven like flocks of sheep by men and women, holding long staves in their hands to guide them, as did the little maidens wandering in the gloaming among the olive-trees on the southern

## Italy Once More

slopes of Hymettus that evening we travelled back from Colonna to Athens. On our road to the boat we saw beautiful white oxen doing the work of horses along the quay. Trieste, though in many ways commercial and modern, still retains a flavour of the past and many of the old national customs of Austria.

We are on the quay at noon. To Grado, Aquileja—old patriarchal cities on the lagunes and northern coast of the Adriatic—and Venice we go to-day ; and at Venice, two days hence, we shall bid farewell to the Adriatic.

Mr. Jackson writes : “ The campanile of Aquileja and the town of Grado may both be seen distinctly on a fine day from the hill above Trieste, springing from the thin dark line on the horizon that marks the delta of the Isonzo, and the lagunes and islands by which it is fringed.” The history of these two patriarchal cities is given in Mr. Jackson’s book. His descriptions of the architecture still in existence in Grado and Aquileja have decided us to meet the railway from Trieste to Venice at Cervignano, a few miles inland from Aquileja, taking the little local steamer from Trieste to Grado, where we shall find another of like sort in which to make the journey to Aquileja.

Our little boat starts ; the sea is rough. No longer sirocco, but tramontana blows. The waves are crisp and restless, and our steamer is very small. In less than an hour Grado comes almost alongside of us (not the Grado we are in quest of, but the new bathing-place, with its large *Établissement des Bains*, which is annexed on to the old town, and faces southwards), and yet we go on being tossed about as if we were leaving it behind. Then we



## The Deserted Grado

take a course backward between rows of stakes, painted black and white, and, making a large semicircle, we reach the curious little town on the sea, and land from a canal which runs through the back of the town. The boat which is to take us to Aquileja lies ready for us in this canal, but does not start for an hour. Opposite our boat is an inn, where we lunch.

We then wander into the streets of the deserted-looking old town, hot with sunlight, in search of the Duomo. The place can have altered but little since the time—more than twenty years ago—when Mr. Jackson first explored it. He writes: "What Grado now is, Venice once was, and there was a time, difficult as it now is to realize it, when Grado—*Venetæ oræ Istriæque ecclesiarum caput et mater*—was the superior and Venice the inferior place of the two. The Duomo of Grado has not, I believe, been described—nor, so far as I know, had it been seen—by any English student of architecture at the time of my first visit. It was therefore with the excitement of explorers, not knowing what we should find to reward our journey, that we at last stood before the patriarchal basilica, after more wrong turns and mistakes than might have been thought possible to make in so tiny a city."\*

\* The history of Aquileja and Grado, recounted in Mr. Jackson's book, consists mainly of struggles between the Patriarchs and Archbishops with each other and with the magnates on the mainland, whence their inhabitants had originally fled. Aquileja was founded by the Romans in 182 B.C., Grado not till the year A.D. 570, when Paulinus, an Archbishop of Aquileja, fled across the lagunes with his relics and treasures before the invasion of the Lombards, and founded the New Aquileja (as it was called) at Grado.

## Italy Once More

In our search through these little streets, before reaching the Duomo we found ourselves at the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. The interior of this little Byzantine edifice is delightfully unspoilt. One of the capitals struck us as singularly beautiful. Fragments of an ancient mosaic flooring abound ; but time presses—we cannot examine anything minutely—and we have still to find the Duomo. We reach it without much further wandering. The exterior is unimposing, and does not prepare us for the beautiful and unspoilt work inside. “ Externally the church is naught ; but, the threshold once passed, the interior bursts on the view with surprising effect. The wide nave, with closely-set ranks of marble columns on either hand, carrying narrow, semi-circular arches, and the apse, which bounds the view eastward, proclaim the church a basilica of the same class with the S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna and the Euphrasiana at Parenzo. Here, it is true, there are no glittering mosaics on the walls, but this is compensated by the surpassing splendour of the columns of *bianco e nero* marble, and the beauty of the mosaic pavements which cover the nave floor. Nor is there anything in either of the other churches so surprising as the strange pulpit at Grado, raised on lofty pillars, with rudely sculptured emblems on its embowed sides, and surmounted by a painted canopy or dome, so Oriental in its appearance that it would not seem out of place in a Mohammedan mosque. Beyond the apse, covered with Gothic fresco-painting, and against the east wall still stands the patriarchal throne, green with sea damp and leaning to one side, as if bowing under the weight of its hoary

## The Strange Loneliness of the Lagunes

antiquity. The first view of the interior of Parenzo is perhaps more impressive than that of Grado, though the latter church is considerably the larger of the two ; but there is about the interior of the Gradensian basilica a quaintness and strangeness in excellent keeping with its remote and inaccessible situation, shut out by lagunes and swamps from the ordinary haunts of mankind, a home and nesting-place for the sea-fowl.”\*

History points to there having been a very early and splendid church at Grado, and the one we see now was either this ancient building renovated or rebuilt in the sixth century. The pulpit, the patriarch's throne, in which the carving is superb, and the mosaic pavement, are hardly to be surpassed in interest by anything we have seen of the kind during our journey.

We make our way back to the inn, and in a few minutes start in the little steamer for Aquileja. This journey is veritably a new and romantic experience. Through it we realize visibly the origin of the history of Venice and all the towns which had poised on the banks of the lagunes. Wastes and wastes of shallow sea stretch for miles around us, on which the sea-gulls descend and find a footing on the sand an inch or two below the surface. Nothing could be more hopelessly out of reach of their enemies than the people who knew the deeper channels of these waters, and fled through them to establish a home among the lagunes, these channels ever changing with the shifting of the sands, the waters floating here and there with the eddies, blown by the varying winds. Dark stakes that mark the twisted course of the *canale* which

\* Jackson, vol. iii., p. 413.

## Italy Once More

our boat has to take ; hovels, made apparently of turf and rushes in which dwell fishermen and the natives who keep the courses of the canals open ; these are the only objects which strike a dark note in the widespread waste—the liquid silver of the floor of sea. The scene produces totally different impressions to those inspired by a visit from Venice to the now deserted Torcello and Murano. The idea that we are sightseers fades completely in an absolute sense of remote loneliness. Nothing has ever struck me as so solitary as the little isolated brown huts, each on its heave of sand, only just above the dead level of the miles and miles of waveless water. But, looking ahead from the prow of our little ship, where we lie on the wooden roof of a cabin, we see, rising straight out of the sea, a lofty campanile, quite alone and deserted. The houses of the town have been washed away, the waters have closed round it on every side, but there it remains, steadfast and lofty, away from all dwellings, in the midst of the wastes of shallow sea. San Pietro in Orto is its name.

From the wider Canale delle Mer, we next see the lofty campanile of the great basilica of Aquileja, and as we pass into the narrow canal of Natisso, green banks rise on either side, and we feel we have reached the mainland. A few bushes partly hide a footpath on which peasants in bright-coloured clothes are walking. From the foliage of one of the bushes a bright, shining flash of blue, like a brilliant enamelled jewel, is shot. On looking hard into the leaves, we discover a kingfisher. Now we are slackening speed, and pass under a bridge, and soon are moored by the side of a quay. The other side of the



## Two Vast Cities Obliterated

*canale* borders the Piazza of Aquileja. Carriages are waiting the passengers from our boat, and one of these we engage for the afternoon, and driving over another bridge, we cross the piazza, a mere village green, through a lane to the great patriarchal church. This, then, is the once great Aquila Nera, one of the most important among the provincial Roman cities, and strongly fortified. In 452 Attila destroyed this phase of its existence, but what of the reign of the great patriarchs? Nothing seems to be left of any of its grandeur but the Cathedral.

“When we finally found ourselves in the modest piazza of modern Aquileja, a village green with half a dozen houses around it, there was little to help us to believe that we were in the centre of the site of one of the proudest of Roman cities, the favourite resort of emperors and empresses, and the seat of a population that has been estimated at more than half a million souls.

“By the village street, which was little more than a country lane, we reached the great patriarchal church. Fragments of antiquity lay on all sides, but not one stone of Roman Aquileja is left standing on another. Considering the massive construction of Roman buildings, down even to the latest days of the empire, one asks in amazement what can have become of the materials of town walls, gates, temples, theatres, amphitheatres, forums, and basilicas, to say nothing of the private dwellings of the half million inhabitants of Aquileja at the time of Attila’s conquest. There is no large modern town at hand which could have made a quarry of the ruined city; the revived Aquileja of the middle ages was but a humble successor to the Aquileja of Augustus,



## Italy Once More

and even of that minor city nothing is now to be seen. Of the palace of the patriarch, with its great courtyard, its arcaded loggias, extending 180 feet one way and 120 the other, and its portico which led up to the basilica, nothing remains but two isolated columns built of small masonry, whose purpose it is hard to conjecture, and the rest has disappeared as utterly as the Roman buildings out of whose ruins it was no doubt fabricated. Some sculptured fragments we know were carried off to Venice and Torcello, and Byzantine panel-work may still be seen in St. Mark's, which, according to tradition, was saved from the churches of Aquileja after their destruction by 'the Scourge of God.' It may possibly have been the case that Venice herself, not only politically, but materially, rose out of the ruins of Aquileja and Altinum; there was no natural supply of building material at a less distance, and the wrought stone of ancient buildings formed, as we know, a tempting quarry for the builders of the dark ages. However we may account for the total disappearance of so huge a city, its disappearance is complete, and we have now to look below ground for evidence of the huge population that once lived here. Of these there is no lack. Every year the plough turns up such an abundance of coins, gems, buckles, clasps, and ornaments of all kinds, that there would seem no need for the counterfeits which are offered to the unwary visitor."\*

The Duomo is a very much larger and more important looking structure than that of Grado. Its anterior is very spacious and imposing. The nave has a waggon ceiling

\* Jackson, vol. iii., p. 393.





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VENETIAN WOMEN LEAVING THE SCUOLA DI S. MARCO, VENICE (see p. 252)

## Cathedral and Museum of Aquileja

of curious and effective construction, painted black, white, and yellow. The arches supporting it are pointed Gothic, springing from Corinthian capitals, and by far the most striking feature is in the best style of early Renaissance. "The grandest feature in the church is undoubtedly the magnificent ascent to the choir by two flights of side steps, right and left of a central rostrum, or pulpit. Under this is a window, through which is to be seen in the crypt the sarcophagus containing the remains of the Saints Harmagoras and Fortunatian; and right and left of the stairs is a rich podium, forming part of the front of the raised choir, and crowned by a handsome balustrade. The whole is in the best style of the early period of the Renaissance; the central part especially is the work of a master hand, and I know few compositions of the kind purer in their detail or more magnificent in conception."\*

From the Cathedral our carriage takes us to the Museum, in which are large collections of glass and metal objects, and fragments of sculpture. No time can be more ill-spent in travelling than by a cursory view of a museum. It creates no impression but a sense of aggravation that the objects say nothing to you, however old, and, had you time to study them, they might be full of interest. We drive back to the piazza, and find an inn which provides us with all the accessories for tea. The article itself we take with us always in one of numerous items of hand baggage; English-like, we cling to the quality of our tea. We sit drinking it outside the inn on the green piazza.

\* Jackson, vol. iii., p. 401.



## Italy Once More

Remote to all appearance from our modern world, Aquileja possesses no distinct suggestion, as does Grado, of any particular ancient or medieval world, any special period of civilization. Not only has the mark of the Roman dynasty departed, but also all flavour of that patriarchal administration in the early centuries, which commanded that curious life on the lagunes, culminating in the glory of Venice. Aquileja is not a great city in decay and ruin, but a city whose former grandeur is completely obliterated.

We start in our carriage for the station of Cervignano, a drive of three or four miles, where we join the Trieste line to Venice. From the road we see fragments of Roman sculpture built into the houses, and portions of two columns still standing erect. But the charm of the drive lies in the signs we pass and meet of the great function of the vintage. The colour of the vines is glorious at this moment, and their growth is gracefully arranged in festoons along the highroad. We meet a waggon drawn by oxen, piled high with handsome peasants in gay costume, mounted on vats of wine, the whole erection festooned with the branches and tendrils of the vine. It seems almost theatrical in its picturesqueness, and strikes me as a living counterpart of a French crayon drawing we were given to copy as children, and of Watts's early picture of the same subject, but supposed to be in Tuscany.

It is almost dark when we reach Cervignano. To be at a railway station again feels as if things were indeed nearing the close of our happy journey. I have not seen a train since the one we left on reaching Patras from



## Again in a Railway Train

Olympia. It is quite dark before the one arrives which is to take us to Venice. The black monster crawls in with a screech, the *piccolo bagagli* are hoisted up into a carriage, and we find ourselves again in only too well-known conditions. But at Venice, in a gondola, we have a respite from them ; and at Venice the full moon again : the full moon we saw a month ago—pale primrose in the rosy-tinted morning air—the first rays of earliest dawn outlining the pale ashen “ Isles of Greece ”—the far-away, ghostly Ithaca ; and, as we neared Patras, casting strange, bright emerald green ribbons on the crests of the waves as signals of her farewell. In a month only have we seen all we have seen. Before bed, we must also see the piazza—moonshine on the piazza—on St. Mark’s.

*Wednesday, October 7th.*—We have but one day to pay our respects to all the best old friends we have at Venice : first, early Mass in St. Mark’s, with music from the organ (as so many years ago I heard it morning after morning in the warm June weather) ; then we wander round to the Doge’s palace and along the Schiavone, to meet the morning breeze from the sea beyond the Lido. Then comes a hopeless search for “ Il Paradiso,” the beautiful, old pointed Gothic arch, heading the narrowest of passages over one of the small bridges. Has it been destroyed, or have I forgotten how to find it ? I painted it carefully years ago, and thought I could easily find it, but I cannot. Then a wander to SS. Giovanni e Paolo, and to the glorious bronze equestrian portrait of the General of the Republic, Bartolommeo Colleoni, by Andrea Verrocchio, Leonardo da Vinci’s master, the beautiful pedestal made

## Venice



and the whole cast by Leopardi, rising in the midst of the piazza, It takes some time to find ; but there it is at last, quite matchless in its nobility and dominant strength. "I do not believe there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world than the equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni," writes Ruskin. For the quality known as "style" in art, Watts thought there was nothing to equal it. And facing the piazza on which it stands,

and adjoining the magnificent Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, is the beautiful façade of the Scuola di San Marco, the work of the Lombardi, Pietro and Tullio, used as a hospital since 1815. Very characteristic figures, of all classes, are passing in and out of the doorways, guarded by the lions so finely sculptured, all entirely Venetian in character. Our respects must also be paid to the great monuments above the burial vaults of the Doges inside the church—just a passing call, for there is no time to linger.



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF  
BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI  
BY ANDREA VERROCHIO  
AT VENICE.

## St. Mark's and the Grand Canal

Walking about Venice to-day, among these narrow *calle* and over the many bridges, is a treat in itself. The sun is bright, the air light and brisk, and the people look alert, happy, and busy. There is a something lifted off which adds to the physical enjoyment of every minute.

When one comes to think about it, of course, it is absence of the friction of wheels. The wearying effect of the grating noises of traffic in an ordinary town is replaced by the soothing, swishing sound of the water in the canals, as the gondolas pass gently through them.

There is a fine service going on about three o'clock in St. Mark's, when we turn in to the gorgeous casket, filled with the spoils of many early and beautiful Byzantine churches. During our journeyings we have awaked to the fact that the wonder and treasures of workmanship now in St. Mark's were invented for other basilicas, which were spoiled, and, in some cases, wholly demolished in order to enrich this glory of the Venetian dominions. At Pola, a whole church was razed to the ground, and its valuable materials shipped off to Venice. But with what a splendid sense of decorative beauty and design has all this alien matter been adapted to the main idea of the building ! We visit the whole of the building conscientiously, then take a gondola by the hour to enjoy the most Venetian of all Venetian noble sights, the old palaces on the Grand Canal. There they all are, the Ca'd'oro, their queen, looking unchanged and as beautiful as ever. But how long will the piles on which they are built stand the pressure, the violent hits made against them by the waves as steamers push with heedless and irreverent doggedness through the canal ? As they pass us in our

## Venice

gondola—and in the two hours we spend on the Grand Canal twenty-five steamers tear past—we are tossed from side to side, as if on a heavy sea. That force surely must steadily be loosening and undermining the security of the foundations of these glorious edifices. The old order changeth, and the new bringeth destruction in its wake to treasures which the future can and will never restore to us.

The Carabinieri band plays after dinner in the piazza, and by the light of the moon, still looking round and full (there seems to be again another three nights of full moon in the South), we listen, among other items, to a Symphony of Beethoven, drink our coffee, and gaze on the façade of St. Mark's—a beautiful ending to our supremely successful holiday. The few days to come on foreign soil will hardly count. It will be travelling as quickly as we can, allowing for the nights' rests.

Yes, it is well to say farewell to the Adriatic on the piazza of St. Mark's. All Dalmatia has been under the influence of the great Republic. Mr. Jackson concludes the beautiful book which inspired our journey by the sentence : " No European state since the days of the Romans has more strongly stamped its individuality on its empire than Venice ; she carried with her her arts, her peculiar form of government, and her very dialect, wherever she went ; her influence may still be traced wherever the standard of St. Mark has been planted ; and if the defects of her political system become apparent as one wanders over her ancient dominion, one learns also to appreciate her greatness."

To-night the piazza is crowded with strollers, all



## Music Triumphant

apparently dwellers in Venice, probably belonging to the shopkeeping class, who turn out in the evening to enjoy the only exercise and fresh air they get in the whole twenty-four hours. One party of foreigners only we see besides our own, and these are Americans. The type of the Venetians here assembled is by no means noble in appearance. They are very unlike the typical gondolier—our Pietro, for instance, who served us for two summer months and won our hearts years ago. With hardly an exception they are undersized, pale, have little countenance, expression, or structural comeliness in their faces. When, however, the band of the Carabinieri begins to play, they stop walking and crowd round the circle of performers, listening intently. When the last notes of Beethoven's Symphony are played, the whole piazza bursts out in enthusiastic applause. Ah! assuredly music is the art that is truly alive in our modern days; the great music that can wring out genuine applause from the shopkeepers of Venice is an art in tune with the really beautiful things we have seen in Dalmatia, and much that remains in the St. Mark's we are gazing at.

Veiled in its grandeur, and lit only by the moon, the disfigurement of four out of the five portals facing the piazza by later mosaics (pictures by Titian put into mosaic, for example) is hardly discernible, the contrast between these and the ancient decoration of the fifth portal so glaringly evident in the daytime. Some centuries ago, the sense of sight in European nations in most countries seems to have lost its instinct for that enjoyment of perfect structure and decoration which sprang from a spontaneous feeling of the same *rightness*



## Venice

in effect as is ever present in Nature's work. It grows out of the eternal laws which create her beauty, and which, in the artist, inspire the delight of patiently working out inventions on her lines. That fifth portal, now in view, the treasures at Ragusa, the pulpit at Spalato, the porch at Traù, the Cathedral at Grado, these were all worked out from that finer instinct for loveliness, which, for the most part, the modern human eye and brain have so completely lost, that not only can we not invent such things, but we do not scruple to destroy the treasures which are the results of that instinct. Year after year, some fresh spoliation of the Philistine robs the world of more beautiful things. A fuss is made by the few ; but unless it can be proved that commercial interests are injured by the spoliation, it proceeds, and is soon forgotten, there being only a very few that are really hurt by the desecration. The eye of the great majority, suffering no pain in viewing ugliness, no moral sense of indignation is aroused by the destruction of the beautiful, save in a tiny and helpless minority.

But with music, in these our very modern days, it is a very different matter. Sensibilities of the highest æsthetic quality have apparently receded on to a more abstract plane than that on which the visible arts can be recorded. Music, of the best, that has in it the secret of touching the finer chords in the depth of our human nature, is so universal an influence that its power goes home to the æsthetic sense and creates enthusiasm in crowds of every class in every community,

The Carabinieri begin playing a Hungarian Rhapsody by Lizst. Here, assuredly, is the special note in music,



THE CA' D'ORO ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.  
Compare with illustration of "The Sponza" at Ragusa, facing p. 184.



IN A SIDE CANAL, VENICE.

## The Curtain Drops

corresponding to the character of those sights and conditions in art and Nature which have made Dalmatia so profoundly interesting to us. With those wild phrases of intoxicating sound ringing in the air ; with that marvellous Byzantine treasure-mine, the great jewel of Venice, before our eyes, its rich intricacies of precious work rising grandly massed against the moonlit sky, we must let fall the curtain on the wealth of beautiful impressions with which our journeyings have enriched our memory, and of which this diary is, I am afraid, but a very feeble record.

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